·MICHAEL·MEYERS·SHOEMAKER·

PALACES, PRISONS, AND RESTING PLACES

OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/palacesprisonsre00shoe

From a photo by A. A. Inglis

Holyrood Palace.

From a photo by Alex. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.

PALACES PRISONS

AND RESTING PLACES

OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

BY

MICHAEL MYERS SHOEMAKER

AUTHOR OF "ISLANDS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS" AND "QUAINT CORNERS OF ANCIENT EMPIRES"

REVISED FOR THE PRESS BY

THOMAS ALLAN CROAL F.S.A. (Scot.)

"AH, MY LORD, THEN I AM TO BE SACRIFICED TO MY RELIGION" AND FROM THAT MOMENT MARY STUART WENT FORWARD TO THE END "WITH A KIND OF GLADNESS"

LONDON

H. VIRTUE AND COMPANY LIMITED

13 HENRIETTA STREET W.C.

1902

LONDON:
PRINTED BY H. VIRTUE AND COMPANY, LIMITED,
CITY ROAD.

49302

TO THE MEMORY

OF

MY MOTHER.

PREFACE.

It is not the intention to offer in this volume another history of Scotland's unfortunate Queen. Though the thread of her wonderful story forms a connecting link between her palaces and her prisons, the following "pages and pictures" have more to do with places than with people, and show the result of a pilgrimage begun many years ago, but only completed in the year just past. This pilgrimage follows in the footsteps of Queen Mary from her birth at Linlithgow to Stirling and the Island of Rest, to Dumbarton and the shores of sunny France, to the quaint city of Paris in the days of the Valois, and Villers Cotterets where the honeymoon with Francis was spent. The châteaux of fair Touraine, Orleans, and the Port of Calais, then pass in review and are followed by the scenes of her stormy life in Scotland and of all those weary eighteen years in England when palaces disappear and prisons alone come into view; until Mary, done to death at Fotheringhay, is left at rest under the solemn arches of Westminster Abbey.

M. M. S.

October, 1901.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

PAGE

Linlithgow Palace—Stirling—Inchmahome, the "Island of Rest"—Dumbarton—Departure for France 1

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH IN FRANCE—MARRIAGE—QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Landing at Roscoff—St. Germains—Paris in the Days of the Valois—Honeymoon at Villers Cotterets—The Tournelles and Death of Henry II.—Rheims and the Coronation of Francis 14

CHAPTER III.

MARRIED LIFE IN FRANCE.

Plessis-lès-Tours—Blois—Amboise—Chenonceaux 32

CHAPTER IV.

WIDOWHOOD—DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE.

Orleans and Death of Francis II.—Fontainebleau—Preparations for Departure—Calais—Farewell to France 46

CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND

Entry into Scotland—Edinburgh—John Knox—Holyrood Palace in the Sixteenth Century—The Royal Tomb—Falkland 60

CHAPTER VI

MEETING WITH DARNLEY—MARRIAGE.

PAGE

Rossend Castle—The Poet Chatelard—St. Andrews—West Wemyss and the coming of Darnley—Marriage—Crookston Tower and the Honeymoon—Jedburgh—Hermitage Castle 81

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH OF DARNLEY—CARBERRY—LANGSIDE.

Craigmillar Castle and the Conspiracy—Kirk of Field—Seaton—Dunbar—Borthwick—Carberry Hill—Lock Leven Castle—Niddrie—Castle Milk—Cathcart—Langside—Dundrennan Abbey—Farewell to Scotland ... 103

CHAPTER VIII.

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND—IMPRISONMENT.

Workington Hall—Carlisle Castle—Bolton Castle—Tutbury Castle 125

CHAPTER IX.

VICISSITUDES IN ENGLAND.

Wingfield Manor—Coventry — Chatsworth and Queen Mary's Bower — Hardwick Hall 137

CHAPTER X.

SOJOURN AT SHEFFIELD.

Sheffield Castle and Manor House—Buxton Springs—Return to Tutbury Castle 154

CHAPTER XI.

FINAL REMOVAL—TRIAL—EXECUTION.

Chartley Hall and the "Conspiracy"—Tixall Hall—Fotheringhay Castle—The Trial—The Final Tragedy 167

CHAPTER XII.

BURIAL AND REBURIAL.

Peterborough Cathedral—The State Funeral—Removal to Westminster Abbey 185

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES.

Holyrood Palace ... ... *Frontispiece*
St. Germains ... ... *To face page* 18
Façade of Francis I., Blois 36
Orleans—Room where Francis II. died 46
Edinburgh Castle, showing Queen Mary's Rooms 62
St. Andrew's Castle 80
Craigmillar Castle 102
Peterborough Cathedral 186

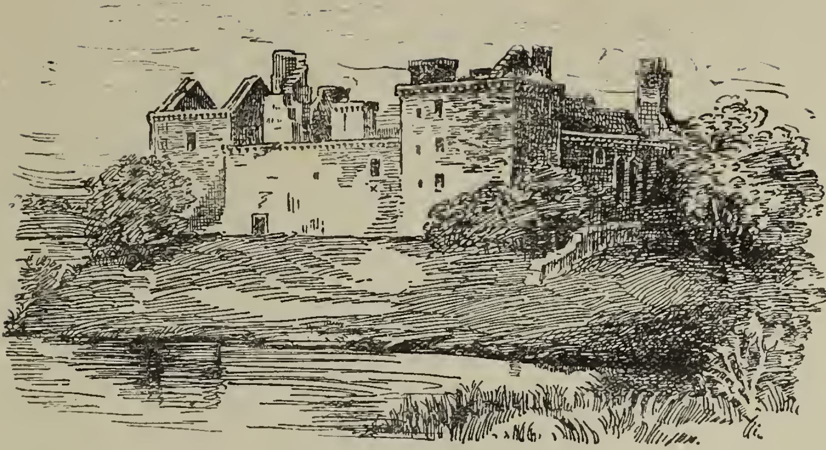
PLATE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Greyfriars Church, Stirling ... ... *To face page* 6
Dumbarton Castle 10
Queen Mary, 1561, from the hitherto unpublished Portrait in the Duc d'Aumale's Art Collection at Chantilly 14
Portraits of Francis II. as a Boy, from the hitherto unpublished Portraits in the Duc d'Aumale's Art Collection at Chantilly ... 16
Paris—Time of Francis I. 20
Tournament at the Tournelles—Death of Henry II. 26
Rheims Cathedral 30
Château de Chenonceaux 42
Fontainebleau 50
Falkland Palace 76
Rossend Castle—Queen Mary's Room 82
Queen Mary's House—St. Andrews 84
Wemyss Castle 86
Stirling Castle in the Sixteenth Century... 90
Portrait of Bothwell, from the Unique Miniature in the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Boyle 100
Seaton from the South-West 104
Lochleven Castle 116

Carlisle Castle in the Sixteenth Century 126
Tutbury Castle 134
Wingfield Manor—The Queen's Tower 138
Hardwick Hall—Picture Gallery 148
Sheffield Manor, showing the Queen's Tower 154
Fotheringhay 174
Mary Queen of Scots, dressed for her Execution 178

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT.

	PAGE
Linlithgow Palace	1
Inchmahome	13
Roscoff Chapel	14
Villers Cotterets	31
Amboise...	32
Plessis-lès-Tours	35
Gallery at Amboise	45
Hotel de Ville, Orleans ...	46
Hotel de Guise, Calais ...	59
Edinburgh Castle	60
Queen Mary's Room in Edinburgh Castle	80
Crookston Castle	81
Hermitage Castle	98
Queen Mary's House, Jedburgh	102
Dunbar Castle	103
The Scene of the Murder of Darnley, from the original in the State Paper Office, 1567 ...	107
Borthwick Castle	112
Niddrie Castle	118
Castle Milk	120
Cathcart Tower	121
Dundrennan Abbey	124
Workington Hall	125
Bolton Castle	136
Queen Mary's Bower, Chatsworth	137
Chatsworth Old Hall ...	146
St. Mary's Hall, Coventry ...	153
Buxton	154
Tutbury Castle	166
Tixall Hall	167
Chartley Hall	184
Westminster Abbey — Henry VII. Chapel	185
Westminster Abbey — Queen Mary's Tomb	196



LINLITHGOW PALACE.

PALACES, PRISONS, AND RESTING-PLACES

OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

Linlithgow Palace—Stirling—Inchmahome, the "Island of Rest"—Dumbarton—Departure for France.

Linlithgow Palace.

" Of all the palaces so fair
Built for the Royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling.
And in its park in jovial June
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay.
The wild duck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry in the lake.
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all Nature gay."—*Marmion.*

"Ah, me! Is it so, then? It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass," and King James V. turned upon his back, and seeing the courtiers about him, kissed his hand and gave it to them with a little smile of laughter, and

when they had pressed it for the last time he tossed up his arms and died. The battle of Solway Moss had been lost, and the Scottish forces had been driven like chaff before the wind by the triumphant English, leaving the flower of their chivalry behind them. The King's two sons had died when their young lives were fullest of promise for the peace and prosperity of Scotland, and this news of the birth of a daughter came as the last blow to their sick and sorrowing young father, breaking his heart. Heeding not the prayers of the priests and nobles around him, that he would "think of his soul," he went to his Maker, leaving his earthly crown, with its heritage of blood and sorrow, to the baby of Linlithgow.

In Falkland the shadows of death settled over James V., but it was here, in this Palace of Linlithgow, on the 7th of December, 1542, that Mary of Guise, his Queen, gave birth to the little being, who, though destined to be Queen of Scotland, Queen Consort of France, and first heir to the crown of Great Britain, was to be made immortal by her crown of beauty and her crown of sorrow. Born with a splendid and brilliant career possibly opening before her, yet around her pathway, at its very commencement, calumny began to gather, so that the mother bade the nurses unswathe the infant that Sir Ralph Sadler might contradict to his Royal master, Henry VIII., the report that the baby was sick and puny.

The spacious room where this first scene in the tragedy of the Queen occurred still bears her name. Though it is now open to the sky, and its grey walls are brilliant with the hues of many flowers growing in the chinks and crannies, the wanderer in these later years may, in his mind's eye, restore it to what it once was. It was not the usual bedchamber of the Queen mother, but the regal Presence chamber, wherein were gathered many of the peers of the realm as well as the loyal burghers and their wives, who would bear witness to the birth of an heir to the crown.

Carved in the stone over the deep embayed window is a crown and thistle commemorative of the event, and, on the stone seats beneath, the ladies and

gallants in waiting were wont to disport themselves. Two windows look out over the loch, the town and the church of St. Michael, and in the distance the mountains may be seen. It would be possible to build a huge fire in the great chimney, which is broad and low, and here, perhaps, the little Princess spread out her rosy toes to the welcome warmth and crowed with delight during the dark winter days of 1542.

Linlithgow was unquestionably one of the most splendid palaces of its day, and even now it is more extensive than many of the numerous Royal ruins in Scotland. Situated in the county and town of the same name, about sixteen miles from Edinburgh, it is beautifully placed on a small knoll, almost surrounded by the waters of its lovely loch, and the massive proportions of the palace are seen to be majestic and stately as they burst suddenly on the eye of the traveller from the Scottish capital. Built in the form of a quadrangle, Linlithgow is magnificent, even in its ruin, but very sad and silent. The great courtyard is tenanted by the birds of the air alone; no water flows from the carved fountain in its centre, and the roofs of the chapel and banqueting hall have long since fallen in. Through the towers, stairs mount to the grass-grown battlements—stairs deeply worn by the passage of multitudes—while here and there, now in the thickness of the wall, and now through a trap in the floor, there are passages to underground dungeons and "forgotten" places, of which there seem to be many. From the room where the Queen was born a stairway descends to a subterranean passage, one of two such passages existing in the old days, each of which is believed to have led outside the town. One of the rooms in the south-west corner was that of James III., and also of James IV., and in the secret chamber beneath it the former King was concealed from his rebellious nobles. Indeed, the whole fabric seems almost as full of shadowy hiding-places as that of Loches, the terrible castle of Louis XI. This circumstance may probably have determined the selection of Linlithgow as the safest spot for the Royal infant, and here, closely guarded by her mother, she spent the first days of her life. Here,

also, she received the first homage of her subjects and her first offer of marriage, that from the Earl of Arran in behalf of his son, Lord Hamilton. Dark and dismal as are these secret chambers, the greater rooms are cheerful, and the outside walls are picturesque as seen bathed with sunshine and decked with trailing foliage. A soft carpet of grass caresses the old stone walls, and, spreading downward, dips into the limpid waters of the loch; while at a distance stretch the hills, sleeping peacefully in the golden light of an October day.

Linlithgow was a Royal residence as early as 1128. It was rebuilt and enlarged by Edward I. of England, who considered it one of the strongest fortresses in the land he had conquered, and of his work a portion still remains at the north-east corner. It was retaken from the English in 1313, by William Bunnock, a peasant who had evidently studied the siege of Troy. Wooden horses not being available, he upset a waggon apparently loaded with hay, but having soldiers concealed; doing this so ingeniously that "neither could the gate be shut, the drawbridge raised, nor the portcullis lowered." Robert the Bruce subsequently rewarded the patriotic Bunnock, whose descendants to-day have in their armorial bearings a reminder of their ancestor's gallantry. Bruce ordered the fortifications of Linlithgow to be demolished, and though the act may be regretted, it is easy to understand his reasons, for the English, holding the three castles of Edinburgh, Linlithgow, and Stirling, could control nearly all Southern Scotland, even if they could not conquer the Highlands.

Linlithgow Palace continued to be a Royal residence, but was never again a fortress of strength. Rebuilt with splendour after the fires of 1414, it became the dower house of Queen Mary of Gueldres in 1449, and of Queen Margaret of Denmark in 1468. The gay Court of Scotland was at its gayest here. Minstrels gathered from all over Europe, song and dance reigned supreme, and here Sir David Lindsay's "Satire of the Three Estates" was enacted in the days of James V. With the advent of his daughter Mary, the

bright days of Linlithgow seemed to become dimmed with a foreshadowing of coming woe, to be so fully carried out during the succeeding years, and ending with the destruction of the palace by Hawley's dragoons last century. Mary did not on her return from France pass much of her time in this palace, though with her artistic eye she may have greatly preferred it to any of those she did inhabit. Probably the fact that it could not be fortified had something to do with the brevity of her numerous visits to the place of her birth, and none of the tragic or stirring events of her reign occurred here. To Linlithgow she came after her marriage with Darnley, and during the hostile measures of the insurgent Lords, but she rested but for a day, departing immediately for Stirling. In the High Street of Linlithgow the Regent Moray was, in January, 1569-70, assassinated by Bothwellhaugh, and the site of the house from which the bullet was fired is commemorated in a tablet in front of the County Buildings. Moray, it is said, had saved the life of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh when he was condemned to death after the battle of Langside; but tradition, now discredited, asserts that he had also bestowed Bothwellhaugh's house and estate upon one of his own favourites, who cruelly turned the wife of Bothwellhaugh out into the bitterly cold night, naked and unprotected, where before morning she became insane. Assuming the truth of the latter incident, it would be sufficient to drive her husband frantic, and brooding, he waited and watched, following the Regent like a shadow until finally, from the depths of the wooden gallery here, he fired the fatal shot. The Regent had been warned and would have passed another way, but the crowd was such as to make that impossible. He was carried into a dark chamber to the right of the entrance to the palace, where he breathed his last. The room is low and dark and dank—more like a prison than a chamber—and here, in this guard-room, he died; while, far off in her English prison, the woman who had trusted him, and whom he had so constantly betrayed, wept, saying: "I would that he had lived to have repented."

James VI. was at Linlithgow occasionally, but, with the departure of the Court for London, the glory of the palace went out like the flame of a candle in a gusty casement. It remained deserted until General Hawley stopped here on his retreat from Stirling in 1746. His troops built such huge fires on the hearths that that night of their stay witnessed a tremendous conflagration, which left Linlithgow Palace as we find it to-day—a blackened ruin, yet a ruin so stately, so majestic, that it shows its Royalty even in its decay. From Linlithgow Henry VIII. was advised of Mary's birth, and from there, when she was some six months old, the little Queen was removed to Stirling.

Stirling.

In Stirling Castle Queen Mary was lodged, in the strong square tower afterwards used by her son as the schoolroom over which George Buchanan presided for so many years. It is the most prominent portion of the old castle, and as the tourist of to-day approaches the gateway he sees the tower, on his left, in much the same condition as when it received the young Queen. While she was still there, and yet but eight months old, the treaty for her marriage with Edward of England was ratified, only to be promptly broken. From this tower, on the 9th of September, 1543, Mary was taken to Old Greyfriars Church for coronation. To-day this structure stands divided into two places of worship, but the division had not taken place at the time of Mary's coronation, when, in front of its high altar, the baby was crowned—crowned with the diadem now shown in Edinburgh Castle—a crown which was able to shut out not only the actual light of day from her baby eyes, but also, it may be said, that of light and happiness from all her years to come. Greyfriars Church has little about it now to remind us of its ancient history, and what more has to be said of Stirling remains for a subsequent chapter. The third scene in Mary Stuart's life now comes into view.

Inchmahome.

Inchmahome, in the Lake of Menteith, about half an hour's ride by rail from Stirling, is a spot almost as secluded to-day as it was three centuries ago. The little lake is only five miles in length—a little lake with a little island in the centre, whereon the ruined priory raises its walls to Heaven. The direct road to the Highlands passes by it, and Ben Lomond looms grandly above. The velvety lawn of a little inn dips down into the bosom of the beautiful Lake of Menteith—the only "lake," so called, in Scotland—and as we cross it and approach the softly lapping waters three stately swans move majestically towards us, treating, with great apparent deference, a little one of their kind. If there were truth in the theory of the transmigration of souls it might be considered that here were the present habitations of the souls of the Queen and her Court. Doubtless yonder wise-looking bird could tell if she would, but she moves away with an air of a "grande dame," and the others follow in her wake, still keeping an eye on our movements as we enter a dancing boat named "Mary Fleming." The remaining boats of the little flotilla bear the names of those other Marys—Stuart, Beaton, Livingston, and Seaton—but there is to-day almost no one to use them, and we are the only pilgrims to that shrine on its green island. The day is dying, and the waters of the lake are touched with gold, while the peak of Ben Lomond and his kindred mountains flame with the departing crimson. Softly the trees wave a rustling welcome, and one large white rabbit stands suddenly upright as the boat grates on the pebbly beach. His little white paws are crossed on a snowy breast, while his great white ears are raised like a bishop's mitre. Still holding to the transmigration theory, this must be the Bishop of Ross come back over the waves of time to watch again his Royal mistress? He seems to gaze out and beyond us to where those swans sedately float upon the shimmering surface. He was faithful throughout life, and it is fitting that he should be faithful still in his new form. The visitor moves down the

pathways where the abbots walked so long since, pausing by the many graves in the choir where the quiet dead seem to sleep more peacefully than in the mad sweep of the world without. Above them wave the trees that they planted, and, in waving, cast their leaves in benediction, for—

"Gone is the roof and perched aloof
Is an owl, like a friar of orders grey
(Perhaps 'tis the priest come back to feast—
He had ever a tooth for capon, he;
But the capon is cold, and the steward is old,
And the butler has lost the larder key).
The doughty lords sleep the sleep of swords,
Dead are the dames and damozels.
The King in his crown hath laid him down,
And the jester with his bells."

William and Galfredus, by the Grace of God, Bishops of Glasgow and Dunkeld," in 1238 authorised Walter Cumyng, Earl of Menteith, to build a religious house for the men of the order of St. Augustine on this island of Inchmahome, in the little Lake of Menteith. This earl died in 1258, reputedly from poison administered by his wife, for which she was by Parliament disinherited of this same island, and so left Scotland in disgrace. Earl Walter succeeded her, and it was his second son, Sir John of Ruskie, who betrayed Sir William Wallace into the hands of the English, and his own name to popular infamy. It is said that the spot where he is buried is barren of flowers, and that the grass refuses to grow on a traitor's grave. Some rank weeds alone shelter his narrow bed.

There are many legends connected with the Menteith family. The most remarkable tells of the family's connection with the fairies, alleging that they were possessed of what was called the "red book," to open which was always followed by something preternatural. One of the earls, either from accident or design, unclosed the mystic volume, when fairies appeared before him, demanding work to do, and he set them to make a road from the mainland to the islands. They commenced operations on the north shore, and had formed

what is now called "Arnmack," a pleasing peninsula, tufted with a grove of Scotch firs of considerable height. They had proceeded so rapidly in their work that the earl, dreading that they might, by completing the work, destroy the insular situation of his water-girt stronghold, bade them desist, and for a new, and as he sagely thought, a more impracticable task, desired them to make a rope of sand. They therefore left off making the peninsula (which still remains half-finished) and went to rope-making, but, finding their materials of such an unpromising nature, they were covered with shame and confusion at being outwitted by the earl, and resolved to depart. The head-quarters of the fairies are said to have been at "Bogle Knowe," a singular peninsula on the south-eastern shore of the lake, which is still covered with large trees. The fairies have vanished and scarce a trace remains of the castle of the earl, from which he kept watch on them, but the ruins of Inchmahome still remain, giving the traveller a very good idea of what the priory was when in a perfect state.

Deep peace and dreamful ease wrap their mantles around Inchmahome. Nothing breaks the silence save the rustling grasses as we pass over them through the ancient refectory, all open to the air; through my lady's chamber, tenantless now and forever; and on and beyond, over a moss-grown stile, to that spot generally called "Mary's Bower," but now better recognised as "Queen Mary's Child-Garden." There is something "that tirls the heart-strings a' to the life" in standing and looking on this unmistakable living relic of that strange and pathetic olden time.

It is an oval or nearly circular enclosure, with a double row of boxwood trees—now about fourteen feet in height—strong and healthy, and plainly of great age. This was the little Queen's garden, and even now, in the spring-time, jonquils and daffodils push their way upward through the thick green turf, and around the base of an old tree perhaps planted by her girlish hands. Over all the island, dressed in the national costume, she romped and clambered with her four Marys, passing almost the only happy time that

came to her lot in her own kingdom. She had been brought to Inchmahome after the battle of Pinkie, in 1547, by the Earl of Mar, her governor. John Erskine, prior of the monastery, was appointed her preceptor. Here she lived, under his care, until she sailed for France.

The glory of Inchmahome departed with the passing of the Queen, nothing disturbing its monotony until the waves of the Reformation swept over Scotland. After the ruin occasioned by that great religious convulsion, year by year the ivy clambered further and further over the old domain, and only the utter destruction of all things has satisfied its hunger. So to-day the island is full of ruins. Few visit it, and it may be doubted if many of all the thousands who come to Scotland know that here, in the bosom of this little islet, they will find one of the loveliest spots on earth.

Dumbarton.

Mary was too young to be very heavy-hearted over the departure from her island home, for she had been shut up within the monastery by the tempests of February and was probably glad of any change. Dumbarton was chosen as the point of departure for France, because the plague had broken out at Edinburgh. To this circumstance the little Queen owed her safe transit southward, for the English fleet was seen hovering off St. Abb's head about the time she was expected to sail from Leith. The fleet of galleys in which the voyage was performed had brought French troops to Leith, and then set sail, apparently to return to France. But once out of sight of land they sailed to the north, and, under the care of a Scottish pilot, passed through the Pentland Firth down to the Clyde, and so on to Dumbarton. On the spot of broken ground just below "The Rock" the little Queen parted with her mother, coming down this narrow descent with much pomp and ceremony. Admiral the Chevalier de Villegagnon and the Sieur de Breze received their charge in the name of the French King, Henry II., and where to-day all is commonplace, then all was pageant and glitter.

Dumbarton Castle.

From an old print in the Brit[illegible] M[illegible]

The grand rock of Dumbarton attracts the eye of the traveller, as from the bosom of the swift-flowing Clyde it rears its crest with a dark forbidding majesty, keeping watch and ward over this western approach to Scotland, and, ever on guard, seems to hold the land under its protection. The great fortress was so old at the time of the departure of Mary that the three hundred years that have since passed are but as yesterday in the span of its existence. The date of its foundation is unknown, but it is stated to have been occupied by the Romans in 368. It is recognised as the Balclutha of Ossian ; but however that may be, it has certainly been one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of Royal fortresses in Scotland. A thousand battles have dashed their waves around and over it, changing it not at all. Romans, Picts, Danes, and Norwegians, have poured their blood in torrents over its sides, and tradition even asserts that, during its darkest days, blood rained all over Britain, colouring the milk, cheese, and butter ! From out the conflicts nearer to our own day comes the grand, gallant figure of William Wallace. Slowly mounting the rock he is received by Menteith with all honour as a friend, and is then handed over by the basest treachery to Edward of England to meet his trial in Westminster Hall, and his fate at Smithfield.

There were no shadows around the little Queen's head in 1548 as she danced over this rock, and, leaning over the battlements of the grim fortress, watched the preparations for her voyage in the French fleet below her. One can fancy the chatter of the five little Marys—the child-Queen and her child-Court ! No cares of State oppressed them ; no forebodings of the future ; no warnings came to the Queen of how and where she would look her last on this fortress ; and no shadowy picture of it as it would loom through the mists and rain of the fatal days to come. Neither did any witch-lights play over the towers of the neighbouring Crookston or the field of Langside.

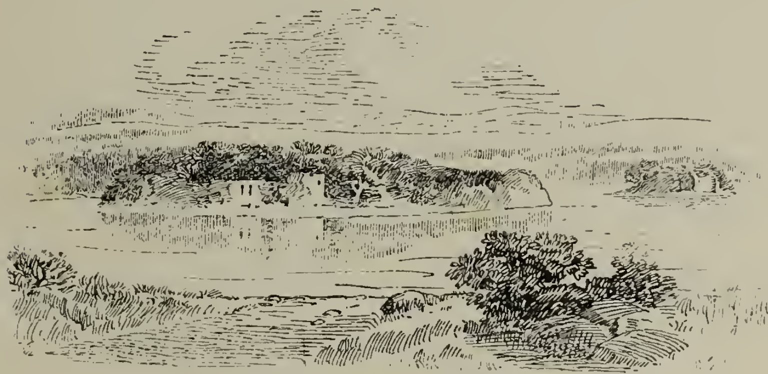
Dumbarton is a cone-shaped rock, divided into two parts, and about four hundred feet in height. The summit is reached by long flights of steps, and as each high tide makes the spot almost an island, it was, before the

advent of gunpowder, considered almost impregnable. The entrance is through a modern portal, and the visitor at once commences the ascent of the narrow steps. He will pause for an instant under the Wallace gate to listen to the gossip of the soldier-guide, and to inspect the two crude heads in stone of Scotland's idol and his betrayer, Menteith. The latter has his finger stuck in his mouth, that being, it is said, the signal by which he betrayed his chief and friend to torture and death!

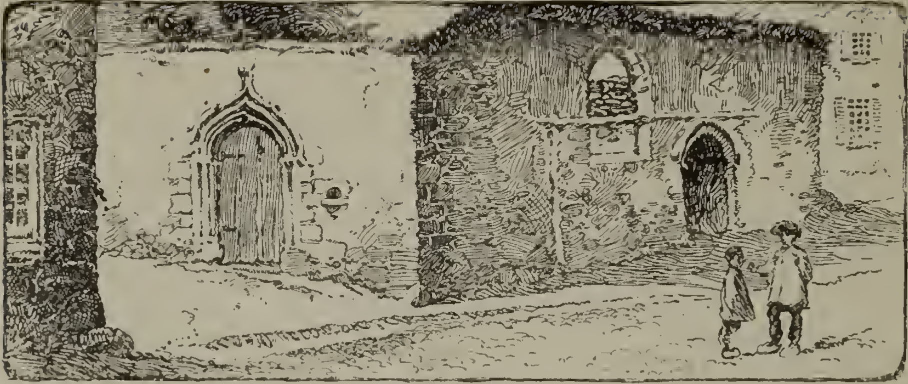
Passing upward, the traveller notes the second gateway of the date of Queen Mary; and beyond that, save the marvellous panorama, there remains no more of interest. The panorama, however, is beautiful. The Clyde spreads out like a lake in front, its banks on both sides bordered by the greatest aggregation of shipbuilding works in the world. Everywhere rise the skeletons of future "ocean greyhounds," or stern ships of battle, and the busy hum of thousands of workmen comes distinctly to the ear. To the south-east Crookston stands—Crookston, where Mary passed with Darnley the fleeting season of their honeymoon. Paisley, with its busy throng, lies near Crookston, and the fatal field of Langside lies near to Glasgow. To the southward the hills of the land of Burns block the view, while to the west and north the Highlands rise tier on tier, and to the east a black pall of smoke tells of the mighty Glasgow. But there was little of Glasgow in the young Queen's time, and there were then no busy hives around the base of Dumbarton—nothing save the primeval forests, with here and there the tower of an old castle, from which flaunted the gorgeous banner of its owner. Where one now meets with a lonely soldier or two, left to guard the discarded fortress, there were heard from morn till night the fanfare of trumpets and the calls to arms. Stirring, no doubt, were the few weeks that Mary and her little Court passed on the great rock.

As she sails away to the land of roses the query may suggest itself, "Would it perhaps have been better for her had the English fleet accomplished its mission of capture?" She would have reached London and would

have been reared by the English, as was James I.; but would she—a woman —have met with such courtesy and consideration as was accorded to him? It is doubtful. Perhaps she might have received them from Edward, who so desired to marry her, but with his death all would have been changed, and though her religion might have protected her for a season, nothing could long have preserved her from the jealousy and fear of Mary of England. A woman who would almost sacrifice her own sister, whom she loved, would scarce hesitate to send a brother's widow, who was also heir-presumptive to her throne, to that same scaffold which Jane Grey mounted some years later —Tower Hill would simply have anticipated Fotheringhay! Mary Stuart would have missed those happy days in France, and would have been spared all the misery of Scotland; but her English experience would probably have been hastened some years and, after all, would have ended on the scaffold. The world would only have classed her as one more unfortunate princess, such as, for instance, Lady Arabella Stuart. She would have lost her earthly immortality, and history would have been deprived of its most picturesque and romantic figure.



INCHMAHOME.



ROSCOFF CHAPEL.

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH IN FRANCE—MARRIAGE—QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Landing at Roscoff — St. Germains — Paris in the Days of the Valois — Honeymoon at Villers Cotterets—The Tournelles and Death of Henry II.—Rheims and the Coronation of Francis.

A PILGRIMAGE in the footsteps of Queen Mary cannot at all times follow exactly her progress from the cradle to the grave. It is doubtful, for example, if one could find to-day a craft of any sort voyaging from Dumbarton to the port of Roscoff—not that such a voyage would be impossible, for ships still sail these seas, and Roscoff is still a port. But it is a port forgotten by the great world of to-day, and few, save the fishermen of the coast, know the place, at one time the rendezvous of pirates and smugglers. Therefore, to reach Roscoff it is better to take the train from the St. Lazare Station in Paris. As it speeds along we may many times regret that it whirls us past places of which we have read and dreamed in the past. This is not the part of France that has been swept and garnished for the tourist, but that dear, delightful old France which lies dreaming in the sunshine, in the midst of green meadows and shining rivers, silent enough now since the days of the terrible Revolution; but, for the lover of history and antiquity, teeming with interest, uncorrupted by the march of time.

Here is, for example, Rambouillet, where Francis I. died; and yonder

Queen Mary,
1561.

From the hitherto unpublished portrait in the Duc d'Aumale's Art Collection at Chantilly.

rise the spires of peerless Chartres. Grey châteaux nestle under overhanging cliffs, or rise at the end of stately avenues of poplars—silent old buildings, homes from which the light and laughter passed away in those days of 1793. In the courtyard of that house yonder its young owner yielded up his life where his parents had already suffered, and where his people had lived for centuries ; one would not expect a smile from a home with such memories. As the train rushes on a glimpse is obtained of Lamballe, destroyed by Richelieu. Every point has its story of romance, every valley its tale of blood.

Roscoff, in Finistére (Brittany), is about 350 miles from Paris, and not far, in a north-easterly direction, from Brest. There has been some question amongst historians as to the spot of Mary's landing, many authorities naming Brest itself. But the latest and least favourable of Mary's biographers, Mr. Hay Fleming, while disposed to pronounce for Brest, gives the very satisfactory plea for Roscoff that "it can show the ruins of a little Gothic chapel founded to mark the spot where her foot was traced on the rock." On this ground alone Roscoff may be accepted as actually the scene of Mary's arrival in France. The place has a further historical interest from the fact that here also landed Mary's descendant, the "Young Chevalier," Prince Charles Edward Stuart, from his hapless adventure in the '45.

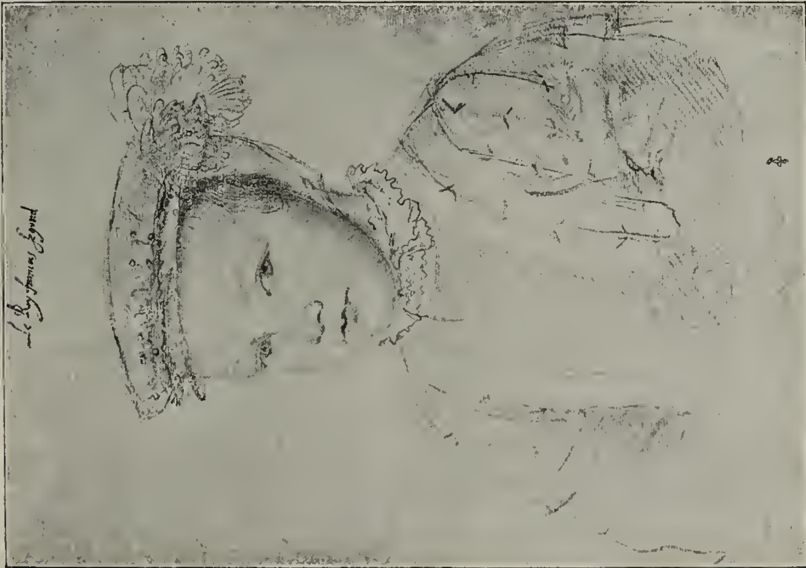
Arriving at the hotel, the visitor may find it full, for even Roscoff, although unknown as a port, has its "season." Across the street from the place of landing is a house which was certainly standing when Mary Stuart arrived here, and we may lodge here in a vast apartment, with bare floors, which holds a huge, shadowy bed, and which, as may be discovered later, when the light of the solitary candle has penetrated the depths beyond, has a cavernous fireplace with a mantel heavily carved and black with age. Madame the landlady will, in answer to inquiry, assure us that the chapel of St. Ninian, erected by the little Scots Queen, is still in existence, but unfortunately in ruins. The house in which she slept is, however, as she left it.

The chapel, a tiny little structure, rises close to the water. Its four walls are intact—thanks to the recent care of a devout Scottish peer—and show the portal and stone tracery of the windows. Beneath the window towards the sea the remains of the altar are still in existence. Wild grass and mosses grow thick and rich over all, and all is damp with the mists of the ocean sobbing away outside. Worse still, the walls are disfigured outside by the not very reticent French theatre or newspaper bills, dishonouring the little chapel. While these pages are going through the press it is gratifying to know that the Franco-Scottish Society, through its secretary in Edinburgh, is in communication with the French Government on the more seemly preservation of this memorial of one who was Queen of France and Queen of Scotland. What a sadly-touching little place it is! How the sorrows and sufferings of the Queen's after-life become real to those who visit it! Here the innocent girl offered up prayers to God (and to the Mother of God), praying for all the world, but most of all for Scotland. Here she entered upon one of the few happy periods of her life—those coming years in sunny France—years to whose teachings, however, the Reformers of her own land attribute much, if not all, of the sorrows of her later life. Would it not have been better, perhaps, to have died and been laid to rest here, in this quiet spot, where the voices of the air and the murmuring ocean commingling, chant for ever a solemn requiem?

Directly across the street, and facing the chapel, stands the house in which the Queen and her ladies rested, and an archway leads into the courtyard of what must, in those days, have been a mansion of importance. The court is quaint, and the gabled building rises around it in a picturesque jumble; but it is now a tenement house—its glory has departed. There are no other relics of the Queen in Roscoff, though every nook is filled with remains of that or an earlier period. Nothing, indeed, in the place seems new—the people have retained their quaint customs and manners, maidens still wear their Breton caps and kirtles of homespun, and something of the

Portraits of Francis II.
as a Boy.

From the hitherto unpublished portraits in
the Duc d'Aumale's Art Collection at Chantilly.



sadness of the sea must have crept into the faces of the people, for they are in no way akin to the laughing, scoffing multitudes of Paris.

As the Queen, now five years of age, danced ashore, surrounded by her four Marys and her faithful followers, weary from the tossing ocean, how beautiful must have appeared this land of France: how charming these same quaint gardens, as the roses and hollyhocks nodded a welcome to the little child: and how full of repose those quaint houses, as she passed onward and entered the theatre of the great world!

We are told that it was but five days after her landing that the Queen was betrothed to the Dauphin at St. Germain-en-laye. This was exceedingly rapid travelling for those days, for St. Germain is more than three hundred miles away, and she paused at Morlaix and at Rouen, if not also in many other places, which in the then state of the roads and condition of the country would seem very necessary. The soldiers of Henry had destroyed Morlaix, so that it was in a very sorry plight when Queen Mary passed through. At Rouen the Royal party was met by all the high dignitaries of Church and State, and in honour of the occasion all prisoners were liberated save those convicted of murder. All the world knows Rouen and the story of the Maid of Orleans, the memory of whose life and death is as fresh to-day as in the time of Charles. But Rouen does not figure conspicuously in the story of Mary Stuart, therefore we move on until the towers of St. Germain appear on the heights to the west of Paris.

St. Germain-en-laye.

The life of Mary Stuart in France, from her landing at Roscoff until her departure from Calais, was one of almost continuous sunshine—such a life as any good mother of our day would approve of for her daughter—though the Royal Court was probably the most corrupt in Europe. The Queen seemingly led a life apart, surrounded by those appointed by her guardians.

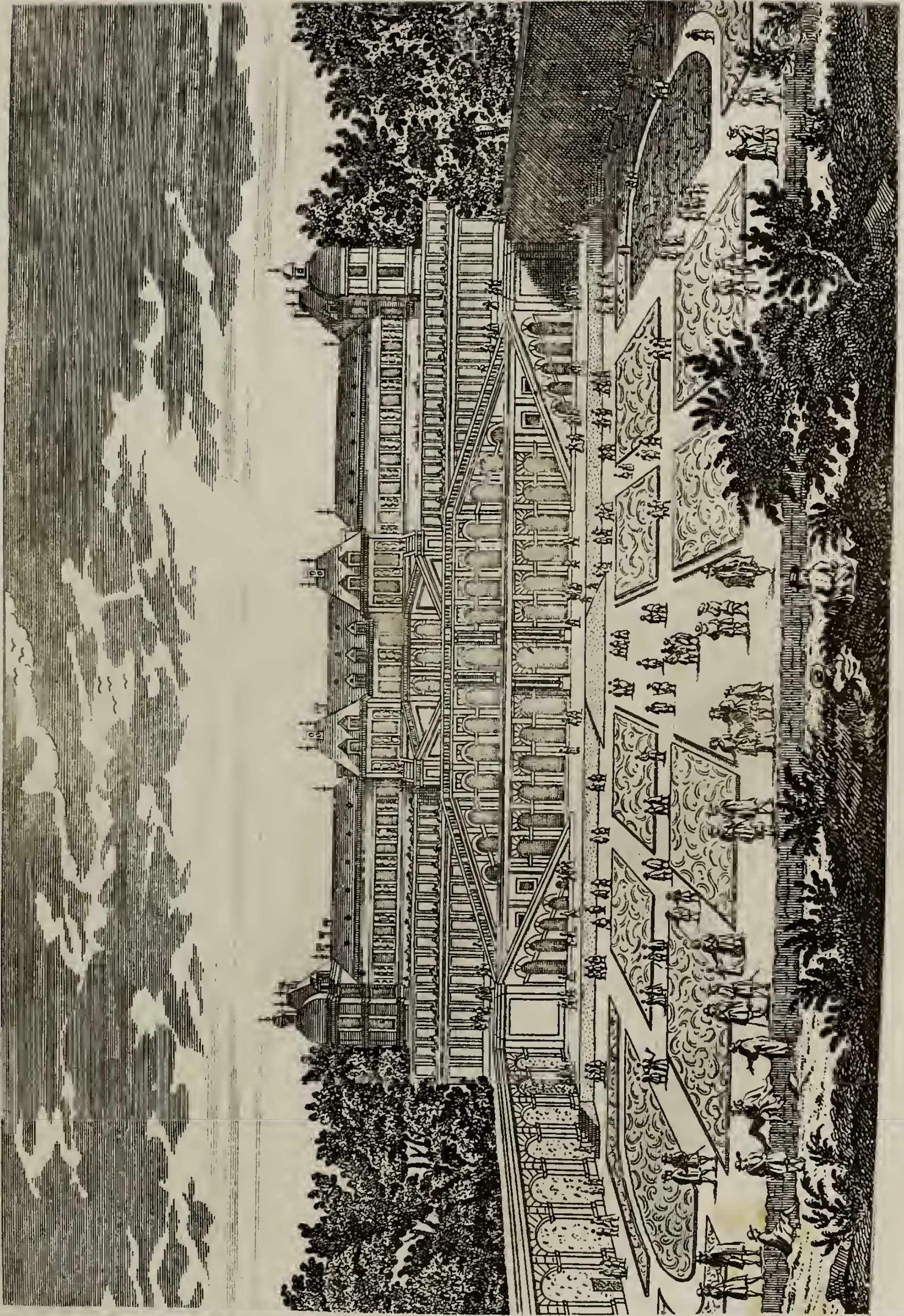
Her maternal grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, was ever at hand, and, though divided from her child by the ocean, the Queen-mother was on guard in spirit. Many of the Queen's early years were passed in strict seclusion, and the monastic house over which Antoinette de Bourbon presided was noted for its purity; the reputation of its foundress, during all the years of her long life, was stainless as the driven snow.

The best time for a visit to Mary's first French home is when the peace of midsummer reigns over the famous forest of stately St. Germain. The majestic chestnut trees have then long since cast their blossoms and are in fruit, while under their shade, and down the long avenues, where once the little Queen danced the hours away, children are seen in full force. Just as they are now playing with each other, so, doubtless, Mary sported, now with Guise or Valois, with prince or cardinal, laughing up and down these long green alleys, with not even a shadow of sorrow cast over her life. Here, on her arrival from Roscoff, she met her cousins, and amongst them her future husband, Francis, to whom she was affianced after the return of the Court from Blois. How many faces, famous in history, gathered at that betrothal! Henry II. and Queen Catherine de Medici, the Cardinal de Lorraine, the Duke de Guise, and the little boys who in time were to become Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.; also that ugly boy, Prince of Navarre, afterwards to blossom into Henry IV., when those others, phantom-like, had flitted across the stage of life, through days of sorrow, and trails of blood and murder. Certainly the English Ambassador had come with his evil eye on the little Queen, never to relax his vigilance or his enmity until her head should fall at Fotheringhay. During these days of the Valois this old château renewed its youth once more, put on its best smile, and all "went merry as a marriage bell."

In the distance slumbered the great city that was, two centuries later, to take its vengeance for many of the deeds enacted in this period. Paris spreads to-day almost to the foot of St. Germain. That monument of the

St. Germain.

From an old print in the British Museum.



great Napoleon, the Arc de Triomphe, looms up in the centre of the landscape, while beyond the fortress of Mont Valérien the flags of the Eiffel Tower wave us a nineteenth-century greeting. Malmaison, where sleep Josephine and the Queen Hortense, smiles near the forest of Visnet. Long avenues of stately poplars lead up to the quiet red-tiled villages, while in and out of sunny meadows winds the murmuring Seine. The towers of St. Denis, so objectionable to Louis XIV., are also distinctly visible. The train from Paris pushes its way through a tunnel almost to the doors of the château, and then stops short, as though amazed at this abode of dead and gone Royalty. Yellow novels and much beer and wine are sold where once gorgeous knights and ladies disported themselves, and where of old the obsequious courtier paused ere he entered the Royal presence. Times are changed in St. Germain.

The château which now faces us as we cross the square is rectangular in shape, with pavilions at the corners. A monastery was built here by King Robert, early in the eleventh century, and dedicated to St. Germain, and the château, which was built in the same reign, or soon after, was three times pillaged by the English forces. Francis I., who was married here, rebuilt the château a few years before Mary's arrival, and since then the structure has undergone many vicissitudes. Where the terrace, built by Lenotre, in 1676, now stands, Henry IV., disliking the fortress-like architecture of the old place, erected a vast château (which was afterwards destroyed by Charles X.), whose gardens descended to the river. At St. Germain, Louis XIII. died, and Louis XIV., who first saw the light of day in the old palace, which now forms the central portion of the present structure, added the five pavilions at the angles. Should we be thankful to Napoleon III. for his restoration of the château, or would it not be preferable could we see those relics of a bygone age in the ruin to which time has seen fit to reduce them? The great hall has suffered less than the rest by restoration, and there are many portions remaining as they were three centuries ago, while the chapel

is still in a ruinous state. It is worthy of remark that the furniture of these old palaces was never very luxurious—or at least that only those in use were kept furnished—so that a king was often obliged to send his beds ahead of him, while many of the Court ladies were forced to sleep on the floor. Therefore it is not remarkable that one finds so little furniture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is more in Touraine than elsewhere, especially at Chaumont. There is some of a later date at Fontainebleau, but St. Germain really possesses none. It is to the credit of the mobs of the great Revolution, let it be said, that they did not, as a general thing, vent their rage on inanimate objects, or we should to-day possess few relics of the past in France.

In the chapel sleeps James II. of England and VII. of Scotland. To this château he fled from his own kingdom. Here he held his melancholy, poverty-stricken Court, and here he died. A monument was erected here to his memory by George IV.—the last monarch, surely, that one would expect to think of such a thing, or hold any sympathy for a man who "lost three kingdoms for a mass."

The town and château of St. Germain stand on the edge of a forest, originally called Lyda, but changed to Laye, and consisting of nearly eleven thousand acres. It is one of the most beautiful forests in France, and, although it is so near to the roar of Paris, it still, we believe, holds its wild boar and deer. It is a fascinating place, and was always loved by the Scottish Queen.

Paris.

At the period of the marriage of Francis II. with Mary Stuart, little or nothing of Paris could be seen from St. Germain. Perhaps a glimpse might have been obtained of the towers of St. Denis, but because of the intervening heights, now crowned by the Arc de Triomphe, nothing further could have been visible. The windmills on Montmartre were then without the

Paris—Time of Francis I.

From an old print.

walls. Our illustration, probably the only picture extant, gives a correct idea of the main portion of the city at that period, except that the old Louvre had already been almost destroyed by Francis I. (about 1527), whereas we see it here as he found it—the most stupendous pile of the city, before which both the Bastille and the Tower of the Temple sink into insignificance. In its vast central tower, which it took five months to demolish, the great feudatories took or renewed the feudal oath founded by Philip Augustus in 1200. The building was without the city walls until 1363, and was the great state prison of those terrible years. Martin, in his "History of France," speaks of the demolition of this structure as an act destructive of history itself—as the monarchy of the Renaissance overthrowing the old feudal Royalty.

Those portions of the present structure that were built by Henry II., and in which the marriage fêtes, or some of them, of Mary Stuart were held, form the whole western side of what is now called the old Louvre. The wing extending from that portion towards the Seine, and now called the "Galerie d'Apollon," is also of that epoch, and there to-day we see the crown jewels, or their counterfeits. The last remnants, the north and east façades of the ancient structure, were demolished by Richelieu, and thus vanished for ever the most interesting building in France, in the ninth tower of which, on Tuesday, the 19th of April, 1558, Mary Stuart and the Dauphin Francis de Valois met in the grand hall and signed their marriage contract. There took place also their solemn betrothal at the hands of her uncle, the Cardinal de Lorraine.

Notre Dame, where the marriage took place subsequently, stood then as it stands now, on a level with the street, and the river front of the Conciergerie is likewise unchanged. The marriage of Francis and Mary, a joyous one, was solemnized on a raised stage, just before the majestic portals of the great cathedral. "A fair sight!" so voted the good people of Paris. All the nobility of the ancient régime surrounded the young bride, who, in her

snowy robes, with mantle of blue-grey velvet covered with precious stones, was the fairest sight of all. Old Notre Dame was to see another service in honour of Mary Stuart, but a service of sorrow and tears following on a fate of which no foreshadowing darkened the bright morning of her bridal, although upon that day the seer Nostradamus had already told Catherine de Medici that he "perceived blood threatening the Scottish Queen."

Of the Bishop's Palace, where the banquet and other ceremonies which followed took place, nothing now remains. Gone also is the place of the ball, the great hall of the Palace of Justice, consumed by a fire, which occurred just after the assassination of Henry IV., and whereby, it is believed, Marie de Medici destroyed all evidence of her complicity in that murder. Victor Hugo, in his "Hunchback of Notre Dame," gives a superb description of the famous spot, and to that the reader should turn. All have seen Notre Dame. All know its three majestic portals, its flying buttresses, and its fantastic gargoyles, and have passed from the brilliancy of the Parisian sun-shine into its solemn quiet. The beggars are still around its gates; the old man will still offer you holy water just within the entrance. Notre Dame is not a church of monuments, yet, from the beauty of the building and its memories, it is a most interesting spot. Not Notre Dame, it is true, but St. Denis is the Westminster Abbey of Paris; but it was before the portals of the former that Mary Stuart was, on Sunday morning, the 24th of April, 1558, made Dauphiness of France. George Buchanan wrote some of his most beautiful odes for the occasion. He was then basking in the sunshine of her Royal favour, living under her patronage. Ten years later, when that sun had set, and she was a lonely prisoner, he sold himself and his talents to those in power and wrote his infamous "Detection."

Villers Cotterets.

Two hours by rail to the east of Paris, and with one of those quaint old towns whose life depended upon the Court clinging to it, stands the once

splendid manor house of the Dukes of Valois—Villers Cotterets. With the passing of the Court the life of the town died away, and the place seems only to remain where it is because it is too old to move! As we walk through its narrow streets the unusual sound of footsteps, so different from the clattering of sabots, and our unfamiliar appearance, draw the occupants of the adjoining houses to their doors and windows. Most of them are old, as though they had come here preparatory to their final journey, and to-day there is a little stir in the town, for some one has, indeed, taken that journey and is being buried with much ceremony. The little church is enshrouded in the usual hangings of black and silver, the coffin is covered with wreaths of paper flowers and of black and white beads, while the mourners are dressed in correct and shining black, with white kid gloves. The atmosphere, not only of the church, but of the whole town, is heavy with the odour of incense, and the little bells toll slowly as prayers are uttered for the soul that is gone.

The church nestles close to the walls of the manor house, which is, externally, a splendid structure. The château is stately and royal to look upon, and its turrets rise majestically above the verdant aisles of one of those Royal forests for which France is justly celebrated. It consists of several quadrangular structures of the period of the Valois, with the usual turrets and high roofs common to all buildings of that epoch in France, and from its unusual extent and its beautiful situation it must have been a favourite residence of the Court. But, as the visitor approaches nearer, there is nothing romantic in the desolation that stares out, like a skeleton from its coffin, impassive, though the secret of its past and present is about to be disclosed. Yet, what is it? Not desertion—there is evidently life of some sort there, and at the windows appear many quaint and curious faces.

Has inanimate stone, have living trees memories of past splendours? If so, Villers Cotterets must bow its head in sorrow at its present state of degradation. The voices in its courts are not those of its courtiers, not those

of the bridal pair, Francis and Mary, who came here to spend their honeymoon and whisper their love to each other. Neither is there the sound of the chase in these latter days, nor of hawking parties in the open. One listens in vain for the call to arms, the clarion of bugles. Gone is my lady's palfrey and her sedan chair, while the silver banner of the King, with the golden lilies, is banished for ever; for, fourteen hundred mendicants find a home within these walls. Villers Cotterets, the Royal, has become the grand "Depôt de Mendicité" of the city of Paris!

Passing the little church, the square-turreted façade is entered through a central doorway, evidently modern, which leads to a large court, upon which the main palace faces. This façade and square recall Fontainebleau and its "Court of the White Horse." Outwardly the buildings are in a good state of preservation, but within not a vestige remains of their ancient splendour, save two grand staircases and the hall of audience, where the balustrades and walls are burdened with superb sculpture in stone, among which the salamander of Francis I., with his initial letter, predominates. In the grand saloon—the saloon of Francis I., at the end of which rises a most elaborate chimney-piece—are piled high the beds of the hospital. The stately stairways are crowded with the poor, so miserable that we shudder as we pass them, hurrying away from all their wretchedness, squalor, and disease, yet pausing a moment at an open casement to gaze spell-bound upon the scene without. A ruined flight of steps leads down to what was a formal garden. To-day its walks and squares and circles are thickly covered with a deep, rich carpet of grass and moss, bespangled with flaming poppies and blue cornflowers. Rows of magnificent horse-chestnuts sweep away in a grand circle around the shattered basin of a great fountain, and thence down the sides of many a grass-grown avenue. Formal hedgerows, which would serve as a background for Watteau figures, stand around as though lost, and the whole, though beautiful, is very lonely. Life has indeed passed from the old château, and those who still breathe in and around it appear as if they, too, would be far

better underground! The palace should rather be given over to silence and decay—and yet it was so full of laughter and happiness when Mary the Queen approached, with her husband, down that stately avenue!

It is hard to believe that these corridors, crowded with blue-bloused mendicants, were ever graced by the presence of the beautiful Queen of Scotland. From here Mary wrote to her kingdom in the North that her marriage with "her maist dear and best beloved husband, the King of Scotland and Dauphin of Viennois, has tane effect. Of the quhilk we haif greit occasion to thank God and stand content, being so highly and honourably alliat and associate with so worthy and virtuous a Prince, so affectionate to the weal of you and our realm that we could not nor haif wisset nor askit at God ane grietar thing in this world."

Three months were passed at Villers Cotterets by the newly-married pair, and at the expiration of that time Francis was forced to join the Army under Guise. As Queen Consort of France, Mary Stuart came here once again, and, on the occasion of that visit, was so ill that, upon receipt of bad news from Scotland she swooned twice. Here must have commenced that long series of apologies to Elizabeth for the acts of others—apologies which ended only on the scaffold. Already an apology had been demanded for the assumption of the arms of England on the occasion of her marriage, an act for which her father-in-law, the King, was alone responsible. Elizabeth demanded the restoration of Calais, and was told by the French Commissioner that if it should be surrendered it would be to Mary Stuart, "whom we take to be Queen of England." Throckmorton wrote to his mistress that Mary had asserted that "she trusts to be Queen of England ere long." The report of any one of these three acts would have ensured her destruction whenever she might fall into the hands of the daughter of Henry VIII. From Villers Cotterets Francis and Mary took their departure for Rheims.

In the Royal abodes of France the memory of the illicit loves of her Kings linger longest. Speak to the guide about Mary Stuart, and he will know, per-

chance, something of the fair Diana, or of Gabrielle—nothing of the fairest of French Queens. Her life of innocence has left no trace behind it, but the memory of beautiful sinners is as abiding as its carvings in stone!

Upon the old château the rain is falling steadily, the wind moans around it with a desolate sound, and the long branches of the trees toss their skeleton arms upward to the autumn sky. Hundreds of "misérables," as they scurry away, chatter and shriek and quarrel, and the desolation is horrible. An ivy-clad tower, tenanted by bats and owls, is a cheerful abiding-place compared to the Villers Cotterets of to-day!

The Tournelles.

There are still many quarters of the French capital undisturbed by the march of time, but the spirit of this age will not spare them long, and it will not be many years before all traces of the city of the Middle Ages will have vanished. The quarters between the Avenue de l'Opera, the Seine, and the great Boulevard are still rich in relics of the past. Here is the Hôtel de Sens, from which the good people of Paris drove the licentious Margaret of Valois. Here is also that old mansion, the Hôtel Prévost. The Astrological Tower of Catherine de Medici has disappeared, but the old houses around the Place de Vosges (the Place Royale) still raise their quaint roofs and placid faces in the sunlight, still keep watch over the statue of Louis XIII.

Where the Place Royale now stands, Henry II. lost his life in mock combat with Count Montgomery; and where to-day the old houses, with their closed windows, stand so deserted there arose of old the Palace of the Tournelles, from whose windows the Court watched the combat, and from whose halls the young Queen of Scotland passed out Queen Consort of France. There and then commenced for her that enmity of the Queen-mother which pursued her to the end of her life, an enmity which, with all its power—the power of an implacable hatred—was unable to record one word of slander against Mary of Scotland. Certainly, young and heedless as

Tournament at the Tournelles—Death of Henry II.

From a lithograph.

she was then, the evil eyes of that licentious Court would have laid bare her secrets had her life held any, and her shame would have been blazoned to the world. A glance at the life in France during the reign of Henry II. will show why John Knox and the Scottish reformers objected to that country as a home for their little Queen ; and though, indeed, that life was about as bad as it could be, the story of it was no doubt exaggerated tenfold before it reached Scotland.

Having expelled the English, and retaken Boulogne and Calais, the ambition of Henry II. subsided. The fortune left him by his father, Francis I., was soon squandered on the numerous beauties of the Court, amongst whom Diane de Poitiers was first and foremost. Henry wore her colours as he entered the lists here before the Tournelles, and probably her name was the last word on his lips when he died four days after the fatal joust. How terrible was the suppressed rage and impotent fury of the daughter of the Medici, how fearful the expression of her gleamless black eyes as she looked down, unloved and neglected, on the blue ribbons of Diana ! Certainly, with that beautiful Duchess on one side, representing all the present power, and the fair, glowing splendour of the Scottish Princess—so deeply loved by her young husband—on the other, both present and future were dark for one with Catherine's ambition. But though here in the old palace she was first to bow to the young Queen of Scotland as Queen Consort of France, Catherine knew that the day of her ascendency would soon dawn.

That 6th of July was fatal for all concerned. Fatal to the King, who was then wounded unto death ; surely fatal to the Princess Elizabeth, who was then bound by proxy to Philip II. of Spain ; fatal to the fair Diana, and fatal also to Mary Stuart, who was on that day caused by Henry II. to be saluted as Queen of England, emblazoning her car and her heralds with the English arms, thereby appearing to cast the stain of illegitimacy on Elizabeth, while there was planted in her heart the hatred that ended only at Fotheringhay.

The Palace of the Tournelles faced the present square from the north, and derived its name from the many towers with which it was burdened. It was built in 1380 by Pierre D'Orgemont, Chancellor of France. The Duke of Bedford, Regent after the death of Henry V., kept great flocks of peacocks and other splendid birds in the court. It was the town residence of Louis XI., and, after the Bastille, it was his favourite abode. The good people of Paris did not love Louis, nor did he love them; therefore he lived mostly at Plessis-lès-Tours. But it was at the Tournelles that he received his Queen, Margaret of Scotland. Louis XII. always loved the place, and soon after his marriage to Mary of England he died there, because she entirely upset his whole order of life, forcing him to dine at 12 noon instead of 8 a.m., and to retire at midnight instead of 6 p.m.!

Francis I. and Henry II. rarely used the palace save for tournaments, and the catastrophe in which the latter lost his life was the undoing of the Tournelles. Catherine destroyed that portion where the King died, but the last vestige of the building did not disappear for another century. Henry IV. and Sully built the houses that rise around the place to-day—high, red-brick mansions, with towering roofs. This was then the very centre of Royal Paris—its most aristocratic quarter. No. 21 was the house of Richelieu. Madame Rachel lay in state in another dwelling here. The Hotel de Rambouillet was not far distant. Ninon de l'Enclos, who fascinated three generations, lived at No. 28, Rue des Tournelles, in the yard of which is still shown the grotto where one of her young would-be admirers hanged himself after she had told him that she was his mother. Madame de Sévigné was born in this neighbourhood; and down the vista of an adjoining street, the corner of her later home, now the Museum Carnavalet, can be seen, while the narrow streets of the locality abound in quaint and curious memorials in stone of those stately days.

The Place Royale is asleep in its old age. Gay life never invades its quiet precincts, and the lover of history may dream his dream of the "White

Queen" and of the old city of her day, uninterrupted by many of the millions of people that surround him. The grim prisons of La Foree and the Bastille in days of yore cast their shadows over the roofs of these houses and the tower of the Temple stood but a short distanee away. All are gone. The feet of passing multitudes thunder forever over some of the buried dungeons of the Bastille—flowers bloom and ehildren carry on their happy play where the little Dauphin sobbed out his life in the Temple—life and fashion have passed away forever from the Place de Vosges, leaving it to dull repose.

Rheims.

It was late September, and the season of the vintage was approaehing, when Franeis and Mary rode forth from Villers Cotterets towards Rheims for the eoronation, stopping the first day at Langport, the second at Lefert, the third at Fismes, and at last in an abbey some three leagues from Rheims, the most important town of the department of Marne Gentle hills, thickly covered with grape vines, sloped upward from the city, and all the air was dreamy with odour of the fruit.

The town itself, a bustling, stirring place, does not to-day offer much of interest, save in its central square. Many of its streets recall Chester to the mind, but the place has a look of newness most surprising when we consider that the town existed in the days of the Romans. Its abbey—the Chureh of St. Remi as it now stands—was erected in the eleventh century, about two hundred years before the foundation of the Cathedral.

The antiquary will discover a few Roman remains as he wanders through the city, notably the triumphal areh, "Porta Martis," one of the four great gates of the city. He will linger a moment in the square before the Cathedral, where stands the inn whieh sheltered the Maid of Orleans—the "Maison Rouge," though in her day it bore the sign of "L'Ane Rayé" (the Zebra). As in most other French towns, the outer walls have long since been eon-

verted into boulevards, where one may find the life of Paris carried on in miniature. The little city is also the metropolitan see of France, and from the time of Philip Augustus has been the scene of the coronation of her Kings.

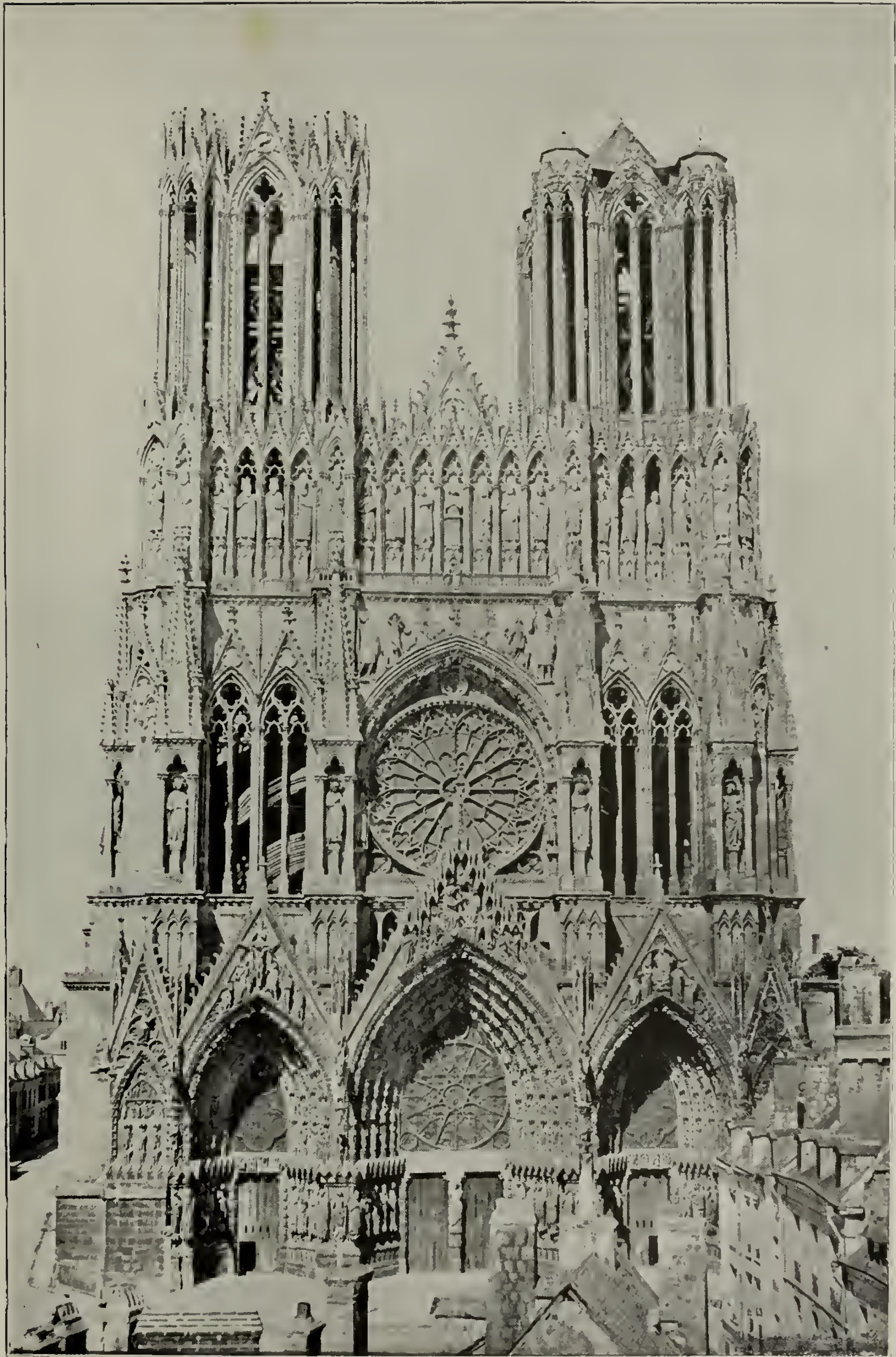
Bishop Hinckmar, who lived three hundred and sixty years after Clovis, is said to have invented the legend of the *la Sainte Ampoule* "brought by a dove from Heaven." This flask of oil was miraculously delivered to St. Remi as he was about to baptise Clovis in 496, Clovis having been induced by his Queen to embrace Christianity. The flask was destroyed during the Revolution by a sansculotte named Ruhl, but, most wonderful to relate, it reappeared intact at the coronation of Charles X. !

Let us turn our attention to its abiding-place for so many centuries—centuries during which no man dared doubt its Divine origin. Men in those earlier days, the period we are wont to call the Dark Ages, gave their best work to God, and heart, hand, soul, and fortune were used freely in the construction of these vast shrines dedicated to His worship. The result here at Rheims is a building so divinely beautiful, so stately and majestic, that we are lost in awe before its splendid portals, and as the eye runs higher and higher over its perfect façade, the lips, perhaps unconsciously, adopt and murmur Jacob's words, "Verily, this is none other than the House of God."

All save two or three of the Kings of France have passed beneath these grand arches, to be crowned before the high altar, and have passed away for ever. The kingdom has vanished beneath the waves of the river of time, but the old shrine raises its walls above the flood unaltered. Nowhere about the Cathedral is the eye met by conflicting styles of architecture. The work is that of one master mind, who has produced the most perfect Gothic edifice of Northern Europe, with, perhaps, the exception of the Cathedral at Cologne.

In this shrine of beauty, on the 18th of September, 1559, Francis II. "by the grace of God King of France," was crowned by the Cardinal de

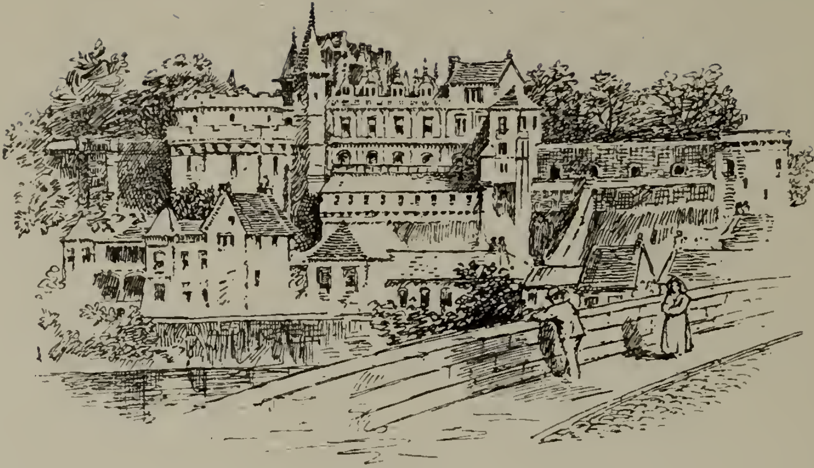
Rheims Cathedral.



Lorraine. Mary Stuart could take no part in the ceremony, she being an independent sovereign, but she watched it from a gallery over the right side of the high altar. There she shone resplendent as the noonday sun amidst dark clouds, for all but she were clothed in deep mourning for the late King. Over the gate of Rheims the King had ordered the English arms to be placed, an act that resulted in the usual protest from Throckmorton. True, the English Queen bore the arms of France, and absolutely refused to give them up, though her right thereto was not nearly so strong as that of Mary Stuart to the arms of England, as heir apparent to the English throne. But Elizabeth gained her point, and Francis yielded.

From Rheims the King and Queen passed through several of the towns of the kingdom, stopping a day in each, until they reached Lorraine, where Francis held the feast of his Order, and at almost all of these points that wrangle about the English arms was kept up, especially at Bar le Duc. Coming finally to Plessis-lès-Tours, the court rested for a time in that famous castle of Louis XI.

VILLERS COTTERETS.



AMBOISE.

CHAPTER III.

MARRIED LIFE IN FRANCE.

Plessis-lès-Tours—Blois—Amboise—Chenonceaux.

The world holds nothing more beautiful than the Valley of the Loire, where the twin towers—all that remains of the vast basilica of St. Martin de Tours—pierce the sky. The city of Tours is one of those fair towns so numerous in the land of France, and its many broad avenues bordered with trees give it an attraction patent to the most ordinary visitor. The stately towers of the Cathedral lift their crosses to the ever sunny skies of fair Touraine, and the country round about is dotted by those splendid châteaux of which Chambord, Blois, Amboise, Chaumont, Chenonceaux, Azay le Rideau, and Langeais are the most perfect and the most important.

Touraine held the court of France more frequently and for longer periods than any other section of the kingdom, until the building of Versailles, and the city itself dates back to the days of St. Martin, 340 A.D. When his shrine was established within its limits it was an old Roman town, and church and shrine became the centre of that great ecclesiastical establishment which spread civilization and religion throughout the country.

Plessis-lès-Tours, the terrible abode of Louis XI., stands now well within the limits of the city, being but a mile from the Halle au Blé. To those who have read "Quentin Durward," or who are familiar with the history of Louis XI., the palace-prison will be a disappointment. It is in no way like Loches, but is built rather as a fortified mansion, and the existing portion consists of one building, somewhat in the style of the older portions of Blois. This was evidently the residence of the King; for although it is divided and subdivided, the saloons and chambers can still be traced, and could be restored to their former state by removing the modern partitions. The building stands in the centre of what was undoubtedly a network of fortifications. The many moats, and even the position of the drawbridges, can be traced, while to the left of the present structure is found the entrance to a range of vaulted prisons, dark and dank enough to fulfil the most morbid expectation. The whole courtyard appears undermined with such places.

At the end of the gardens the visitor is shown the prison of Cardinal Balue, who spent so many years in dungeons and cages for betraying the secrets of Louis XI. to Charles of Burgundy. Here it is not a cage but a prison; it was at Loches the Cardinal inhabited his cage, where it was suspended in one of the great towers, and there the King paid him occasional visits, mocking and teasing him as one does a parrot. It was a large cone-shaped dungeon—the narrow slits in its walls admitting just enough sunlight to make the shadows the more intense—and from the apex hung the cage, a wooden structure not large enough to permit its occupant either to stand upright or lie at full length. In it the dignitary of the church, clinging forlornly to the bars, swung to and fro, now in the sunlight, now in the shadow. On the steps of the tower crouched the miserable King, with his filthy cap, stuck around with figures of the Virgin and the saints, held before him. Mumbling prayers to the Queen of Heaven, he would stop ever and anon to throw taunts and jeers at the swinging Cardinal, or to command the

jailers to "further agitate his Eminence." The old tower seems haunted still with his mocking, devilish laughter, but the cage itself was destroyed during the Revolution, its wood was sold and the proceeds were given to the poor—a fitting end.

The dungeon at Plessis-lès-Tours was, in comparison, comfortable—at least, as to space, for it was some ten feet square; but of light it had little or none. It possessed a fireplace, which was no doubt seldom used, under so stingy a King as Louis XI. The chapel of the palace is filled with wine casks, and you enter now through a hole in the wall, where stood the altar.

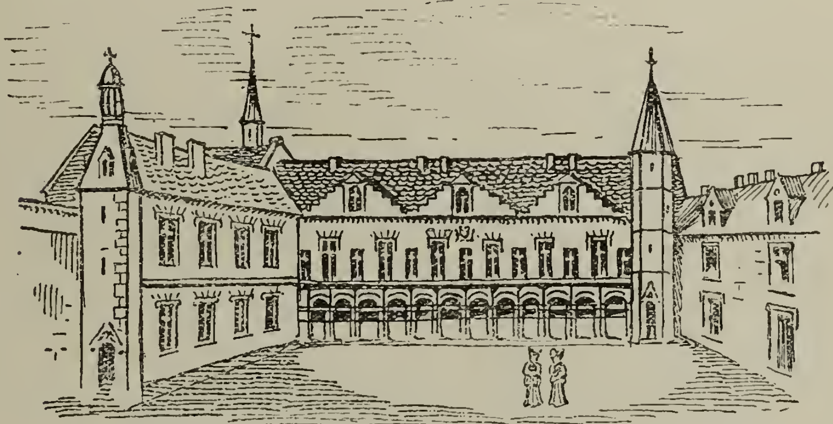
In Plessis Louis ended his miserable life, and here, less than a century later, Mary Stuart came with Francis. Here, too, it is believed, the enmity of Catherine de Medici was intensified. For the young Queen did not hesitate to cast her influence in favour of the Guises, and here occurred that bit of gossip, "Is it true that she was the daughter of a Florentine merchant?"—something Catherine never forgave.

From Plessis-lès-Tours Mary went with the Court to Poictiers to bid farewell to her beloved sister-in-law Elizabeth, as that Princess went to her cruel, terrible life in Spain. There they parted, never to meet again, and the fate of one was but little sadder than that of the other. From the moment of her landing until now, Mary's constant and best-beloved companion had been Elizabeth. All history knows the purity and goodness of that daughter of France, and she affords one of the earliest instances of that companionship which was most congenial to Mary Stuart.

From Tours the Court removed to Chambord, and thence finally to Blois, where darkness first began to lower over the reign of the young King.

If it were possible to raise the curtain of the past on the gorgeous days of the Valois and on the terrible days when death called a halt on Louis, what scenes the watcher at the gate of Plessis-lès-Tours would behold. How the pageantry and glitter of the time would be commingled with the shadows of the century which preceded it—shadows which would darken all memory

of its gorgeousness. Long rows of ghastly gibbets, each with its decaying human burden, would stretch away on either side of the avenue. Across its roadway barricades would rise, each guarded as though to repel an attack. Those windows of the room where Louis paid his debt to nature would appear heavily barred, and the light from within would perhaps reflect the grotesque shadow of Oliver le Dain, and the more grotesque shadow of the dying King, How different the view to-day! How time has smoothed the furrows from the face of the dreary towers! The square, pasture-like enclosure, with its placid manor house, flooded by the brilliant summer sunlight,



PLESSIS-LÈS-TOURS.

has nothing terrible in its appearance. The dungeons shelter some peaceful cattle, while in a vine-covered cottage, surrounded by her white Angora cats, the old custodian lives out perhaps the happiest life that has ever passed its days at Plessis-lès-Tours!

Blois.

Blois was a favourite residence of the Court, and its stately chateau still rears its magnificent proportions high on its rocky seat. Doubtless Royalty, on arrival here, was welcomed by the sound of many trumpets by

flaunting banners, and great commotion. We, to-day, are welcomed by the fat hostess of the little hotel in the town, and by a magpie without a tail. Both bow, although the salute of the magpie is of the jerky order, doubtless owing to the absence of his tail and to a sinister disposition. Is he a Jesuit, that he follows us around so suspiciously ? or, in the transmigration of souls, did he receive that of King Henry III. ? For that monarch, the weakest, most unprincipled, and most frivolous of his race, was, in character, very much like a magpie. The town is full of noise and life, and as Madame ushers us into a scrupulously clean parlour, she throws wide the casement, letting in floods of sunshine with the many voices of the gay old city.

The memory of all other Queens of France sinks into insignificance when compared with that of Catherine de Medici, and here, in ancient Blois, she reigned supreme, and we seem still to feel her presence. Our voices involuntarily sink into a whisper as we approach her abode, where the figure of Louis XII. is for ever on guard above its portals. We are admitted to the great quadrangle, not by a man-at-arms, but by a pleasant-voiced French matron, who follows us knitting.

The château was designed in quadrangular shape. Visitors enter through the oldest portion, a Gothic structure of red brick and light stone, and, passing inward, reach the great court of honour. The arcades of the palace of Louis XII. stretch away on both sides, while to the right rises the wing of Francis I., with its beautiful exterior staircase of open stonework. The apartments of the Queen Mother were on the second story of that wing, the King occupying the third floor. Across the court stands the unfinished and unattractive structure of Gaston, Duc d'Orleans. To the left is a chapel of exquisite workmanship, and beyond it, standing separate and apart, as became a place put to such uses, rises the ivy-clad tower of Nostradamus.

Turning first to the extreme left, we enter this tower. As we turned the key of its ancient portal a huge black spider ran out of the key-hole and

Façade of Francis I.—Blois.

sped away in the darkness—the spirit of the Seer, it might be, or of his page, or perhaps of Queen Catherine, who was wont to enter by this same low door and mount those blackened stairs to consult the astrologer and the stars as to her fate! A large stone block, whereon stood his astrolabe, still occupies its ancient position, and to-night the stars in the "meadows of heaven" shine down upon it with infinite meaning, and are reflected from its surface with vast impressiveness. Their brilliancy makes the shadows deeper, and by the door of the wizard's chamber they are dark enough for phantoms. In this gloomy place Catherine was safe from the espionage of the Guise and of the young Queen, but she could see the Cardinal on watch by the portals of the chapel, and hear the gay, mocking laughter of Mary Stuart waiting below. As we look around we cannot but regret that Gaston d'Orleans was exiled to Blois, for he has well nigh destroyed it. His intention was to remove the Valois wing and replace it by an unworthy building similar to that already bearing his name, but fate, which so often protects these old buildings, removed the would-be vandal. Leaving the tower of the astrologer, we cross the court and enter the royal apartments by means of the grand staircase of Francis I.—one of the most exquisite bits of architecture in Europe. Up this staircase passed the Duke de Guise, in 1588, when summoned by Henry III. to his doom. In the vast gorgeous Salle des Guards he stood eating bonbons when the message came that he was wanted. Tossing the sweets to those near him, with "Catch if you can," and a gay bit of laughter, he passed through the low door in the corner and was seen no more alive. Two hours later Henry III. came from his den and gazed down on his mighty foe, lying there in the moonlight, with a cloak thrown over him, on which had been placed a rough cross of straw. We seem even now to hear the muttered words, "I did not think he was so big," come whispering through the darkness; followed by the order, "Burn him, and cast his ashes in the river." Close by, in the old tower, Guise's brother, the Cardinal

de Lorraine, was murdered the following day, and thus ended the great power of that house so famous in French history.

The wall which now divides the Valois wing longitudinally was originally the outer wall of the old castle of the Counts of Blois, as can be discerned when we examine the exterior of the château. The outer half, holding the private royal apartments, was added by Francis I. when, by the advent of gunpowder, castles had been rendered useless as buildings of defence, and the palaces of France were changed into the style of the manor house. This building was the scene of many historical events associated with Blois—the royal life of Francis and Mary, the murder of the Guises, the death of Catherine, and the imprisonment of Mary de Medici. In the cabinet of Queen Catherine the wood panelling still remains, and behind it the visitor may to-day examine safely the secret receptacles of the documents of that terrible Queen. In the sixteenth century the bare knowledge of the existence of such places would have cost him his life. In this cabinet Catherine received the Huguenot messenger when she was plotting with that party against the power of Guise ; and there, as she was about to conceal his papers, she was surprised by Queen Mary who, entering suddenly, discovered all. There was but one thing to do, to sacrifice the messenger, and this the Florentine did !

The moon shines in at the painted windows, casting strange shadows on the floor and into the adjoining room, where Catherine's blood-stained soul took its flight, just as her lips opened for the commendation of another murder. "It is well cut, now sew." The echo of that sentence haunts the air as one paces the solitary chambers, pausing for a moment on the spot where the Queen died, or to glance up the turret stairs down which the King came to tell of the accomplishment of the double murder of the Duke and the Cardinal, while from the oratory beyond rose the sound of voices uplifted in prayer—prayer for the dying Queen, prayer for the success of those murders !

Francis II. and Mary Stuart occupied the rooms where Guise was afterwards murdered, and if the Stuart ever exercised any queenly authority during her short reign in France, it must have been here at Blois. Balzac would have us believe that she did so, and even that she opposed and thwarted the mighty Catherine. To quote his words: "The closest and ablest enemy of Catherine de Medici was her daughter in-law, Queen Mary, a fair little creature, malicious as a waiting-maid, proud as a Stuart wearing three crowns, learned as an old pedant, giddy as a school-girl, and as much in love with her husband as a courtesan is with her lover; devoted to her uncles, whom she admired, and delighted to see the King share, at her instigation, the regard she had for them."

Certainly Mary did not oppose the Queen Dowager for any length of time, even though she was supported by the Guise. It was equally impossible that she could have rivalled Catherine de Medici in statecraft; for she was moved by human love, whereas the Florentine knew but the love of power, and, for the possession of power, calmly watched two of her children go to their graves when she could have saved them. But it is said that at Blois she trembled at the power of the young Queen. That state of affairs, however, did not last long; and when we find the Court removed to Amboise, Catherine had made common cause with the Guise against the Huguenots, that she might outwit them all in the end. Yet, what opposition there was occurred here, and Mary Stuart, only sixteen years of age, and under complete control of the opposite faction, no doubt took great pleasure in her power to torment the Queen-mother, whose very life was so constantly in danger. Francis never loved his mother, which, as she had never loved him, was but natural. Therefore, he turned, sick and weary, to the wife who did love him, even giving her, and through her the Guise, all the power coveted by the Queen Dowager.

When their day had past, Blois was to see but little more of Royalty, except during the visits of Mary de Medici. It was upon one of its balconies

that the Queen met D'Epernon, the accomplice of Ravaillac, who was soon to murder Henry IV. From one of these windows, too, she escaped, when confined here later on. Her son, Louis XIII., did not pass much of his time in this château. Louis XIV. spent none, and the old place became more and more neglected with each passing year. The Revolution dismantled it, and in the early years of this century it was a barrack for soldiers—its gilding whitewashed, its beauty gone. France finally awoke to a realising sense of what its destruction would mean, and the work of restoration commenced. To-day the palace stands forth in all the glory of the Valois, and is the most kingly château of France, with the exception, perhaps, of Fontainebleau. Nowhere else is the mind so impressed with the power and splendour of the old règime.

The Guises had brought the King and Queen to Blois as a safer spot than Paris, and while they were here the plot of the Huguenots to obtain possession of the Royal couple was discovered. Even Blois was not safe under these circumstances, and we find them shortly within the walls of the castle of Amboise.

Amboise.

The advent of the Court at Amboise was shortly followed by one of the most terrible scenes in the world's history, certainly one of the most terrible in the life of Mary Stuart, the massacre of the "Huguenots," here first so-called. The scaffold stood on the ground now covered by the Hotel du Lion d'Or, which place was at the time an open square, situated at the right-hand angle of the château. This château occupies one of the most commanding positions in Europe. Around the cliff has been built an enormous wall, forming now a terrace, and now swelling out into huge towers, of which there are three, each one hundred and fifty feet in height, and each containing a spiral incline up which a carriage might be driven. Up one of these Charles V. was driven on the occasion of his visit to Francis I.

The exterior of Amboise is in perfect condition, picturesque and interesting. The interior would have been restored, had not France banished its owner, the Count de Paris; and internally all is in a state of chaos. Still, the rooms are perhaps more interesting than they would be in a restored condition, for one sees them almost as they were, though in a ruinous state. The terrace and the garden are in perfect order and are beautiful with roses, while the whole scene is crowned by that gem of ecclesiastical architecture, the Chapel of St. Hubert, whose lace-like carvings and delicate spire give to this shrine a most etherial appearance.

The massacre, which was the first scene of horror in the life of Queen Mary, took place at the bidding of the Guises and under the benediction of the Church. Brantome informs us that it was at this period that the young Queen saved the life of George Buchanan, who was implicated in the conspiracy. He was doomed to the stake as a priest who had violated his vows. What return he made to the Queen in the time of her trouble is fully set forth in his "Detection!"

Amongst the numerous men of note who suffered death by the axe during this slaughter were twenty-seven barons, eleven counts, and seven marquises—nearly fifty leaders of the Reformation. Ten thousand people assembled in the old town to witness the executions. The roofs were crowded; the windows, it is said, let at £10 apiece. A vast scaffold covered with black cloth stood at the centre of the square, while high above rose the walls of the castle, and from its balcony—enclosed by a light iron railing—the Court looked down on the "act of faith." The young King and Queen, forced to be present by the Guises, were in tears. Suspected and hated by the Guises, the yellow face and black eyes of Queen Catherine were compelled to appear more mask-like than ever, as she gazed down upon the horrors beneath her. It mattered little to her how many of the Huguenots went to the block, for, suspected and hated by both parties, she must save her own head until the wretched boy-King should pass to his grave.

"God be merciful to us and bless us," floated upward from the lips of the condemned—floated upwards around the old pile, away over the heads of the pitying multitude, and off down the valley of the Loire, whose waters ran red with blood. Many were drowned in the river because the headsmen became weary with their work.

In the light of that day at Amboise one does not regret the murder of the Guises. Those horrors Mary Stuart never forgot; and it is the one memory which hangs forever over this castle in fair Touraine, even although it was here on the very spot of this terrible massacre that in 1563 the edict which gave toleration to the Huguenots was signed.

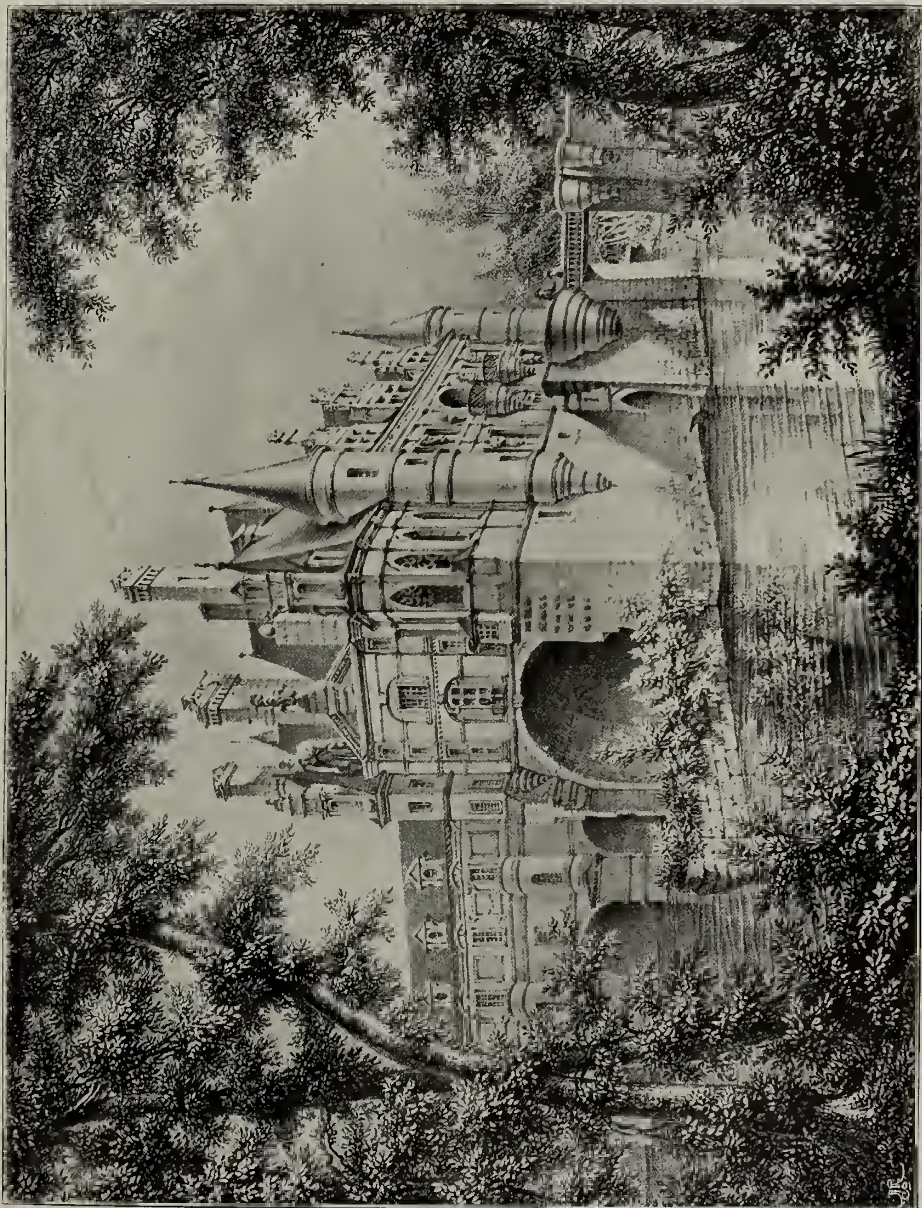
Founded in early mediæval times, the castle has passed through a dark history. Louis XI. here established the Order of St. Michael, at the time he was committing Cardinal Balue to long confinement in the iron cage at Loches, not far away. Here his son, Charles VIII., was killed, by striking his head against a door, and here Margaret of Anjou was reconciled to the Earl of Warwick. Henry II. used the castle as a State prison when the Bastille was filled, and it was so used for two centuries after his time. Last of all, Abd-el-Kader was kept prisoner here until Napoleon III. released him. It is a vast, gloomy pile, and apart from the balcony from which the Queen was compelled to view that slaughter, it possesses not much of interest; but the outlook from that balcony is one of the fairest in France, embracing, as it does, the valley of the Loire as far as Tours. La Fontaine called it the most beautiful view in the world.

Chenonceaux.

The very air of Amboise reeked with blood: the flowers were stained with it, and the dead made the place so impure that the young King and Queen fled through its forest to fairy Chenonceaux. We follow the footsteps of the Royal couple, and find this château standing, or rather sleeping, on the river that murmurs for ever around and beneath it. A great avenue of

Château de Chenonceaux.

From an old print in the British Museum.



trees (poplars, of course, for this is France) leads up to a gateway guarded by two stately sphinxes. To the right stands a porter's lodge, where a smiling woman in a white cap knits diligently: knits as she smiles upon us: knits as she conducts us across the antique drawbridge, and into the wide hallway of this abode of peace. There she seats herself to await our return.

Through all the centuries of its existence, peace has thrown her mantle over Chenonceaux, and never since, not even in those awful days of 1793, have the horrors of war entered its portals. Francis I. would feel at home in this spot in his ancient kingdom. He was its first Royal owner, though an unimportant castle belonging to a family named Marques, allied to the Royal house, existed here for three centuries before his epoch. In 1500, Thomas Bohyer, of Auvergne, bought the place and added it to his estate. He founded the existing castle, choosing for it the site of a mill built in the river by the Marques. The main building was completed in 1515, but Diane de Poictiers built the part that spans the river. Catherine de Medici entertained Tasso here, and here in 1560 she welcomed, with a brilliant *fête*, Francis II. and Mary Stuart from the horrors of Amboise. The following quaint account of the festivities remains to us:—

"The park was decorated with obelisks, triumphant arches, trophies, naïads whose urns ran claret wine, and, in the mythologic tastes in vogue, Olympian deities. But fireworks, then a novelty, gave the chief delight, and even on the very terrace scattered brilliant sparks of flames of every colour, and at last exploded in a million loud petards. So that everybody was delighted to have seen the day, before which none had seen the like. Inscriptions in Latin, Greek, Italian and French were hung on the trees."

That was three centuries ago, and if the courtiers of that *fête* could return, they might take up their life here and not be conscious of the lapse of time, so little has the place changed. The furies of the revolution passed it by, because of their great love and respect to Madame Dupin, who then

owned it. It was built for joyous days, when feudal France was giving place to the happy though immoral reign of the Valois. Possessing no defences of any sort, it stands perfect to-day by its shining river, whose gurgling, rushing waters give it eternal music.

Time has touched the interior very lightly; scarcely faded is the arras, brilliant and deep are the crimson hangings of Queen Catherine's bed. The drinking-cup of the gay Francis glitters where the sun strikes it, and seems to ring with the mirth of that merry monarch; while here is the mirror of the Scottish bride. How sad it looks, and how it seems to be waiting for the face that never comes.

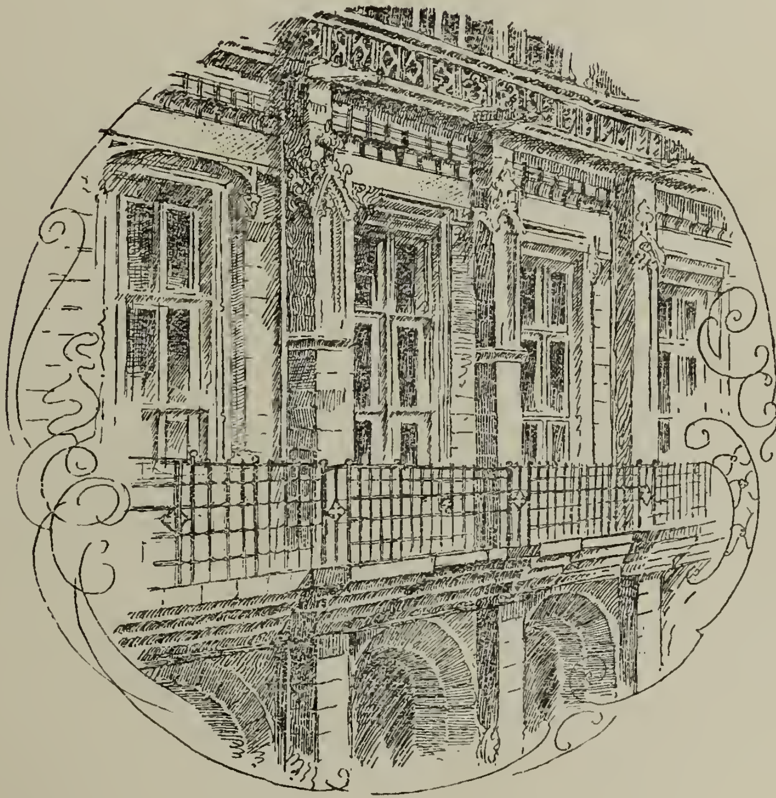
As the visitor wanders unattended through the silent and deserted rooms, long lines of painted faces are viewed upon the walls. The furniture, free from dust, is of a beauty to make the heart of the antiquary ache with envy, and the range in the great kitchen, and the kitchen tins, might all be used to-morrow or to-day. The Castle seems hushed in expectancy, awaiting, as it might seem, the coming of the disenchanter.

In the little theatre at the end of the long gallery, down which the sunbeams now dance so gaily, one of Rousseau's pieces was performed for the first time, and was listened to by Voltaire and by Bolingbroke. It is silent enough now, save for the sound of voices floating in through the open casement. Is it some gay cavalcade coming down that long avenue yonder? Or is it the music of the "great god Pan, down in the reeds by the river"? Pan is dead: dead also is the gay Francis, the terrible Catherine, the frail, fair Diana: dead also are the bridegroom and the bride, who came here to be happy for a day or two.

[Since these words were written, what changes have come "o'er the spirit of the dream" of Chenonceaux? The Castle belonged to the sister of Wilson who ruined himself and all connected with him in the matter of the badges of the Legion of Honour. To pay his debts she sold the château—its furniture, paintings, and hangings are now dispersed

to the four quarters of the globe, and the charm of Chenonceaux has gone for ever.]

The Royal couple soon passed on to Loches, where an uneventful period (the pause before the storm) ensued, preceding the first act, as it may be called, of the tragedy of Mary Stuart's life.



GALLERY AT AMBOISE.

HOTEL DE VILLE, ORLEANS.

CHAPTER IV.

WIDOWHOOD.—DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE.

Orleans and Death of Francis II.—Fontainebleau—Preparations for Departure—Calais—Farewell to France.

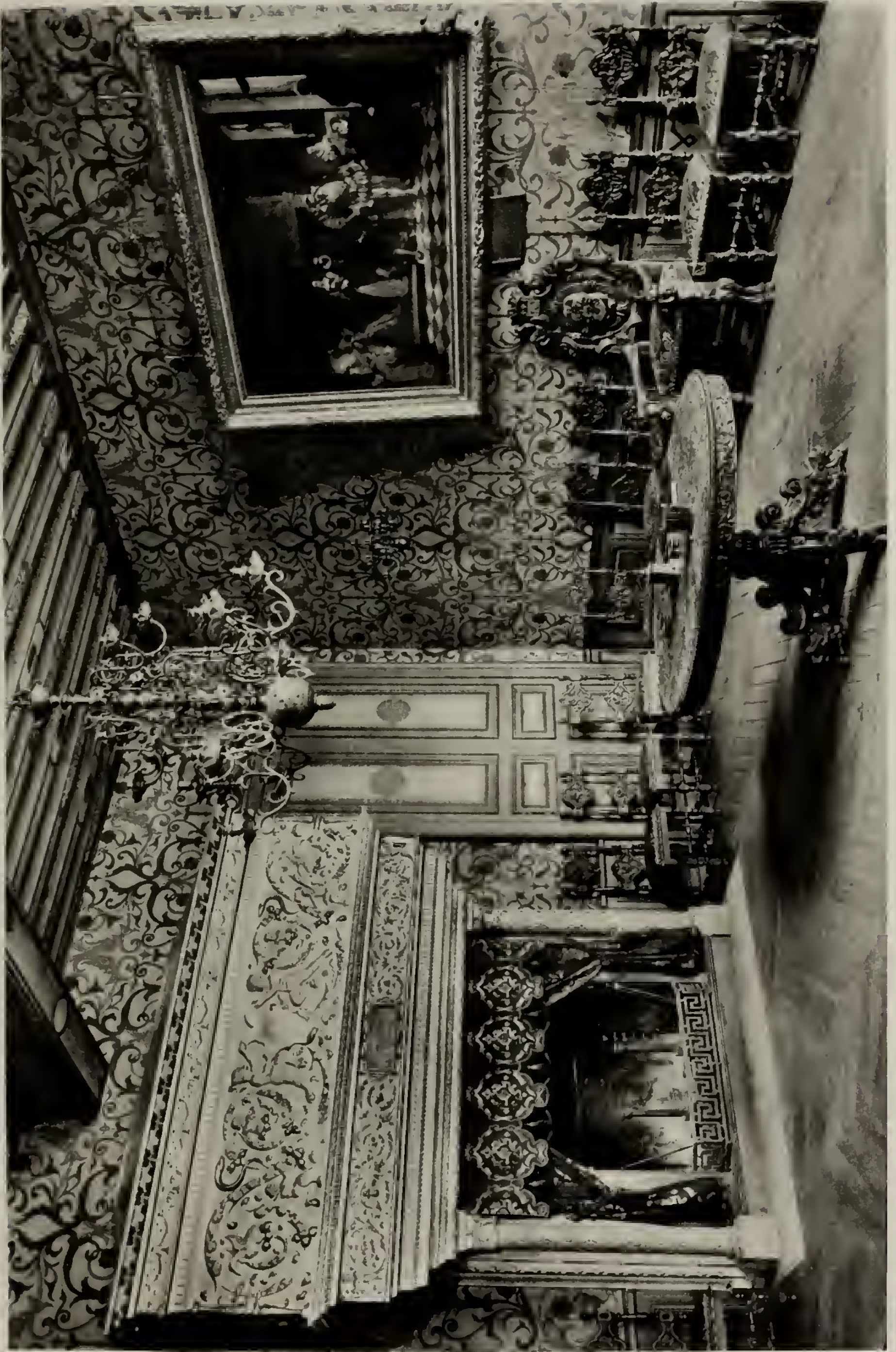
PARIS contains many foreigners to whom it alone is France, and not merely the capital. But if the wanderer desires to know France, let him turn his face Tourainewards, and visit first the old city of Orleans, sacred to the memory of Jean D'Arc. The change from the rushing life of the capital will be so marked, that he may feel sleepy and yawn greatly before he has been many hours within its quiet precincts.

For Orleans is asleep, and has been asleep (save for the brief awakening of the Franco-Prussian War) ever since the days of the Grand Louis. But its historical interest is ever-living. After the days of La Pucelle came the days of the Valois and of the Guise; and here, in a room of what is now the Hotel de Ville, the curtain was rung down on the last scene in the life of Mary Stuart as Queen of France.

Shortly before his death, Francis, in order to be absent from Orleans when the Prince of Condé was to be executed, had embarked for a sail down

Hôtel de Ville, Orleans—
Room where Francis II. died.

From a photo by Neurdein, Paris.



the Loire, but, as the Royal barge started, he was seized with the most violent pains in his ear, and was compelled to return to what was then the "Balliage," the house of the Chancellor of Navarre, Chief Justice of the law courts at Orleans. The King never again left his bed, save to be carried, or rather carted, to St. Denis. Balzac says that the building in which Francis died was built by the *bourgeoisie* of the sixteenth century, and that it admirably completed the history of a period when kings, nobles, and burghers rivalled each other in the grace, elegance, and richness of their dwellings. The house is now the Hotel de Ville, and stands facing the Cathedral, or, rather, somewhat to the left of that edifice, which (at that time in process of construction) was occupied by the Guises as a camp for their followers. Indeed, all Orleans was then but a camp, each side knowing that history was being made rapidly and that one side or the other, as the tide of the King's health rose or fell, must meet defeat or victory there—in that place where all is so quiet to-day.

The King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé had been decoyed to Orleans for destruction by the Guises. Catherine had summoned her allies from far and near, and each side was awaiting the approach of the angel of death or the angel of life to that poor weak boy, who then bore the crown of France on his aching brow. Amongst them all, one heart alone, that of his young wife Mary, held any love for the sufferer.

When Balzac visited the spot where the King died, it was in a neglected, dilapidated condition, but since then it has been restored, and that too in rather better keeping with its ancient surroundings than is generally the case. The traveller of to-day, when he crosses the court, and, mounting the great staircase guarded by the statue of the Maid of Orleans, enters the grand hall adjoining the King's chamber, will find it as it was when it greeted the eyes of the Duke of Guise "on his return from inspection" the night before Francis died. The grand hall, occupying the entire

centre of the building, contained only some members of his own following, which, as the life of the King grew fainter, dwindled more and more away!

Passing onward, the visitor enters the chamber of the King, a square apartment, panelled in oak, and with two windows looking out on the court and stairway. The room is situated in the right-hand wing of the Palace, and just in the angle where that wing joins the main building. It is a spacious chamber, with a hooded fireplace and mantel, and deep rafters cross and re-cross the ceiling. When we enter this chamber where Francis died, we feel that it is much as it was on that eventful day. The imagination, aided by a painting which hangs on the wall, peoples the place again with the faces and figures of three centuries ago; there is the bed in the corner, supporting the pale-faced dying King, with the prostrate figure of the weeping Queen, and the Duchess of Guise behind her, while by the window sits Catherine de Medici, ready, when the King shall die, to give the signal to her followers who are waiting on the steps. Every line of the Queen's Mother's countenance expresses an intense degree of watchfulness. The quickly-passing moments will bring life or death for her and she knows it. If the King dies, her time in France has come, and she does not intend that he shall, by living, thwart her. In the centre of the room stands Ambroise Paré, the physician, holding in his hand what seems to be a common auger, and ready to perform the operation now known as trepanning, but this Catherine absolutely forbids him to do. "What! Cut the head of my son, as though it were a plank, and with that horrible instrument! Maitre Ambroise, I will not permit it." To this the desolate Mary Stuart alone has courage to offer any opposition. "But, Madame, if there is no other way of saving his life?" But Catherine will not permit it, and the King dies, praying aloud for "absolution for all the wicked deeds done in my name by those around me, my ministers of state." The Duke of Guise and the Cardinal de Lorraine, who stand just behind Catherine's chair, know that their day is over, and

fully appreciate what the Queen has done, and why. They who have ruled France by ruling the King are powerless to prevent her.

When all is over, the desolate widowed Queen, seizing Catherine's wrist, accuses her of allowing the death. Then the Florentine rises, and her black eyes flash as she sweeps from the chamber, while sharply her lips give utterance to that famous sentence, the words of which cut the air like a knife: "My dear, you to whose inordinate love we owe this death will now go to reign in your Scotland, and you will start to-morrow. I am Regent de facto." Stern in her triumph, she turns to the Guises: "Messieurs, it is agreed between Monsieur de Bourbon, appointed Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom by the States General and me, that the conduct of the affairs of state is our business solely. Come, Monsieur le Chancellor." Leading the young Charles IX., she passes majestically through the outer chambers, where the assembled courtiers bow low like a field of wheat before the rising wind. The sun of the Medici has risen at last, risen with a splendour made all the more brilliant by the recollection of the years of neglect during her husband's reign, and by the knowledge of her present security from the Guises. The wretched life of Francis has ended, and she is Queen Regent. For the time being her persecution of the Protestants can wait. That the hour for such persecution will come, she knows, and in 1572 it came.

Francis was but sixteen years and ten months old when he ended his story of life. His body lay neglected, as did many of those of the French kings after their death, until it was carted away in an old waggon to the royal sepulchre of St. Denis, and there it rested until it was tossed in the ditch to which the furies of the Revolution in 1793 consigned all the dead royalty of France.

The minister of Elizabeth bears witness to the intense love and devotion of Mary for her husband. In this same building, in a lamp-lit apartment, desolate and deserted by the Court of France, she passed her early widowhood, served only by her women, and dressed, as was the custom, in pure

white. From that circumstance came her title of the "White Queen." Here, too, she first met her cousin, young Darnley, sent by his far-seeing mother, the Countess of Lennox, to "greet the Queen, our cousin, in her deuil chamber," little foreseeing the terrible chain of events to which that visit would lead. What a touchingly sad picture the young girl of eighteen presented during her forty days of seclusion in her darkened chamber at Orleans. Husband and mother being dead, her only consolers were the little brothers of the late King, and they loved her dearly. Had she been merely Queen Dowager of France she would have sunk into oblivion; but she was Queen Regnant of Scotland, young, beautiful, and a widow. Every bachelor of proper position in Europe, and many who had no pretensions to such, laid siege to her hand immediately.

After her days of mourning Mary removed to a gentleman's house about four miles from Orleans. Unfortunately, history does not locate the spot. There she was visited constantly by all the Court, not excepting the Queen Regent, who, we may rest assured would, especially at this period, report and exaggerate whatever she might see derogatory to the young widow.

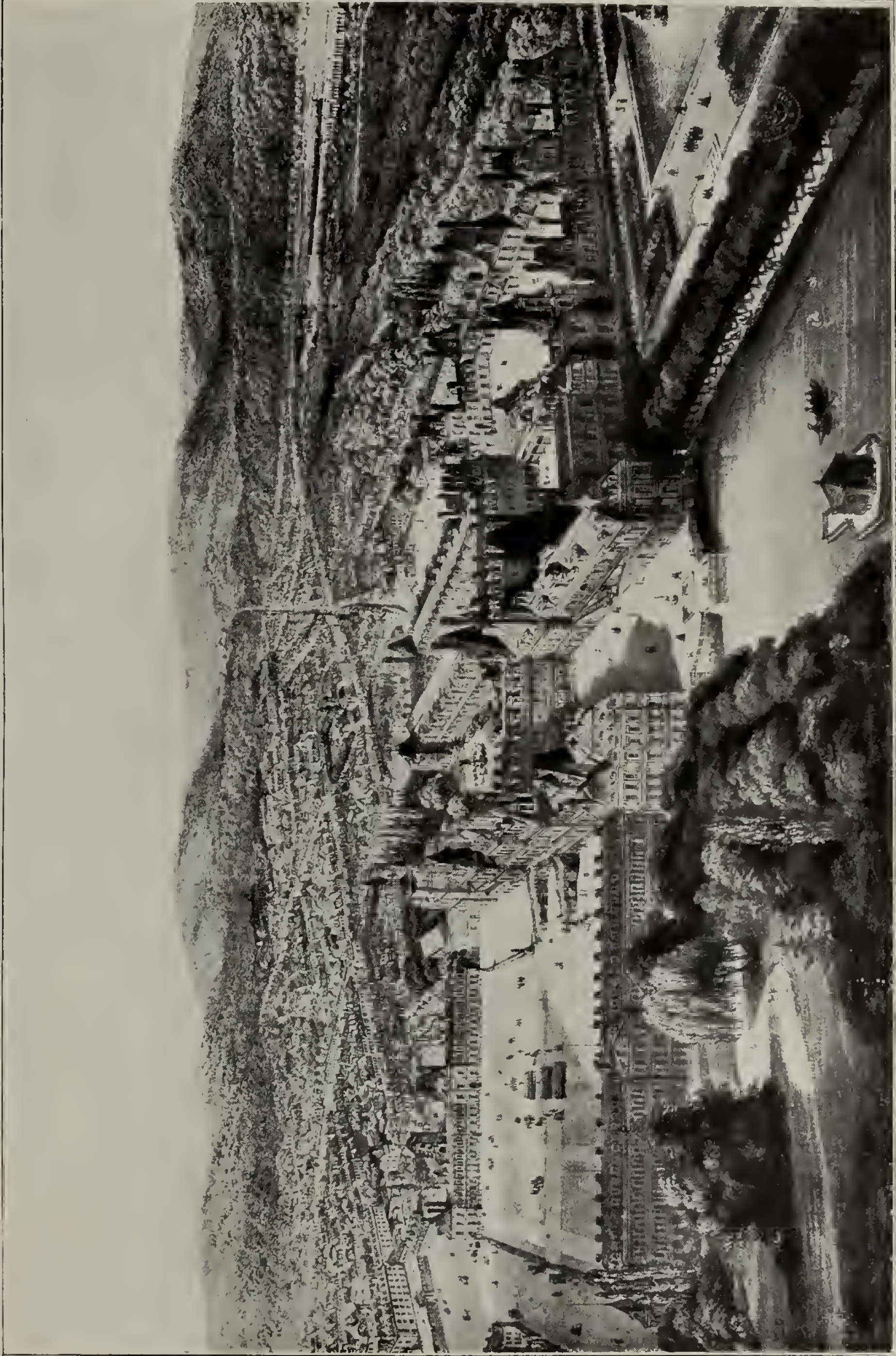
The arrival of the Earl of Bedford with letters of condolence from his sovereign caused the French Court to move to Fontainebleau to receive him, and the young Queen Dowager accompanied them to that historic palace.

Fontainebleau.

Although modern when compared to the castles of the middle ages, the vast château of Fontainebleau is almost the oldest, and it is certainly the most marvellously fascinating, of all the Royal abodes of France. Its site was originally occupied by a hunting-lodge, placed here so that the monarchs of the kingdom might enjoy the sports of the great forest adjoining, and the oldest portions of the palace now in existence are those built by Louis XII. and Francis I.; while Henry II., Henry III., Henry IV., and Louis XIII. each added to it.

Fontainebleau.

From a lithograph.



Of the numberless splendid apartments which the palace contains, the gallery of Henry II. is by far the most gorgeous, and it is magnificent in its dimensions. The walls are wainscotted in black oak, richly carved and gilded for one-third of their height, while the spaces above are filled with allegorical frescoes, and over and around these, in bas-relief, are many white figures on a dark ground, while overhead is a superbly carved and gilded ceiling. The peculiar condition of morals in France at that period is graphically presented to the mind in this gallery. Here, in the palace where his wife and children dwelt — his home — and certainly a spot which one would fancy would have been kept sacred and pure from contact with his own vices, Henry II. strewed broadcast, throughout the decorations, the crescent and initial of his mistress, Diane de Poictiers. That is also her portrait in the fresco to the right of the chimneypiece. Her day had, however, passed away before the widowed Scottish Queen came on her last visit to this her favourite abode in France. This one apartment of the palace merits special notice, because in it took place that merry-making in honour of Shrove Tuesday to which the English Ambassador was invited by Mary. During the years of Queen Mary's sojourn in France she had passed much of her time at Fontainebleau, and in it occurred many of her tiresome interviews, on the subject of the Edinburgh Treaty, with Throckmorton, the English Ambassador. It was here she complained that though she had sent her good sister Elizabeth her portrait, she had not received any of that Queen in return. It was also here, in the apartment of the Queen Mother, when the ambassadors of Mary Tudor were at the château, that the representatives of her Scottish subjects first saw their Queen in all the splendour of her youth and beauty ; and it was here she rested during the preparation for her homeward journey.

Fontainebleau is really the most kingly château in France, for Versailles and the Louvre are so barren and empty of anything like human life, that it is almost impossible to imagine that they were once the scenes of the great

dramas of France. It was desecrated during the great Revolution, but Napoleon restored much of its original belongings ; so that to-day it contains almost entire its ancient furniture, its books and its pictures. We pass from chapel to ball-room, from salon to bedroom ; before the throne of Napoleon, and the council table upon which Madame du Barry sat as she tossed into the fireplace the unopened dispatches just handed to Louis XV. ; and no one would greatly marvel to meet those personages of the kingly days of France, or would greatly wonder to find even Queen Mary in conference with her nobles, or in tears over the Edinburgh Treaty. It would scarcely surprise us to encounter Louis XIV. in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon, where the clock still ticks monotonously, doing its duty, regardless of the passing of kings and queens ; or, in the gardens, to see the fair Elizabeth of Spain feeding the carp in the basin of the fountain. Fontainebleau is so homelike, so enchanting, that the visitor will come again and again, will linger long within its walls and among the shady walks of its quaint park, and the memory of it will be unfading. The paths are prim and formal ; never a flower blooms out of order, never a fountain behaves with indecorum. The stately avenues of the park are fit lounging places for the picturesque figures of those long-past royal days, and through the shadowy aisles of its forest should still sweep the gorgeous pageantry of the chase.

Let us pass on, pausing an instant to feed the carp, all of them descendants of those old fish of the days of Francis. Perhaps they know many a bit of court scandal and sorrow, more probably they have beheld many a scene of joy and pleasure, for happiness reigned longer and more constantly here than at most French châteaux, and sorrow had less of an abiding place. Sunshine, not clouds, forms the golden frame of Fontainebleau. They claim that some of these fish are over eighty years of age, and, if that be the case, their ancestors in the fourth degree may have been fed by the hands of Queen Mary! Those older fish were probably better behaved than their descendants of to-day, who fight and

quarrel over the bread thrown to them, like so many courtiers over the royal patronage.

After a month at Fontainebleau, Mary departed for Rheims on her way to Joinville, where she visited her grandmother, the old Duchess of Guise. Of the castle of Joinville, the cradle of the race of Guise, nothing remains. It was sold by Phillippe Egalité, Duc de Orleans, in 1790, and was demolished soon after. At Joinville Bothwell appears on the scene for the first time, having come with some of the Queen's nobles to act as a guard of honour during the remainder of her sojourn in France, and for months he was in constant attendance.

Queen Mary's natural brother, James, Prior of St. Andrews, and afterwards Earl of Moray, was with her at Joinville. On his return through Paris we have, in Throckmorton's letter to Elizabeth, the record of his first treachery to his Queen. He was a spy upon her even then. During all these journeys in France, she was stalked by the spies of England. It was the terror of their Queen lest Mary make a continental marriage. Above all was an alliance with Don Carlos of Spain to be prevented at all hazards.

It had been the intention of Mary to attend the coronation of Charles IX. at Rheims, but, illness preventing, she remained at Joinville. In June she arrived at Paris, and began to make preparations for her fateful journey homeward. From the Louvre she sent to Elizabeth requesting permission to pass through England, or at least to land and rest. This request was refused with a degree of rudeness and coarseness to which the following answer of Queen Mary is in marked contrast:—

"If my preparations were not so much advanced as they are, peradventure the Queen your mistress's unkindness might stay my voyage; but I am now determined to adventure the matter, whatsoever come of it. I trust the wind will be favourable that I shall not come upon the coast of England; and if I do, then Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, the Queen, your mistress, will have me in her hands to do her will of me; and if she be so

hard-hearted as to desire my end, peradventure she may then do her pleasure, and make sacrifice of me. Peradventure that casualty might be better for me than to live. In this matter God's will be fulfilled."

Pending her departure for the north, Mary Stuart passed her time at the Louvre and St. Germain-en-Laye. To the latter place, where she had first been greeted by the court upon her arrival in France, she bade a sorrowful adieu on 25th July, 1561, fully believing that she would never again look upon any of the faces there assembled. The Queen Regent and the young King and his brothers rode with her for the first stage of her journey, and then she left them forever, beloved and mourned by all France. Journeying northward she passed through Normandy, escorted by the entire house of Guise and many other of the nobles of the kingdom. The route lay through Beauvais and Abbeville, between which points she visited the Abbey of Fécamp, where she assisted at the final offices of her religion over the remains of her mother. The Queen did not tarry at Boulogne, but passed at once to Calais, where she was received with all splendour.

Calais.

On the 15th August, 1561, the Queen of Scotland, attended by the Duke and Duchess of Guise, the Cardinal de Lorraine, and a numerous company of friends and servants, descended to the port of Calais, and there took a sad farewell of all that had made life dear to her.

Calais is not a spot that now attracts much admiration. Of the ancient town few have any knowledge, with the exception of some earnest antiquary or historian who invades its quiet now and then, and the world to-day knows but little of the city, memorable as the place whose name was "inscribed on the broken heart" of Mary of England. But those who do pause a while within its ancient precincts, will find Calais but little changed from the days which were very old before the departure of the Scottish Queen. The antique, grey, and sad-looking houses are grouped in fantastic

array along the narrow streets. Their red tiles seem like the last attempts of some old coquette to retain by the use of rouge the glory and bloom of youth. Women in sabots and black gowns, white caps and aprons, gossip as they knit, for those French women will seemingly knit till they die, and even while dying, as they have knitted while watching so many pass to their doom.

Close by the sea, in the quarter of the sailors, the place is quaintly built. Gabled structures, jumbled together in close communion, generally two-storied, and always high-roofed, stand facing what was the old port; streets, so narrow and dark that one is reminded of the old Italian cities, pierce the masses of the surrounding buildings, and the passer-by can oftimes touch with his hand both sides as he goes along, while the gossips of the town are at all times and in all places conveniently situated for the interchange of talk.

The Cathedral of the Sea rears its walls from the midst of a mass of fantastic roofs, close to the spot where the Queen entered her galley. Within it many prayers have been offered up for "those who go down to the sea in ships" on this dangerous coast, while around its shrine hang the votive offerings of many whom that same sea has allowed to return, as well as the memorial tablets for those who have never returned.

The old port has now been almost abandoned, and its ancient precincts are soon to be cleared of its time-worn structures. Then much of old Calais will be gone for ever. But in the square before the Hotel de Ville, now a museum, Richelieu and the Duke of Guise smile grimly down upon the descendants of those who once trembled at their every word and glance. And these descendants now treat those graven images of departed greatness with scant courtesy,—there is an old brown hat on the head of the great Cardinal at the time of this present writing!

The ancient Palace of the Guise, situated behind the Hotel de Ville, lifts its stained face above a group of beggars, and shelters within its walls the very poor. Nothing is left of its splendours except some carvings and empty

niches on the entrance tower, and one lonely chimney engraved with the arms of its ancient lords. Here the Queen of Scots slept on her last night in France, and before her time Henry VIII. was entertained here on the occasion of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." But there is neither cloth of gold nor glory of any sort within or about the Palace of the once mighty Guise.

The name of Calais may have been engraven on the heart of the dead Queen of England, Mary of Scotland may have wept her eyes sore as its sands and tossing windmills vanished from her sight, but the human tide of to-day flows by without a thought, connecting it only with the terrible passage of the Channel. The basin of the old port, where the Queen's galleys lay at anchor, would not furnish surface or depth enough for one modern man-of-war; and the few snub-nosed, brown-sailed fishing boats that occupy its waters have crept in there as though tired of the strife of life, weary with the war of winds and waves.

Dover Castle and the cliffs of King Lear are to-day, as we write, distinctly visible, although twenty-one miles away. The rays of a brilliant setting sun strike aslant on the windows of the Castle, causing them to glow like so many lighthouses on a dark night; and so clear, still, and peaceful are the waters, so quiet the air, that the distance seems as nothing. Off to the westward a steamer bound for America rapidly vanishes into the "crimson glow of the evening." Many sails are dotted here and there over the bosom of the North Sea, while the yacht of the German Emperor William bears him swiftly from the land his fair Stuart ancestress was not allowed to enter. He is returning from his visit to Lowther Castle, where Mary herself had rested when on her way to Bolton Castle, as will be told in a later chapter. All is life, peace, and happiness to-day; but on that other day in August you might have seen, besides the Queen's fleet, perhaps one solitary bark, which in trying to enter the port, struck on the bar and foundered, carrying all on board down with it. This formed another of those evil omens which

continually dogged the footsteps of Mary Stuart. Slowly the quaint windmills waved her a last farewell. Silently and phantom-like the ancient city and the land of France passed from her gaze for ever. "Never to see France more!" To know that would make many of us sad to-day, but to the Queen it meant loss of happiness complete and entire.

As the vessels, with their snowy sails and flags glistening like silver, bore the Queen away from the land of her past happiness, she gazed upon it until night descended, and then arose from her couch the next morning, at break of day, to catch one more glimpse of the fast-vanishing dreamland.

The guides of the youth of Scotland's Queen had passed away, and when she returned to her kingdom she was surrounded by such dark spirits as Moray, Morton, Ruthven, Mar, and Bothwell. The enlightened men of that northern land were few and generally weak in character, the best of them, Maitland, being as unstable as water. Around the maturity of Elizabeth clustered those men who gave to England her "Golden Days." Had the cases been reversed—had the dark band which cursed Scotland surrounded the English Queen, the story might have been far different from that which we read to-day. Certainly history does not accord to Elizabeth the spotless fame that it does to her cousin of Scotland in 1561. The feelings of England's Queen for Mary Stuart at this period were simply those of a jealous woman for one younger, purer, and more beautiful than herself, and who was also next heir to the throne. It is not necessary to seek any other motive for Elizabeth's actions. Through the after life of these two Queens, jealousy was the first and foremost cause of all the misery that occurred.

A mist, which saved the Scottish Queen from the ships of Elizabeth, surrounded and protected her all the way northward, growing denser and denser as she approached the Forth, until it caused the city to vanish from sight, together with the Pentland Hills and Arthur's Seat. The very rocks wept bitter tears, in which Knox saw naught save "sorrow, dolour, darkness, and all impiety." His condemnation thus began before she had landed!

Sir John Skelton's description of the Queen is worthy of quotation here, as Mary enters her kingdom :—

"Tall, like her mother, who was of the 'largest stature of woman.' Though tall she was finely modelled, and her beauty was of the delicate, elusive sort which perplexes the artist. Still there was nothing fragile or hectic about her; the youthful Mary was hardy as a mountaineer, and she seems as a rule to have enjoyed perfect health. I cannot help thinking that much of the charm of her face depended upon the expression. Lively and vivacious when excited, she was 'somewhat sad when solitary'; and in most of the earlier pictures (in the later she has grown grave and almost grim) this touch of pensiveness is present. It is a powerful face that Janet and the rest have preserved for us, but, apart from a grave composure and wistful pensiveness, somewhat ambiguous. It is difficult indeed to feel quite sure, when trying to realise from her portrait what Mary was like; and yet it may be said, truly enough, that in spite of endless variations there is an appreciable agreement. Her hair, I take it, was such as we see in the Venetian women that Giorgione and Titian painted, 'brown in the shade, golden in the sun'; and yet the gold is not pure gold, but frosted—*blond cendré*, as a Frenchman would say. The clear, searching eyes are somewhat hazel, somewhat chestnut; but, whatever their precise shade of colour may be at the moment, direct and unflinching as a hawk's. The upper eyelids were unusually heavy, yet with an uninterrupted curve. To this feature, more, perhaps, than to any other the impression of reserved and latent force is due. The lips are commonly closely compressed—the compression of thoughtfulness rather than of pain, memory and meditation working together. The rounded cheek, the undimpled chin, though not so square and massive as they probably would be in a man's face of the same type, are fully developed. The head is well-poised upon the neck; the attitude is stately, yet elastic: this grave Madonna carries herself with the supple ease of a swan. Over eyebrows arched like some old-fashioned bridge, rose a lofty

forehead—the space across the temple between eye and ear being particularly noticeable. If the heavy eyelids gave at times a certain Antinous-like languor to the expression, there was abundance of vigilant perception in the ample forehead. Taken altogether it was a face of bewildering possibilities—a face to which many histories might attach. Its owner would bear herself bravely upon the whole, one would incline to say, yet the time might come when her heart would fail, and when what De Quincey has called 'the abysmal treacheries of human nature' might make her eyes dim and her feet heavy."

HOTEL DE GUISE, CALAIS.

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

Entry into Scotland—Edinburgh—John Knox—Holyrood Palace in the Sixteenth Century—The Royal Tomb—Falkland.

Broad and majestic, the Firth of Forth, from about ten miles above Edinburgh, widens rapidly until it loses itself in the North Sea. Near its right bank and well out to sea, the gigantic Bass Rock rears its head, around which myriads of sea birds are for ever circling. Further on, Tantallon Castle frowns across the waters, and Dunbar, to be at a later day so fatal to the Queen, lies just beyond it. Away to the northward stretch the shores of Fife, with Burntisland and Wemyss and St. Andrews, and many quaint and ancient ports, nestling on its coast; while the middle distance is blocked by the great rock and Castle of Edinburgh, with the picturesque city "stretching its white arms to the sea." The Pentland Hills rise behind, and Arthur's Seat, with Salisbury Crags, slumber to the left, while Holyrood is invisible, deep down in the valley at the foot of the hills. This, with little change beyond the extension of the city, was the scene that greeted Mary Stuart as her vessels entered the river.

Accustomed to all the luxury of the French Court, nothing could have been more depressing than Mary's entrance into Scotland. Her horses had

been captured by the English, and she and her ladies were compelled to mount such sorry-looking nags as one may see at Leith to-day. Sorry they must have been indeed, causing her French attendants to smile, but bringing tears of the deepest mortification to her proud eyes. Not because of the wretchedness of the horses, but from sheer weariness and the desolation of everything about her. The way to the city was deep in mud, but it was lined with the people, whose hearty welcome made up in large measure for the uncomfortable state of the roads.

Edinburgh in those days was far from being the splendid city it now is. The Castle itself showed but a small portion of the great pile of buildings which now crowns the rock, and the city consisted of an irregular mass of houses grouped more or less closely along the line of High Street and Canongate. Picturesque then, as it stands to-day it is certainly the most picturesque spot on earth. On an October evening, such as we have while writing these words, the Old Town, where it clusters between the Castle and Holyrood, takes on an almost unearthy beauty. The sharp outlines of the houses, silhouetted against a sky of tawny gold, sink away to the left in the direction of Holyrood, but rise on the right to where the Castle soars almost into cloudland; while midway down the High Street the crown of St. Giles pierces the glowing background. Beneath slumber the shadowed gardens of Princes Street, with the beautiful monument to Sir Walter Scott rising in their midst. Princes Street is thronged with people; not the picturesque crowds that welcomed Queen Mary—in whose day there was no Princes Street—but a sturdy modern Scottish populace, perhaps more to be relied upon than their more brilliant ancestors. "Auld Reekie" is like a rare book. The better we know it, the more interesting it becomes, and each visit deepens the delight we take in its quaint volumes in stone, in its history, and in its legends. None ever knew and loved the Old Town better than Sir Walter, and no one, perhaps, cared less for the uninteresting and monotonous New Town than he did; yet the citizens have placed his statue on that beautiful

monument which they have erected to his memory, facing the modern town, and with his back towards the ancient city of his life's devotion. But he is looking on upon the highway and centre of Scottish life, and thus his spirit may be reconciled to this little error.

While we write, Prince George, Duke of York, is in Edinburgh, and an illumination takes place in his honour, and in such fêtes Edinburgh ever comes out brilliantly. As the grander illumination fades from the face of the sky, small lines of light steal up from the shadows of the valley before us. Mounting higher and higher, they glow over the old city, sparkling here, there, and everywhere, upon the old houses, the municipal buildings, the churches, even to the crown of St. Giles; while long ribbons of colour spread over the old Castle, which looks on in grave unconcern. The windows in the tall black houses gleam with crosses of light, and from the depths below and the dark "closes" of the old town, deep crimson and blue flames chase each other in fitful flashes. Finally, the great rock of the Castle breaks forth in showers of golden rain, as thousands of rockets pierce the upper sky. And thus Edinburgh puts itself *en fête* to do honour to the heir of the heir to the throne, the direct descendant of the fair Stuart Queen who landed here more than three centuries ago!

The rock on which the Castle stands was, it is said, occupied as a stronghold by the Picts many centuries before our era, and from the earliest recorded times it has been the point around which much of the turbulent life of Scotland has ebbed and flowed. Its story is in a large measure a history of Scotland, and not more than a short description is possible here.

In 1066 Malcolm married Princess Margaret, daughter of the Saxon King Harold, whom William of Normandy had slain in battle. Together they built the Cathedral of Dunfermline, and Margaret built the quaint little chapel still standing just in rear of the great cannon "Mons Meg," high up in the Castle of Edinburgh. Here she died and was laid in state.

For many years, in fact until quite lately, the Castle has been given over

Edinburgh Castle—showing Queen Mary's Rooms.

From a photo by Alex. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.

From a photo by A. A. Inglis.

so entirely to the demands of the army that many of its historical apartments were put to uses not only base in themselves, but which closed them to the public. Especially was this so with the Great Hall, which was for a long time used as the military hospital, a second floor being actually put in to divide up the splendid chamber! Now it has been restored by the munificence of Mr. Nelson, the eminent publisher, and again stands in all its glory. We see it as Queen Mary probably saw it, a noble apartment, now used as an armoury for the exhibition of old and historic weapons. In this great Hall the Douglas brothers were banqueted, and served at last with the boar's head, the symbol of death. Then they were taken out and slaughtered just below the Castle. Near the Hall are the small rooms of Queen Mary, in the inner one of which, on 19th June, 1566, James VI. of Scotland—I. of England—was born.

The Old Town of Edinburgh looks dark in bright weather, and on wet days it fairly weeps tears of sorrow and remorse, and not without reason, for scarce a threshold there but has been stained with murder, and the pavement might yet be slippery with blood all the way to Holyrood. Old houses rising high and dark on each side are pierced here and there by the many wynds or closes. Here, the Castle Wynd leads to the Grass-market, down which you catch a glimpse of the old " Black Bull Tavern," while Ramsay Lane on the left gives a glimpse of the fair gardens of Princes Street and the modern city beyond. This street of the old town, the most famous thoroughfare of ancient Scotland, leading from the castle to the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood, although but a mile in length, possesses some five different names—Castle Hill, Lawn Market, High Street, Netherbow, and Canongate. The tide of years has swept away most of the buildings of Queen Mary's reign. Until it was removed recently to make way for one of Edinburgh's many substantial School Board schools, the eye was first attracted by the old residence of the Dukes of Gordon, with antique heraldic design over its doorway. On the left is Allan Ramsay's house, now imbedded and lost amongst the

picturesque pile of the University settlement. Next is seen Victoria Hall—with Pugin's hand manifest in its stately spire. This is now the annual meeting place of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, of which that held in 1560 was in the presence of Knox, the speedy consequence being the demolition of the fine Deanery Church of Restalrig—the parish church of Leith. Opposite the Assembly Hall is what remains of the head of the West Bow, a steep wynd formerly leading down to the Grass-market. Beyond the Lawn-market, on the right, stands St. Giles' Church, with its dignified Imperial crown, and within whose walls Knox hurled most of his thunders against Queen Mary and the Catholics. Near the north east corner is seen the mark of the "Heart of Midlothian,"—only a stone heart it is true, but it marks the site of the ancient Tolbooth which bore that romantic name, and which Scott has immortalised.

Further east, beyond the Tron Kirk, is Blackfriars Wynd, up which Queen Mary and her escort came after her last visit to Darnley at his temporary residence in Kirk-of-Field. It was dark, narrow, and dismal then, but now it is a wide and pleasant thoroughfare, through recent slum improvements. Turning to the right Queen Mary would pass the quaint, gabled structure, projecting far into the street—John Knox's house—bearing on its walls the carved inscription, "Love God above all, and your neighbour as yourself."

This curious relic of the olden time, this house of the great preacher, stands where High Street narrows to the Netherbow. Seeing how largely Knox bulked in the story of Queen Mary, a visit to this, his reputed dwelling, should be made. The house, which narrowly escaped destruction half-a-century ago, has been fairly well restored to its ancient state. Its low, dark chambers are wainscoted and ceiled in the original black oak, its windows are leaded, while here and there stand pieces of old furniture, from which the eye wanders to the grave-looking faces that hang on the walls. Here there are portraits of Knox, showing a face refined and of great intellect; the sinister eyes of the Regent Moray stare from a time-coloured canvas, while

from a darker corner Ruthven and Lindsay watch furtively, and the contemporary portraits embrace a portrait of the hapless Mary. The custodian is garrulous, and her story is worthy of preservation.

"Just here, sir," she says; "here, at this window, he preached the gude word to the people.* You see, the street slopes upward, forming a very good church, and the window is above it, just about the height of a pulpit. Just behind you, sir, is a picture of Knox preaching to the Queen, but we do not hold it in high esteem. Now come here, sir. Mind the door. It is low and most inconvenient. Up this way he brought his second wife from a door long since closed. This was their chamber, but of the furniture all is new. Look at the old woodwork in that parlour, sir, 'tis quaint and curious. Beyond, you can enter his study, where you find the only bit of furniture left from his day. It is his chair, just by this window where he died. The light came strongly here, and he wished it on his work, and in his soul."

"Then you believe he was a good man?"

"Believe it?" said the little woman, "I know he was a gude and true man, speaking God's word always, and fearing neither kings nor princes."

"And of Queen Mary, what think you? Was he not cruel to her?"

"No, sir; and she must have known that she needed God's word, or she would not have sent for him so often."

"What of her guilt? Did she murder Darnley?"

"As though she did it with her own hand."

It is perhaps useless to argue here. The woman did not blame Mary greatly for Darnley's murder, "He was well deserving of it, sir"; but she saw little good in any one save Knox, except that Moray was another saint in her estimation. So were Lindsay and the ruffian Ruthven! As we pass out we

* Mr. Charles J. Guthrie, Q.C.—son of the famous Dr. Thomas Guthrie—in a recent history of the House says: "It is not probable that Knox ever actually preached from this window." But the tradition, as given by the custodian of the house, has long been in existence, and the window is popularly called "the Preaching Window."

do not blame her advocacy of Knox, but express the hope that before we come again she will change her opinion of the Queen.

"She was a gude Scotch lassie, sir, but badly brought up," she said. So there was the gist of the subject: dislike of foreign manners and foreign customs, and utter ignorance concerning the early life of the Queen. Miss Strickland and her documentary evidences the old woman called "plain varnish." Certainly the influence of Knox in the cause of reform was incalculable, and had he been as tolerant as he was energetic, had he taken as his text now and then, 'Neither do I condemn thee"; or had he carved on his heart the text, "Love your neighbour as yourself," that is over his doorway, the fate of his unhappy Queen might have been different, while surely the stars in his own immortal crown would have shone the brighter. He possibly could have helped her much, though doubtless it was scarcely in mortal power to save her from the combination of hypocrisy and deceit, self seeking and injustice, formed by the nobles of Scotland and the crown of England.

Holyrood House.

The ancient Palace and Abbey of Holyrood! Of the great pile which rises before you, little save the ruined Chapel dates as far back as the days of James V., and only the left-hand towers and chapel are as old as that. More than a century elapsed before the Palace stood as we see it to-day.

The Palace of Holyrood (or, in more official language, the "Palace of Holyrood House") is perhaps too well known to require detailed description, but it is not possible to pass it by in silence. The structure was almost wholly destroyed by the English in April, 1544, but it was soon rebuilt, and was then made much larger than the present Palace. It consisted of five courts, the outer one enclosing all that space that is now crossed to enter the existing doorway, and in the walls of the buildings now facing the grand front are to be seen traces of the archways of this older structure. Those

buildings were the Abbey prison and court-house, and as the Abbey precincts were a "sanctuary" for debtors, the door bore a brass plate, "Protections Issued," up till the recent date when imprisonment for debt was abolished. Behind the ruined chapel stood the cloisters and the original Abbey, from which the Royal Palace was slowly evolved. In the early days Abbeys were the most comfortable habitations in the land, and were frequently occupied as Royal abodes, when the monarchs did not dwell in some fortress or castle. Wearied with the grimness of the Castle of Edinburgh, the Kings of Scotland often descended to the Abbey of Holyrood, surrounded by its sunny meadows, running waters, and sheltering mountains.

The foundation of the Abbey by David I. originated in superstition. The King was hunting in Drumselch—one of the Royal forests which surrounded the rocks and hills to the east of the city—on Rood Day, the day of the exaltation of the cross, when he was attacked by a stag, and would in all probability have fallen a sacrifice to the enraged animal, which overbore both him and his horse, as his attendants were left at a considerable distance behind. At the critical moment an arm, wreathed in a dark cloud, and displaying a cross of the most dazzling brilliancy, was interposed between him and the stag, which fled affrighted to the recesses of the forest. Returning from the chase the King repaired to the Castle of Edinburgh, where, during the night, he was in a dream advised, as an act of gratitude for his miraculous deliverance, to erect an Abbey, or house for Canons regular, upon the spot where the miraculous interposition took place. David accordingly built the Abbey, and dedicated it to the honour of the Holy Cross; and the charter, dated 1128, may still be read in the archives of the city. It commences: "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in honour of the Holy Cross, the blessed Virgin Mary, and all the saints," and proceeds to set forth the various lands and privileges granted to the Abbey. The King bestowed the celestial relic, which had been left in his hand, upon this convent, where it rested, richly encased in silver, on the high altar, until

carried away to the Battle of Durham, when it was captured by the English, and was long preserved in the great Cathedral of that City.

Holyrood, early in its history, came to be one of the most important Royal residences. The Palace gradually absorbed the Abbey, until now there is nothing of the latter save the remnants of the ruined chapel, with here and there a mouldering archway or a broken capital. Time alone would not have destroyed the religious establishment so completely. To the Reformation, with its furious iconoclasts, to mobs, and to a stupid architect, is the ruin of this Abbey to be attributed. James VII. caused the church to be restored in a magnificent manner, but when that monarch abdicated, the populace proceeded to demolish it anew, and they also violated the Royal vault and sold the lead from some of the coffins.

The only existing account of the Regalia Sepultura is in a manuscript note, in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, describing a search made in 1683—an important document and a literary curiosity—which reads as follows:—"Upon ye XXIV. of January, MDCLXXXIII., by procurement of ye Bishop of Dumblayne, I went into ane vault in ye southeast corner of ye abbey church of Halyrudehouse, and ye were present ye Lord Strathnaver, and E. Forfare, Mr. Robert Scott, minister of ye abbey, ye Bishop of Dumblayne, and some others. We viewed ye body of King James ye fyfth of Scotland. It lyeth withine ane wooden coffin, and is coveret with ane lead coffin. There seemed to be haire on ye head still. The body was twa lengths of my staff, with twa inches mare, that is twa inches mare above twa Scots elnes: for I measured the staff with an ellwant afterward.

"Upon ye south side next ye king's body, lay ane great coffin of lead with ye body in it. Ye muscles of ye thigh seemed to be entire: ye body not so long as James ye fyfth, and ye balsam stagnating in some quantity at ye foote of ye coffin, there appeared no inscription upon ye coffin."

The last-named body was probably that of Darnley. The following illustrious individuals have been buried in the Abbey:—King David II., in

1370; King James II., killed at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, by the bursting of a cannon, 1460; the infant Prince Arthur, third son of James IV., 1510; James V. of Scotland, father of Mary Queen of Scots, who died at Falkland a few days after the birth of his daughter, the 14th of December, 1542; Magdalene, Queen of James V., 1537; Arthur Duke of Albany, second son of James V.; Henry Lord Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots, 1567; Jane, Countess of Archibald, fifth Earl of Argyle, natural daughter of James V., the same who was at supper with her sister Mary when the blood of Riccio was shed at her feet.

Arnot, in his "History of Edinburgh," states that: "Upon looking into the vaults, the doors of which were open, we found that what had escaped the fury of the mob at the Revolution had become a prey to the rapacity of those who ransacked the church after its fall. In 1766 we had seen the body of James V., and those of several others, in their leaden coffins. These coffins were now stolen. The head of Queen Magdalene, which was then entire, and even beautiful, and the skull of Darnley, were then also stolen; his thigh-bones, however, still remain, and are proofs of the vastness of his stature." What remained in the vault was placed in a large case and deposited in the tomb, the doors of which were locked; but the relics were often exhibited, so that it was not until the translation of the remains of Mary of Gueldres, from Trinity College Church to this spot, in 1848, and by the pious care of Queen Victoria for the relics of her ancestors, that the remains of Scotland's Kings and Queens were allowed to rest in peace. The curious incidents of the removal of remains from Trinity College Church to Holyrood Chapel can be read in Sir Daniel Wilson's "Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh."

What were the thoughts of Queen Mary, as she approached the rough crude towers of Holyrood, can hardly be conjectured, but doubly fair vanished France must then have seemed, and her heart must have been heavy indeed. But as she entered this palace of her Royal line, she bravely endeavoured to

gather up the scattered threads of her life, and live as became a virtuous modest woman and a Queen, while around her, like storm-clouds, those dark spirits, Moray, Morton, and Ruthven were already gathered, and at the door howled her relentless enemy, John Knox. The interior of the dreary, cheerless palace would suggest no hope, or comfort, or consolation. Its damp stone corridors and gloomy chambers were strewn with withered and fresh rushes, for carpets were unknown in rude Scotland until she brought them from France. The beautiful Queen and her elegant attendants, fresh from the splendours of the court of the Valois, showed wonder and dismay strongly depicted on their faces. Passing onward, they ascended the same circular stairway which to-day gives access to the tower chambers.

On her first night in the Palace, the Queen occupied the rooms afterward used by Lord Darnley; but they were so near the ground—so near to the bagpipes, which the good people of Edinburgh kept blowing all night, that sleep became an impossibility. The next night found her accommodated in the rooms which now bear her name. But it was in Darnley's rooms that she gave her earliest entertainments, when the Scottish nobles for the first time looked upon the borrowed luxuries of France.

"Arras of cloth-of-gold" hung on the walls, the rushes on the floor had been swept away and replaced by Turkey carpets. The oaken tables were covered with splendid "burd cloaths" of crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold. Marble tables, supported on carved and gilded frames, were set out with the newly-imported luxury of porcelain vases filled with flowers, and with crystal flagons and fountains of scented waters. Clocks that chimed the hours were there, in gold and silver frames, richly chased, and adorned with gems arranged in mottoes and devices. Chess-tables of ebony and mother-of-pearl, with exquisite statuettes of kings, queens, bishops and knights, miniature fortresses, and men-at-arms of the rival colours, were placed in order of battle. Cabinets of filigree gold and silver, from India and Venice, and cabinets worked in Dutch beads interspersed with seed

pearls, by the industrious Queen and her four Marys, claimed admiration. Lamps of silver were suspended from the pendant pinnacles of the fretted ceilings, emblazoned with the Royal arms of Scotland and the escutcheon of the Queen impaling the Royal lilies of France. In separate medallions were her initials, entwined in a monogram, and her device, a crowned red rose; calling forth the well-known compliment, in allusion to her pre-eminence in beauty and degree—

"The fairest rose in Scotland grows on the highest bough."

Small sofas called canapes, covered with the richest crimson velvet, fringed and embroidered with gold and silver; folding chairs called pliants; folding stools and tabourets, furnished seats for the noble guests, according to their degree of rank, in her gallery and hall of state. Her privy chamber and her cabinet were arranged with all the splendid articles of *vertu* which she had collected round her while Dauphiness and Queen of France. Her harp and lute decorated with gold and gems, her pictures and pictorial embroidery, her globes celestial and terrestrial, her maps and charts, her richly-bound and illuminated vellum MSS., and tomes of Latin, French, Italian and Spanish poetry and romance, history and chronicles, her books of science—all bore witness to her accomplishments. Of all this bravery, except a small mirror and some pieces of needlework, there is nothing now in Holyrood. From Miss Strickland we learn that Queen Mary's beds were both numerous and superb, and that there were fourteen at Holyrood of surpassing magnificence, "whereof the materials of the roof and headpieces were cloth of gold or silver, or velvet, embroidered and fringed with bullion, and the curtains of damask or taffety, passamented with gold and silver." This, as Miss Strickland says, is a contrast to the old red rag of the seventeenth century, which is exhibited at Holyrood, and dignified with the name of "Queen Mary's bed."

Leaving the apartments of Darnley, we ascend to those of the Queen. A lover of her romantic history will desire to come here alone, for the

shadows of the past are too thick around him to bear any intrusion from the world of to-day. Through these ante-chambers and this hall of audience the fair forms of that beautiful court seem to flit to and fro, while in the window-seat Morton and Ruthven hold close converse. From the inner chamber come the harsh tones of Knox, calling forth tears from the eyes of the Queen, tears that really never ceased until the curtain fell at Fotheringhay. Now the Great Reformer passes out from his fourth meeting with Mary, having a Bible closely clasped in his arms ; and as he moves away he condescends to assure the Queen that his book against "The Monstrous Regiment of Women" was in truth directed against that Jezebel of England. In the audience-room he comes suddenly upon the four Marys, who, with the other gay young people of the court, are holding high revel with much noise and laughter ; but laughter and revel sink into silence as the gaunt, black-robed figure pauses in their midst. For an instant he regards them intently, and then he rolls out these dreary words : "Ah, fair ladies, how pleasing were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end we might pass to Heaven with all this gay gear. But fie on that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not! And when he hath laid on the arrest the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender ; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can carry with it neither gold, garnishing, targetting, pearl, nor precious stones." And so saying he departs, leaving for a time silence behind him. But it is not in Knox's power to suppress for long the bubbling life of these courtiers, all of whom are under twenty-five years of age.

We judge a person not only by the company he keeps but by the objects with which he surrounds himself, which set forth the drift and bent of his mind. The character of Mary Stuart should be judged in like manner. Her associates were always of the highest type, and her surroundings indicated a pure, exalted mind. So was it from her cradle to her grave, and not even in the days when Knox and Buchanan accused her of black arts and

acts, do we find any note by them or others of such disgraceful, indelicate scenes as those which marred the chamber of the majesty of England. One of the foreigners most closely associated with Mary's daily life was David Riccio di Paucalieri, who came to the Scottish Court as private secretary to the Savoyard ambassador, and whose voice was first heard at the dirge for the repose of the soul of Francis II. It was on account of this exquisite voice that the Queen demanded that he should enter her service. No one who has given the records any thought or study can do otherwise than smile at the charge of improper relations between him and Queen Mary. "Middle-aged, crooked, and misshapen," he held the position of her choir master, because, being under the protection of a foreign embassy, he was free from the outrages and insults of the "congregation." In addition to this he could read and write, which few of the nobles of Scotland at that time could do. That the plot against his life was known at the English court some time before his murder occurred, the following letter from Randolph to Cecil amply proves :—

"I know that there are practices in hand, contrived between father and son (Lennox and Darnley), to come to the crown against her (Mary Stuart's) will. I know if that take effect which is intended, David (Riccio), with the consent of the King, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things grievouser and worse than these are brought to my ears; yea, of things intended against her own person, which, because I think better to keep secret than to write to Mr. Secretary, I speak of them but now to your Lordships."

The room to the front known as Queen Mary's Room, with its adjoining smaller chambers, brings Riccio's tragedy vividly to mind. Musty, dingy and dark, these apartments ill accord now with our ideas of magnificence. The arras is faded and moth-eaten, the hangings of the bed are in tatters, and the pictures regard one in a ghostly fashion from their blackened frames. But they fit the mind as we recall the grim tragedy. This gloomy place had

witnessed many deeds of darkness, but surely none more horrible than the murder of this Italian in the little closet-like apartment just beyond. Lennox, Darnley, Moray, and Ruthven were all implicated in the crime, and the dastardly act was doubtless committed in the hope that Mary would die of the shock it would give. This hope was not without a strong foundation, for the Queen was in a very nervous condition, as she was soon to become a mother. Lennox's hope was, by the death of Mary, to place Darnley upon the throne, even if her child should be born and live, which was not then thought possible. The death of the Queen of Scots would have secured to Moray almost unlimited power over the weak Darnley; to Queen Elizabeth it would have meant exultation and the gratification of her personal spite, almost as dear to her as the extension of her power over the Scottish realm; to the Lords it promised security in their ill-gotten estates. The death of Riccio was thus but a means to the greater end. His body is supposed to have been buried under the great slab immediately within the western portal of the ruined Chapel Royal.

Holyrood's glory as a palace passed away when the court removed to London with James VI., but later monarchs paid it fleeting visits. The unfortunate Charles I. was here in 1633, and here he was crowned. Then came the soldiers of Cromwell, who plundered and destroyed. Charles II. passed the abbey like a shadow, but James II. was frequently here. Then came the Pretenders. Later, the Palace was used as an asylum for Charles X. of France, and in 1822 George IV. strutted, in Highland garb, through these sad halls.

Queen Victoria has visited the Palace frequently in passing to and from Balmoral, but Royal life returned to Holyrood only like the flashes of a dying fire, and now this life has gone for ever, leaving nothing save a memory in the ancient palace of the Scottish kings. It is but feebly reflected by the ten days' stay of the nobleman who, as "His Grace the Lord High

Commissioner," represents the Sovereign in the annual General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

From Holyrood, Queen Mary made her first progress as a sovereign through her realm. Of Linlithgow, where she held her first court after her return from France, a former chapter has told enough; and Stirling, also already named, will reappear in a later page. Evil omens pursued the Royal party everywhere, and, because of the tragedy of later years, they are remembered; whereas, had the last scene in the life of Mary Stuart been different, they would long since have passed from memory. She was, for example, nearly burned to death on that visit to Stirling, through the curtains of her bed catching fire from a lighted candle. This was held as an evil omen. Passing onward to Leslie Castle, in Fifeshire, the seat of the Earl of Rothes, she there spent one night. Family plate and money disappeared during that night, and the Earl suspected some of the Queen's attendants; while John Knox held her personally responsible for all fires, robberies, and sorrows that occurred from the moment of her landing at Leith to that of her departure from Dundrennan! Passing through Perth, Dundee, and St. Andrews, the Royal party finally reached Falkland.

Falkland Palace.

This Palace is of great antiquity. It formed part of the property of the Earls of Fife, the descendants of Macduff, that Thane of Fife who attained so much celebrity in the reign of Malcolm Canmore by vanquishing the usurper Macbeth, and by having been chiefly instrumental in restoring Malcolm to the throne of his ancestors. Duncan, the sixth Earl of Fife, married Ada, the niece of Malcolm IV., when the lands of Falkland constituted part of her dowry.

The name of the place is supposed by Dr. Jamieson to be of Suo-Gothic derivation, the word Falk signifying a species of hawk, which he supposes to have once frequented this celebrated spot. But, without having recourse

to such lore, we may adopt the more probable derivation of Falconland: *i.e.*, the land of Falconry; for, although the name is variously spelt, "Falconland" is the term most frequently used in ancient records.

Falkland finds frequent mention in such records. It is stated, for example, that in the reign of David I., Constantine, Earl of Fife, and Macbeth, convened an army here, to prevent Robert de Burgoner from forcing the Culdees of St. Andrews and Loch Leven to give him half their lands of Kirkness, which he presumed to claim. There is, again, an indenture, dated 1371, betwixt Isabel, Countess of Fife, and Robert Stewart, Earl of Monteath, son of King Robert II., wherein she acknowledges him as her lawful heir apparent; and that the said Earl shall have in his keeping the Castle of Falkland, with the forest; and that a constable shall be placed therein by him.

In the sixteenth century Falkland Palace was difficult of access. It lies to the north-east of Edinburgh, in Fifeshire, and to reach it from the city is now an easy matter, with the splendid bridge that spans that estuary; but in the days of old many a bark was lost in crossing the perilous Firth. Mary, as we have seen, approached it by way of Stirling on this first visit; but the present-day visitor to this ancient Royal residence, coming from Edinburgh, takes train to "Falkland Road" Station, two and three-quarter miles from the Palace, driving over an excellent road to the village where the Palace stands. The villages of Scotland are not, it must be admitted, so picturesque as those of England. Few of them are embowered in such masses of flowers and trailing plants, but ivy grows freely everywhere, casting its beautiful wreaths in wild profusion over hamlet and church. The children have that rosy, sturdy Scottish look which always impresses a stranger, and are generally bare-headed and bare-legged—in summer bare-footed. As we pass, they touch their ragged caps or pull their locks of yellow hair in salutation, all the while smiling frankly. Of such as these were composed the thousands of faithful followers of Mary Queen of Scots.

Falkland Palace.

n a photo by A. Young, Burntisland.

She was dear to them always, and is so still, and it may be permitted, even at this late date, to conjecture that had she fled to the Highlands and there abided a time, when she escaped from Loch Leven Castle, she would soon have been surrounded by an army of stout hearts which would have carried everything before them. But haste destroyed all. It may be said that she did not give her people time to move in her defence.

At Falkland, David, Duke of Rothesay, eldest son of Robert III., was starved to death by the Duke of Albany, his uncle. The sad story of his attempted rescue by two women, one of whom fed him with milk from her own breast, and both of whom lost their lives for their kindness, and the horrible fact that he devoured his own flesh in the agony of starvation, threw a lasting gloom over Falkland; and not until the days of James V. was it ever again inhabited by Royalty. That monarch found little happiness here, although there were some pleasant weeks spent in falconry in company with his wife, Mary of Guise. Here he died of a broken heart, largely caused by his defeat at Solway Moss, when Mary was but eight days old. Dying, he gave utterance to those sad words, already quoted in our opening chapter, "Ah me, it came wi' a lass, and it will go wi' a lass." But it was different when Mary came. The Palace remained deserted during her sojourn in France, but on her return she passed here many of the happiest hours of her life, hunting and hawking, and even transacting business of State out of doors. Her son, James VI., also loved it. Probably, as in his mother's case, because of his partiality for out-door sports.

The Palace had for its last Royal occupant Charles II., who remained here some ten days; and it was a stronghold of Rob Roy in 1715. Its downward course of decay has been steady and swift. There was no violent destruction, but simply neglect and abuse. Portions were used as a residence for the local clergy; then the roof fell in and its floors were destroyed. In 1823 Mr. Tyndall Bruce purchased the estate, and stayed the march of destruction, restoring its roofs and floors, and opening its walled-up case-

ments, changing its court from a spot of desolation to one of beauty. He died before his task was complete, but Miss Bruce, who inherited the estate, continued the work of restoration, which the Marquis of Bute, who recently acquired the property, is now completing. Already the ancient roof and the paintings of the chapel have been freed from whitewash and the mildew of time, and stand forth in all their old beauty. The Palace presents, as it has always done, a fine front to the street; but, unfortunately, the State apartments, which face the quadrangle, were destroyed by fire, and only their outer walls remain. The window of the room in which James V. died, is the third on the left from the angle in the courtyard. Tournaments were held in this great court, and the marks of the galleries erected for the spectators are still visible on the walls.

In the gardens can be traced the outlines of the older castle in which the Duke of Rothesay was murdered, but of the time of its destruction no record remains. Gone is the Forest of Falkland where the Queen hunted, silent and deserted are these ruins of her Palace, but the smiling waters and the distant hills appear to-day as they did to her, here where she was so happy, but happy with a joy as fleeting as October sunshine.

Above the fireplace in the parlour of the little inn opposite the Palace, hangs a portrait of Queen Mary, having beneath it the following verses:—

> "Shall Scotland's Queen appeal in vain for Scots to do their duty !
> Then by her presence in your house, prove how you honour beauty.
> Here let the shadows of each clan, Rob Roy's as well as mine,
> Show peace, goodwill to all on earth, and love to Auld Lang Syne."

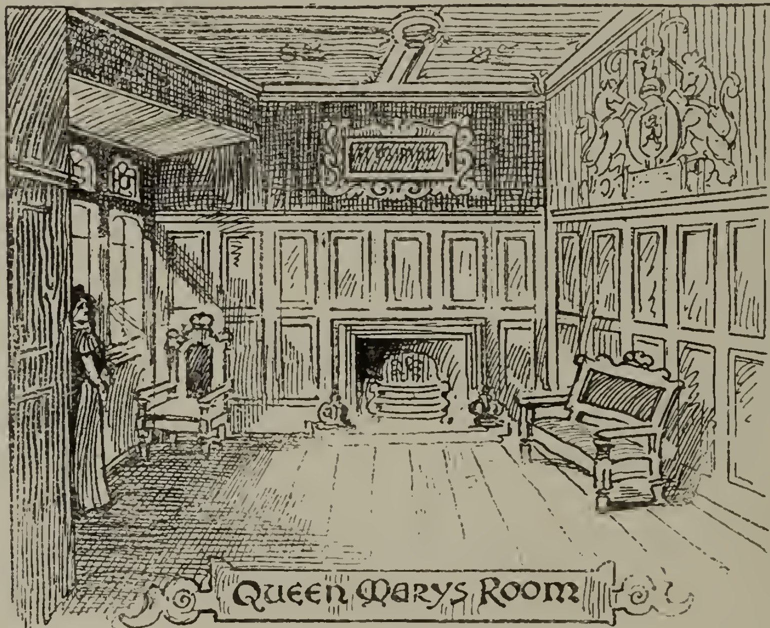
Mary returned from Falkland to Holyrood only to find herself in the midst of turmoils. Her religion was continually insulted, and while she dreaded being carried off by the Catholics one day, she was in mortal fear of the Reform faction the next. Bothwell appears now upon the scene, and it was during Mary's second visit to Falkland, early in the succeeding year, that Knox held his meeting with him. The meeting at midnight between the fanatic reformer and the profligate earl furnishes one of the

most curious scenes of those dark days. Seldom do we find a stronger illustration of the intense love and devotion held by the vassals of ancient Europe to their feudal lords, for Bothwell had been banished, and only dared return now that the Queen was absent. Notice was sent to Knox that he was wanted to speak with Bothwell, and he came by night "most gladly."

That wild conspiracy of Bothwell—in which Knox declined to join—resulted in the removal of the Queen to St. Andrews, and in his own imprisonment in the castle of that town, whither Arran followed him. But Arran was soon liberated, and sojourned in the house of the Lord James, while Bothwell was sent to the Castle of Edinburgh and kept in close imprisonment. Escaping after three months he then fled to Hermitage Castle. Arran was finally sent in the Queen's coach to the Castle of Edinburgh, and held as a prisoner for some time. The period immediately subsequent seems to have been fully occupied by the many conferences concerning the Queen's re-marriage.

The Queen's progress to Aberdeen followed, her journey being arranged that she might be made directly responsible for the persecution of the Huntlys, an event which undoubtedly rests as a great and inexplicable blot on the name of Mary Stuart. She was, it is true, but nineteen years of age, and was fresh from a Court where such things were of a daily occurrence. Yet, while displaying marvellous wisdom and discretion in all other affairs, she was now completely guided by the Lord James, whose main object was to destroy the Huntlys, and thereby establish his own claim to the title and estates of the Earldom of Moray. If the Queen was not criminal here, she was weak past all excuse; yet it can be said in her favour, that the act nearly bereft her of reason. However, the history of that terrible tragedy does not belong to such a work as this, and we pass onward to Montrose, where the poet Chatelard presented Mary with the letter of the enamoured Mareschal d'Amville. The first attempt of this crazy poet

Chatelard upon the Queen's person occurred at Holyrood, where he was discovered by some of the ladies before he entered the chamber; he was promptly ordered to quit the Court, and met his doom at St. Andrews after his second offence.



(IN EDINBURGH CASTLE.)

St. Andrews Castle.

From a photo by J. Valentine & Sons.

Photo by J. Valentine & Sons

CROOKSTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER VI.

MEETING WITH DARNLEY—MARRIAGE.

Rossend Castle—The Poet Chatelard—St. Andrews—West Wemyss and the Coming of Darnley—Marriage—Crookston Tower and the Honeymoon—Jedburgh—Hermitage Castle.

Rossend Castle.

Close to the port of Burntisland, in Fifeshire, stands the Castle of Rossend, a baronial mansion, little changed, yet full of the life of our times. Towering high on a rocky promontory above the waters of the Firth of Forth, embowered in trees, and enshrouded in clambering ivy, it is in all ways charming. It has been restored, where restoration was needed, in the style and manner of its builders. Here Chatelard, for the second time, hid himself in the bedchamber of the Queen, a room which still exists much as it was at that time. There is the same canopied bed, and there is the place where the stairway ran down through the walls, by which the infatuated man effected his entrance, gaining access to the Castle, it is traditionally said,

through a secret passage from the shore. The existence of this passage has been quite recently substantiated. To the left of the bed is the little corner cupboard where he hid himself, and where he was discovered. The Queen would have had him put to death at once, but Moray's calmer judgment prevailing, he was executed some ten days later.

Some authorities state that Chatelard expiated his folly at St. Andrews, whither the Queen at that time was journeying; others that the trial and execution took place at Edinburgh. Lamartine, who with a loving pen sketches the history of the tragedy-fraught Queen, depicts with good effect the last moments of Chatelard, which he places as at Edinburgh. "Ascending the scaffold erected before the windows of Holyrood, the theatre of his madness and the dwelling of the Queen, he faced death like a hero and a poet. 'If,' said he, 'I die not without reproach, like the Chevalier Bayard, my ancestor, like him I die at least without fear.' For his last prayer he recited Ronsard's beautiful ode on death. Then, casting his last looks towards the windows of the Palace inhabited by the charm of his life, the cause of his death, 'Farewell,' he cried, 'thou art so beautiful and so cruel who killest me, and whom I cannot cease to love!'"

The murmuring music of the waters floats upward as they swirl past the old Castle of Rossend. The ivy on its walls seems deep in gossip, rustling and murmuring to itself, and to-day it peers into the windows of the Queen's room. and steals silently into the wide sunny hall and pleasant drawing-room, as though bent on obtaining further information. From a little book descriptive of Rossend Castle, the following story of its origin and character is obtained:—

"The Castle dates as far back as 1382, but its antecedents are lost in hoary antiquity. The original name was the Tower of Kingorne-Wester, to distinguish it from Glamis Castle, or the Tower of Kingorne Easter, a Royal residence; and it was also known for several generations, and is designated in old title-deeds, as Burntisland Castle. In 1382, when Robert, surnamed

Queen Mary's Room, Rossend Castle.

Blear Eye, the first of the Stuarts, reigned, it was but a square tower or keep, occupied by one of the ancient family of that ilk, who built the north and south wings, and inserted under a Gothic canopy over the principal entrance the arms of the Duries, supported by two savages, girded with laurels.

"It was recorded as a curious fact that Alexander III. (who, by the way, was killed in the vicinity), at the period of his Queen's (Margaret's) funeral, took great pains to collect and preserve the remains of St. Margaret, Malcolm Canmore's Queen, enclosing her reputed skull and auburn hair, by which many miracles were said to be wrought, in a silver chest, enriched with precious stones, which was first placed for safety in the Castle of Edinburgh, and afterwards removed to Burntisland Castle by Father Durie. This casket was subsequently transferred to Dunfermline, and was in 1597 delivered to the Jesuit missionaries in Scotland, who conveyed it to Antwerp, where it is supposed either to have been lost in the confusion which attended the suppression of the order of the Jesuits, or to be still preserved in the Escorial of Spain.

"The late proprietor took pleasure in carefully preserving the antique character of the castle by making it a conservatory of many curious and interesting specimens of ancient armour, heraldry, paintings, and furniture. In a limited compass he worked out the idea so richly exemplified in the case of Abbotsford, of making the castle a 'romance of stone and lime,' bringing always into prominence its associations with the unfortunate Mary. For this reason Frenchmen, and particularly the officers of the French Navy, on their visits to the Firth of Forth, are enamoured of the spot as pilgrims are of a favourite shrine. Dungeons are believed to exist below the central square tower. From this tower runs eastward a rampart with embrasures flanked by a round embattled tower. Within, the five rooms on the first floor are all of old wainscot, and the kitchen fireplace is of very old construction, being eighteen feet wide and arched with torus moulding. In the

pleasure grounds and garden are some fine old timber, and a curious well, thirty feet deep, of further remote existence than the castle itself."

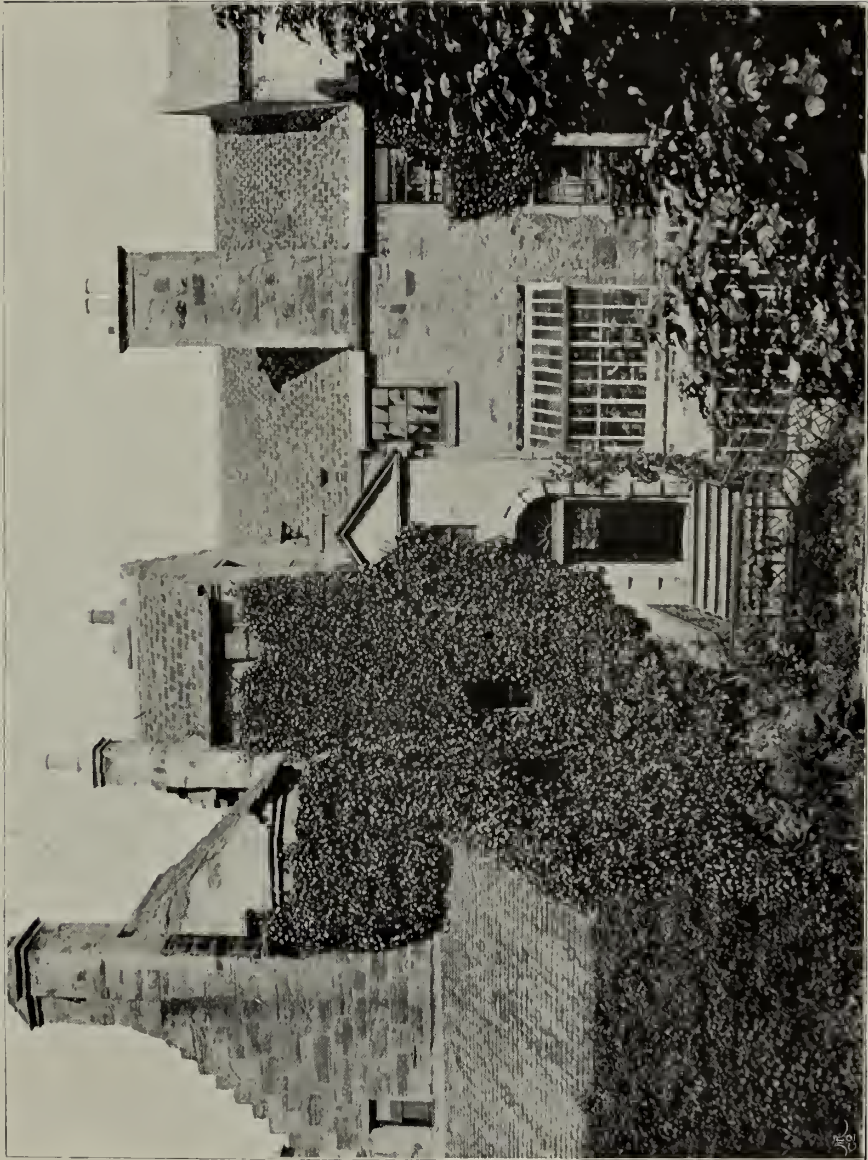
St. Andrews.

The period between the Chatelard episode and the advent of Darnley passed rapidly.

In January, 1565, the Queen again arrived in her favourite city of refuge, St. Andrews the ancient, St. Andrews the learned. Within its walls James V. had been married to Mary of Guise. There also Hamilton, Wishart and Mill were martyred. Thanks to John Knox and the readiness of the rascal multitude to interpret his sermons into concrete action, the beautiful cathedral, whose slender remains are to-day amongst the most precious of Scotland's archæological possessions, and which had stood as a thing of beauty for five centuries, was "dang doon." It is claimed by at least one author that Knox had no hand or voice in the destruction of the cathedral, which it is said fell into ruins because of its own structural weakness. The story is agreeable, if true, as it relieves the memory of the great Reformer from an unpleasant stain, but the plea of structural weakness is itself weak. That Knox did his share in the destruction of images and churches throughout Scotland there is little doubt, but much of such work, often laid to his door, was really done by the English, as at Melrose, Dryburgh and Kelso, all of which were in ruins before his time.

In 1649 Parliament authorised the town to use the stones of the cathedral for fortifying the place, and the storms of winter completed the work of destruction. The writer above referred to claims that Queen Mary had no compunction in cutting down the copes and chasubles of cloth of gold, both for her son's use and for the use of Bothwell,—a very likely statement concerning so devout a Catholic. Mary was, indeed, never in St. Andrews after the birth of James and her marriage with Bothwell.

Queen Mary's House, St. Andrews.



first heard of the approach of Darnley, and arranged for their meeting at West Wemyss Castle, away from the prying eyes of John Knox and the congregation, a natural desire which they never forgave! The house, which is close to the cathedral, is from the outside view only a plain two-storey structure, but on the side of the court it presents the appearance of a stately mansion. The withdrawing room and bedroom, together with an oratory in the thickness of the walls, are in perfect preservation. In the bedroom hangs what claims to be an original portrait of the Queen, taken in France—a fine picture and in good condition. The nose is straight, delicate and rather long. The brows are delicately outlined over deep brown eyes, which appeal against all the horrors of her after life. The hair, a rich Titian brown, rests in ringlets on a lofty alabaster forehead. Her dress is of deep red velvet. Appearing to have been painted at a time when life lay fair before her, it seems as if it might be a true portrait, and corresponds with the general idea of what Mary was in her joyous youth. Mr. Oliphant states that this portrait has been in his family certainly since 1715, and how much earlier is not known. Traditionally, it is said to have been painted by F. Zuccaro, at the time of Mary's marriage with the Dauphin, and to have been one of eight portraits then presented by Mary to officers of her Scottish body guard in France, or to Scottish ladies of her court. A similar portrait, with some slight variation in the dress, is in the possession of Colonel W. H. Duthie, of Row, Perthshire, and has a like traditional origin. The portrait at St. Andrews bears a resemblance to the full-length portrait of Mary at Culzean Castle, which was presented to the Earl of Cassilis, one of the Scottish Commissioners who attended the marriage. Queen Mary's happy days in this ancient city by the sea were on this occasion few in number, for at the lapse of a fortnight she departed never to return. Quietly, and with no sign of state, she passed onward to her fate at West Wemyss.

Wemyss Castle.

From an old print in the British Museum.

West Wemyss Castle.

This Castle, which is, in point of distance, about half-way between Edinburgh and Falkland, has been enlarged and modernised until the older and historic portion is almost lost sight of. Still, those parts are traceable in the two round towers to the right, with the portion connecting them, and through the trees are seen another of the ancient towers and portions of the terrace.

It was winter when Darnley, on the invitation of the Queen, came here, and the 14th of February in Scotland means pelting storms and impenetrable mists. Therefore it was not on the terrace, but inside, behind thick walls and by roaring fires, that that courtship was carried on, the results of which were to blast the lives of both, and, in the minds of some, to cast the stain of murder over the hapless Mary. The chapter in history begun in these ancient towers has afforded students and historians an inexhaustible fund of employment and conjecture, and the controversy which took its rise here is one in which the world has never ceased, and never will cease, to be most deeply interested.

Miss Strickland gives a picturesque description of the place. She says:—
"This ancient abode of the first Lord-Admiral of Scotland is seated in lonely grandeur, like a mural crown, on the edge of a perpendicular rock, forty feet above the battling waves of the Firth, between the Elie Point and Burntisland, opposite Edinburgh. The swelling green hills which form the boundary of the park seaward, sweep down to the village of East Wemyss, on the craggy beach; then rise suddenly again, until the two dusk red towers of Macduff's ruinous Castle appear in their stern grandeur, like twin giants frowning from behind the rugged cliffs. To the right Mary could look beyond Kirkcaldy Bay to Inchkeith, and her own picturesque metropolis, with its castled rock, the loftier heights of Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat towering in mid air above the mist-veiled city, and the wooded Corstorphine

hill bounding the view. All these the fair Sovereign of that glorious scene might, and doubtless did, point out with natural pride to her English cousin —more than these, for full in front, across the bay, rising as it were from the deep blue waters, she could show him North Berwick Law, the Bass Rock, and his own rightful inheritance, Tantallon Castle. That mighty appanage of his maternal ancestor, the Earl of Angus, whom Darnley represented in the elder line, he first beheld during his visit to West Wemyss Castle, in a moment in which he must have deemed auspicious to his hope of dispossessing the puny boy calling himself Archibald, ninth earl of Angus, and his wily guardian, the Earl of Morton. Happy it had been for Darnley if his claims to the great Douglas patrimony could have been forgotten both by himself and those by whom their existence could never be forgiven.

"The principal entrance to West Wemyss was at that time in the old east tower—a low arched portal, which opened into a vaulted cloister of extreme antiquity, leading into a quadrangular court in the centre of the building. It was in this portion that the State apartments occupied by Queen Mary and her attendants were situated, and they could only be approached by a stone staircase from the central court, in which the back windows looked. [These windows are now walled up.]

"Her presence chamber—now the house steward's parlour—is a comfortable room, but small, opposite to her sleeping room, which still retains the alcove where her bed stood; and there are the back stairs and lobby leading into the apartments of her lady-in-waiting and other attendants. The accommodations were certainly of a very circumscribed scale for Royalty, indicating that Mary's habits were anything but luxurious if she could be contented with such.

"Nothing occurred during the early stages of Darnley's acquaintance with Mary Stuart to bring the defects of his character into notice. Their domestication in that secluded Castle of Wemyss resembled a chapter of romance rather than an episode in real life, the only alloy to their happiness

being the expediency of not appearing deeply interested in each other's society, and the necessity of parting."

STIRLING.

The next few months were passed at Holyrood, where it is believed Riccio did his best to further the marriage of Mary with Darnley. The betrothal occurred in the Palace, though it was not until the Queen's visit to Stirling, and Darnley's illness there, and after his recovery, that she was secretly united to him in Riccio's apartments, converted into a chapel for the occasion. The marriage was performed thus secretly because the dispensation from Rome had not arrived, but, as soon as it did arrive, the cousins were publicly married in the Chapel Royal of Holyrood. Then Riccio tossed up his cap in glee. "*Te deum laudamus;* it's done, it's done, and can't be undone." Did he shudder in the midst of his joy as he passed over the great slab which is now said to cover his body? He was a true friend to the man who afterwards held the hands of the royal bride, that Riccio might be the more quickly dispatched.

Stirling Castle, thirty-five miles to the northwestward of Edinburgh, from certain points so greatly resembles the Castle there that one is almost tempted to believe it to be a reflection, or the shadow of a dream. It stands in a clearer atmosphere, as Stirling is a small, quiet old town, with none of the smoke or dust of a great city to mar its beauty. Like Dumbarton and many of the other strongholds of the kingdom, it dates from the days of Agricola, and the Roman military road from Camelon runs through the old town and to the west of the Castle Rock. Stirling is spoken of in the twelfth century as a place of great importance, and two centuries before Kenneth III. had appointed it as the rendezvous of his army. Since that time the history of the royal fortress has been one of constant strife and bloodshed, ending only with last century. To-day an infinite calm spreads

around the old castle, and only the memories of martial deeds remain to hallow the spot where they occurred.

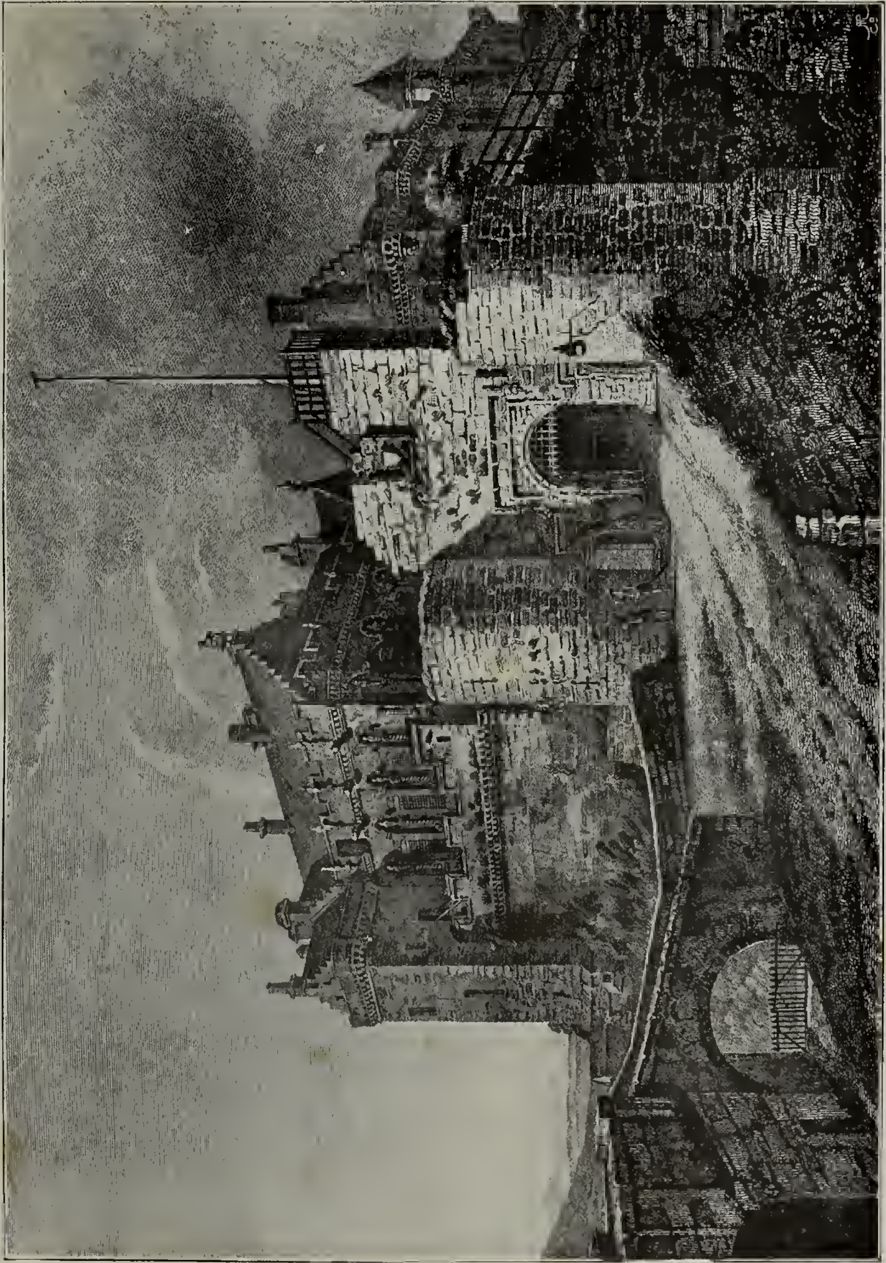
To Stirling, as has already been told in the opening chapter, Mary had been brought as an infant, and in its ancient church she had been crowned. To it the little Prince James was carried off from Edinburgh Castle; here his sorrowful mother saw him for the last time, and here he was crowned, while she was in Loch Leven Castle. Here he was educated under the severe schooling of George Buchanan, the rooms he occupied being in the buildings to the left of the gateway, and which had formerly sheltered Mary in her infancy.

There is much to interest the visitor to Stirling Castle, although as the place is used for military purposes, historic interest is often neglected. But the exterior of the buildings is almost perfect and in many places very beautiful, and the interior could be restored to much of its former magnificence by the removal of the soldiery and the expenditure of no great amount of money. In these days the Castle is of no value as a defensive point, and it is therefore to be regretted that a place of such great historic interest should be nothing better than a stable and a barrack.

But forgetting the desecration within, one turns with delight to the superb panorama that is for ever on view from the ramparts. Around on the north and west rise the Highland hills, with Ben Lomond over-topping all. To the south-east lies Edinburgh, whose castle can be easily distinguished on clear days, while to the south-west lies Glasgow, under its black pall of smoke. Below, sleeps old Greyfriars Church, with the city at its feet. There in the valley is Beaton's Mill, where James III. was murdered; and yonder rises the tower of Cambuskenneth Abbey, where he lies buried. That white tower in the distance is Doune Castle, the seat of the Albanys, who forfeited their lives on the little hill just below us—the "Heading Hill"—for their murder of the Duke of Rothesay in Falkland. In one direction lies the field of Bannockburn, and on the Abbey Craig to the northward rises the Wallace

Stirling Castle in the 16th Century.

From an old print in the British Museum



Monument. From the loophole in the wall, close by the Douglas rooms, Mary was wont to watch the Round Table games played in the curiously-shaped grassy mounds called the "King's Knot."

The dilapidated house which confronts the visitor on the way up from the town belonged to the Regent Mar, who died during its building, and at a time when, like Moray and Morton, he had all but concluded a treaty with Elizabeth, whereby his Queen was to be surrendered, with the understanding that she was to be executed within two hours thereafter! Nothing but his own death prevented the consummation of the terrible bargain, and his house worthily stands a ruin to this day.

The days of the Queen's happiness ceased with her advent at Stirling, excepting perhaps, the fleeting moments of the honeymoon in Crookston Tower. Shortly after she reached Stirling, Darnley fell ill, and from that time onward, without and within, there was naught but dolour and darkness, vexation and sorrow, leading up to the terrible tragedies so soon to follow. Like so many of her sex Mary had thrown away true hearts and united herself to baseness.

Stirling saw some stately pageants when the days of Queen Mary had passed, for her son held his first court here, and here occurred the baptism of his eldest son; but, as with Holyrood, Stirling's royal days ceased with the Union of the kingdoms. Prince Charlie passed like a meteor, and with him ended the regal life of the old city.

During the months and years of her short reign we find the Queen much in the open air, hunting and hawking, ever living a full and healthful life, good for mind and body; and it was at this time that Maitland of Lethington wrote:—"Never before had the borders rested so tranquil. Peace with all foreign nations and quietness among ourselves, in such sort that it might be truly affirmed that in the living memory, Scotland had never been in greater tranquility." Her love for those of her own blood, legitimate and illegitimate, overran the Queen's better judgment, and here lay the secret of her

weakness and of many of her sorrows. If love "overcometh all things," she should have reigned successfully and died peacefully, for from the commencement of her conscious years she practised forgiveness. But she was continually deceived by those whom she loved. Therein lay the great point of difference between her and her English cousin, a difference which may have made Elizabeth the better ruler, for she had the stronger character, and was therefore more fitted to deal with the dark spirits of that age, whom she met and conquered with their own weapons.

Mary Stuart for ever used the weapons of love and forgiveness, which were as powerless in the sixteenth century as such weapons would be with savage foes to-day. Moray was traitor to her before she left France, as is proved by his letter to Throckmorton; yet she condoned that offence, and made him her chief counsellor on her return to Scotland. His first move was the persecution and death of the Huntlys, faithful servants of the Queen's mother, and whose execution he forced Mary to witness—yet she forgave him. She had no sooner suppressed the rising known as the "run around raid," and driven Moray and the other Lords over the Border, than she forgave them all, including in her forgiveness Elizabeth, who sued for her favour at that time.

In this first rebellion Moray is found skulking at the English court, where he had fled for succour, and we hear the English Queen calling him "an unworthy traitor, who may be teaching evil lessons to my people." "Quit my presence," she cried, which he did in silence, not daring to say what all present knew, that Elizabeth was as deep in the plot as he was! Had his offence been against Elizabeth, no doubt confiscation, imprisonment, the block and the axe would have ended his story then and there.

However, the Queen and Darnley are off to spend their honeymoon in Crookston Tower, and to that place we follow them.

Crookston.

Waste are thy chambers tenantless, which long
Echoed the notes of gleeful minstrelsie—
Notes once the prelude to a tale of wrong
Of Royalty and love ;—beneath yon tree,
Now bare and blasted,—so our annals tell—
The Martyr Queen, ere that her fortune knew
A darker shade than cast her favourite yew,
Loved Darnley passing well—
Loved him with tender woman's generous love,
And bade farewell awhile to lordly state.

The traveller from Glasgow to the "Land of Burns" may note on the left, before he reaches Paisley, a tall grey tower rising from a group of trees that crown a small hill by the wayside. This is Crookston, now but a lonely stone tower, open to the wind and rain, yet once the mansion of love and happiness. The lank stripling Darnley had become the handsomest man of his day, and not merely the "booby with fine legs" of Carlyle. And in the Queen's eyes he possessed other qualifications which she thought would endear him to her people—he was of the Reformed faith, and he was her cousin, consequently the next heir to the English throne, and he was of the best blood in Scotland. Yet rarely does a woman have to deal with a man so contemptible as Henry, Lord Darnley, proved himself to be. With all that was at stake why was there not some angel of good to warn the hapless Mary. But it was not to be ; and the days glided on, golden days always at Crookston, taking with them the last vestige of happiness that Mary Stuart ever knew. Her fatal experience in this marriage should have served as a perpetual warning to her ; yet in the engagement with Norfolk she again placed her choice on one almost as weak, though not so dissolute, as Lord Darnley had been. The love story of Mary's life was her marriage with Darnley. She was too young to have cherished any affection for the sickly Francis. She surely had no love—despite what her enemies say—for Bothwell, and of Norfolk she saw too little to be influenced by him in any way.. But Darnley was the sunshine of her life for a brief season, and

she never ceased to love him, notwithstanding the constant outrages and insults to which he subjected her. Love was a blessing for the time as it came to Mary Stuart in the old tower of Crookston, and although they brought her such misery during the rest of her life, it may be doubted if she would have given up those days to save her crown or to live her life over again. The dream lasted but a day, as it were, and when she saw these towers of Crookston once more, although but five years had elapsed, Darnley was dead, her kingdom was lost, and she was a fugitive towards England—that "Merry England" that was to have for her nothing save imprisonment and death.

Under the branches of a gigantic yew-tree—a tree commemorated in coin, of the period—the young couple passed many hours. There is an ancient ballad, of which the following lines have been preserved :—

> "When Harry met Mary under this yew-tree,
> What Harry said to Mary I'll not tell thee."

The old tree stood in fine condition until the year 1780, when its top growth was retarded and it soon commenced to die away, ceasing to bud on the last day of the century. It could not, it would seem, outlive the house of Stuart! Sir John Maxwell preserved as much of it as possible, but the relic hunters were fast carrying it away, Leopold, King of the Belgians, received an elegant box made of its wood, and in Polloc House is a most interesting memorial model of Crookston made from this tree. It was finally rooted up in 1817.

In its days of splendour the castle consisted of a large "quarter with two lofty towers," and it is supposed to have been built about 1163. The larger tower still remains, but the rest is in ruins. Like other castles of this description, the living rooms were on the several floors of the great tower, but the floors are now all fallen through. Hawthorn bushes climb in and out and over the ancient moat, and silence reigns in the roofless hall—the lovers are gone for ever.

The Royal couple passed from Crookston on their first progress through the kingdom, and among the strange sights which that progress presents to view is a visit to the Earl of Morton at his Castle of Dalkeith, the "Lion's Den." Stingy to a degree, it almost broke his heart to entertain them during their short sojourn. The fair Queen must have greatly resembled a gorgeous butterfly on a visit to the web of a noisome spider.

On the return of their Majesties to Edinburgh, they lived in the house of Lord Home, in the High Street. The birth of James VI., in the Castle of Edinburgh, was followed by the commencement of the great conspiracy which ended in Darnley's murder and the Queen's downfall; but in the meantime, in September, the Queen passed to Jedburgh to open her assizes.

Jedburgh.

We do not enter Jedburgh, deep down in its dell, as Queen Mary did, on horseback from over the surrounding hills, but in a little train running from the neighbouring junction of Roxburgh into this chief town of the Liddesdale marches. The great world rushes by and forgets that Jedburgh was ever of any importance, yet in former days it stood on the main route from England, and was the key to the north. Its Abbey Church dates from the days of King David, and still lifts its arches, beautiful in their ruin, above the quiet dead in the ground around it, and above the almost as quiet living in the neighbouring houses. The ancient castle, which has long since given place to a modern jail, was the scene of many strange acts in the historic drama of Scotland. Malcolm IV. died in it, and the marriage of Alexander III. with Jolande, daughter of the Count of Dreux, was celebrated there with great show of pomp in 1285. When this revel was at its height near midnight, the legend tells that the lights became blue and dim, the music sounded faint and far away, the air turned cold and damp and chill, as though from an open grave, and the guests found that they were dancing

with a spectre which forced them to fly around and around, faster and ever faster. The King on his throne appeared as a ghastly skeleton, and his bride as a wilted flower. But the grey light of day played havoc with the spectre of Jedburgh, as it is wont to do with those of later times. However, tradition accepted the incident as foreboding what took place a year afterwards.

The tumults of war rolled for ages over the place. Situated on the "borders," it was possessed alternately by its enemies the English, or by the Scots, and it would be difficult to say under which rule it suffered the most; both were so terrible and so bloody. To-day the waves of conflict have changed into the streams of progress, leaving Jedburgh to her sleep of forgetfulness, deep down in her dell on the marches.

The Queen came from Edinburgh, after the birth of her son, to the ancient mansion in Queen Street, which still exists, and is found in a much more comfortable condition internally than she knew it three centuries ago. While her bedroom is an apartment certainly not more than ten feet square, the other rooms of the mansion are spacious. *Externally*, the house is simple and stately, as are the houses of that period, and it has been permitted to remain unaltered. But the restoration of such historic buildings should not be entrusted to those who know nothing of their origin and history, and who do not sympathise with their spirit. To treat a mansion of the fourteenth century like a Queen Anne cottage is surely sacrilege, and those in charge here appear to feel it as such, as especial pride is taken in pointing out any bit that had escaped the hands of the "improver." It is said that Queen Mary's picture (a frightful one by the way) is never without its bunch of fresh flowers. The garden is laid out in quaint, formal box-tree walks, bordered by sedate gillyflowers and royal marigolds. The old grey walls are caressed by the arms of many rose-trees that clamber almost to the eaves, and light their darkness with a royal glory, as they throw delicate wreaths of red and white flowers around the little window in the second story. In that little

room, with but few around her, Mary Stuart displayed that dignity of demeanour in the face of threatened death which her enemies called "consummate acting" twenty years later, at Fotheringhay. "I seek not long life in this world; ye know also, my Lords, the favour that I have borne unto you since my arriving in this realm, and that I have pressed none of you, that profess religion, to a worship that your conscience does not approve. I pray you also, on your part, not to press them that make profession of the auld Catholic faith; and if indeed you knew what it is to a person in such extremity as I am, you would never press them. I pray you, brother (to Moray), that ye trouble nane." Even Knox bears witness to this legacy of peace and goodwill.

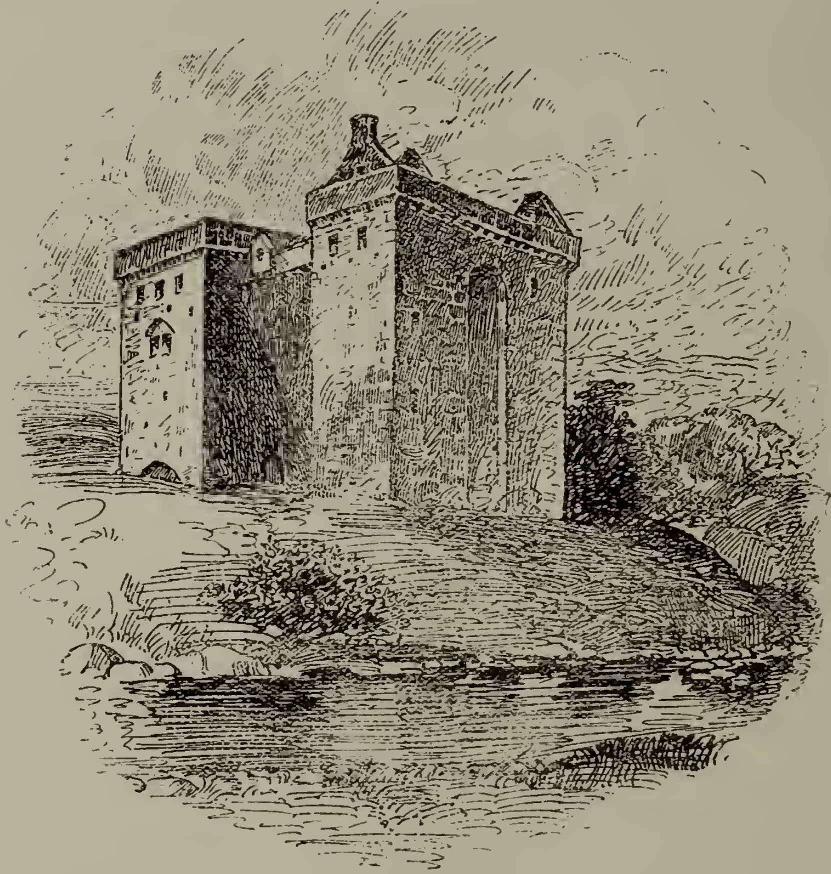
From Jedburgh the Queen made her visit to Bothwell, chief warden of her unruly marches, as he lay wounded in his castle at Hermitage. It was a becoming attention to one who had almost lost his life in her service that Mary, attended by her Court, should ride across the hills to the gloomy tower by Hermitage's waters.

Hermitage Castle.

> "Afar, at twilight grey, the peasants shun
> The place accurst, where deeds of blood were done."

The name "Steele Road" appears upon the signboard of a railway station in the marches, where the slow train from Carlisle drops the visitor in search of the robber's stronghold of Hermitage. Except a solitary official, no living being is in sight. On all sides stretch sad-looking moors and hills, the scene of many battles between Scotland and England, for every hill holds its memory of some strife, every hollow its record of some tragedy. Now they rise and sink around us, seared and withered, while over them flocks of sheep wander at will. Here and there the prevailing dun-colour is brightened by a bit of late blossoming heather. The Castle is not in sight,—it lies three miles across the moorland, and can be reached on foot or by the aid of a

village "trap," if such can be obtained. Stopping half-way, at the hunting lodge of the Duke of Buccleuch, to secure the key, the visitor finally reaches the old stronghold, standing deep in a hollow on the bank of "Hermitage Water." Grim and grey and lonely it stands, with, of course, no windows in



HERMITAGE CASTLE.

the outer walls, but in their stead here and there narrow slits and loopholes. Silence, save for the roaring of the mountain torrents, reigns all supreme.

The ghosts of Hermitage are many. Indeed, it is difficult to induce any

of the peasantry to come this way by night, notwithstanding the tradition of untold gold buried beneath this tower. The low door creaks drearily in the great tower, which is but an empty shell. Down the walls the water drips with a hollow sound. From the cracks and crannies under foot, and high overhead, masses of delicate fern have grown, until all is shrouded in a mantle of green. Ruined stairs, commencing high in air, lead to chambers whose floors and roofs have vanished long ago. The feet sink deep in the moss as we search for dungeons and oubliettes, but Time has filled most of them with the débris of the fallen walls. Of the castles of Scotland this one has, perhaps, the most terrible history; not a history of life and treasure lost in the defence of King and country, but a history of blood and murder, from its first days until it went to ruin as it now stands—habitable only by bats and owls, and shunned with loathing by man.

Eight hundred years have passed since the Earl of Monteath founded Hermitage, probably as a Royal castle, as the land on which it stands belonged to Lord Soulis, who followed David I. into Scotland. One of the members of that family was supposed to be a magician, and, having decoyed the chief of the powerful clan of Armstrong into the castle, he there murdered him. For this crime Soulis was boiled alive on a hill near by. The nine upright stones which supported the cauldron are still visible. This terrible punishment is said to have been performed by order of the King, who told his nobles to "boil him and drink his brew."

"On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnish'd brass did glimmer and shine.

"They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet cf lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him into the cauldron red,
And melted him—lead, bones and all.

"At the Skelf-hill the cauldron still
The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot where they boiled the pot
The spreat and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow."

Here, in the castle graveyard, is the Titan grave of the Cout of Keeldar, who, having defied Lord Soulis, was, although unhurt in fight, forced into the river and drowned, being in full armour. Here Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie was thrown on horseback into a cell and left to starve, and not long since some peasants, in digging open an outer dungeon, found some bones, a sword, some rusty armour, and a horse's bridle of ancient fashion. Somewhat farther up the stream long since stood an ancient hermitage, hence the name.

Chambers, in his "Picture of Scotland," relates the story of the evil repute of the Castle. The Lord of Hermitage, a prodigious tyrant, saw and loved a lady called Foster, whose father resided in the lower part of Liddesdale. Resolving to prosecute a dishonourable courtship, he paid her father a visit soon after. But Foster, being apprised of his coming, had taken care to send his daughter into Cumberland, and when his lordship presented himself he was told that she had gone on a far distant visit. The Baron, unable to brook his disappointment, immediately stabbed Foster, who fell a corpse to the floor. The murderer fled and was closely pursued by the country people, and only escaped their vengeance by being admitted to the tower of Mangerton by the chief of the Armstrongs, who was perhaps not then aware that he was receiving a murderer within his gates. The population meantime threatened to burn the castle unless the assassin were delivered up; but Armstrong, being unwilling to surrender him after having afforded him protection, succeeded in pacifying the people by promising a speedy investigation of the affair. When they had departed the Baron returned to his castle, and, in seeming gratitude for the chieftain's protection and hospitality, invited his protector to Hermitage, an invitation which the bold Armstrong accepted, in spite of the protests of all his friends not to cross the threshold of that ill-fated place. This advice was disregarded, and he appeared in the Castle hall. The Baron, who hated Armstrong because of his high reputation in the country, where he was himself abhorred, had now an opportunity of getting

Portrait of Bothwell.

rom the unique miniature in the possession
of the Hon. Mrs. Boyle.

rid of a man whose very virtues rose up, as it were, in judgment against him. There was no lack of hospitality, but at the end of the feast one of the servants, on a preconcerted signal, came behind Armstrong's back and stabbed him to the heart.

On hearing of this atrocity the whole country arose in arms, and the guilty Lord of Hermitage, to avoid the storm, retired to Cumberland, where he expected to wait until it blew over. But his place of concealment was discovered by a brother of the deceased, a man called "Jock of the Side," who, assuming a farmer's habit, resolved never to rest until he had avenged the death of his brother. In this disguise he obtained admission to the Baron's place of refuge, and afterwards to his chamber, where the murderer was in bed with his wife, and dispatched him where he lay.

Each month and year witnessed some awful crime in this dreadful tower, and in the whole course of its wretched fortunes, no ray of sunshine came to gladden it until that day when the beautiful Queen rode with her Court from Jedburgh to inquire into some injuries her officer, Bothwell, had received while suppressing a border disturbance.

Mary was at all times tender-hearted, too much so at this time, as she had arisen from a sickbed to make the perilous journey. She travelled on horseback, and on her return she suffered a relapse which nearly cost her her life. The Royal party remained but a few hours at Hermitage, returning to Jedburgh the same night, and one can well imagine that even though she was Queen of all, and came surrounded by those who could and would protect her, Mary must have gladly hurried out from its shadows into free air and sunshine.

Hermitage is certainly a most desolately gloomy spot, standing as it does in the midst of a vast morass, and by the side of a lonely torrent. Local tradition states that the Castle has sunk, and is sinking slowly, day by day, month by month, year after year, into the yielding earth; that it is not now more than half its ancient height, and that the centuries to come will know

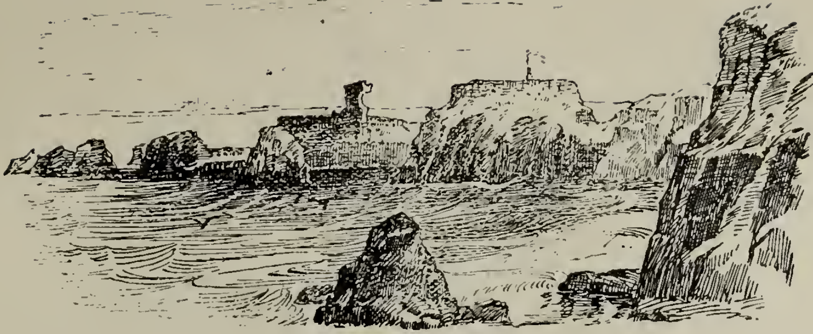
it no more, when the waves of its black morass shall have closed over it for ever.

After the Queen's departure from Jedburgh she visited Kelso, and from Kelso journeyed towards Berwick-on-Tweed. Though she did not enter it she was received in all honour by its Governor, who conducted her to a spot where she might view its walls. Later she visited Dunbar and Tantallon, and finally reached Craigmillar on the 20th November.

QUEEN MARY'S HOUSE, JEDBURGH.

Craigmillar Castle.

From an old print in the British Museum.



DUNBAR CASTLE.

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH OF DARNLEY—CARBERRY—LANGSIDE.

Craigmillar Castle and the Conspiracy—Kirk of Field—Seaton—Dunbar—Borthwick—Carberry Hill—Loch Leven Castle—Niddrie—Castle Milk—Cathcart—Langside—Dundrennan Abbey—Farewell to Scotland.

THE extensive ruins of Craigmillar rise on the summit of a small hill about three miles south from Edinburgh. The way to the Castle shows Arthur's Seat on the left, and on leaving the gradually-extending city, we pass through green meadows to a little hamlet clustering around the historic pile.

Entering under the gateway, with its "canting heraldry" of the Preston arms, and standing on the soft turf of the courtyard, the visitor finds grey walls around and above, while high over head is the great tower over whose sides clamber three ivy plants, so venerable that they may have been old in the days of the Queen. The spot is sunny and quiet, and the harshness of Scotland and her history seems to have no abiding place here, yet the Castle occupies a conspicuous place in the story of Queen Mary's tragic life.

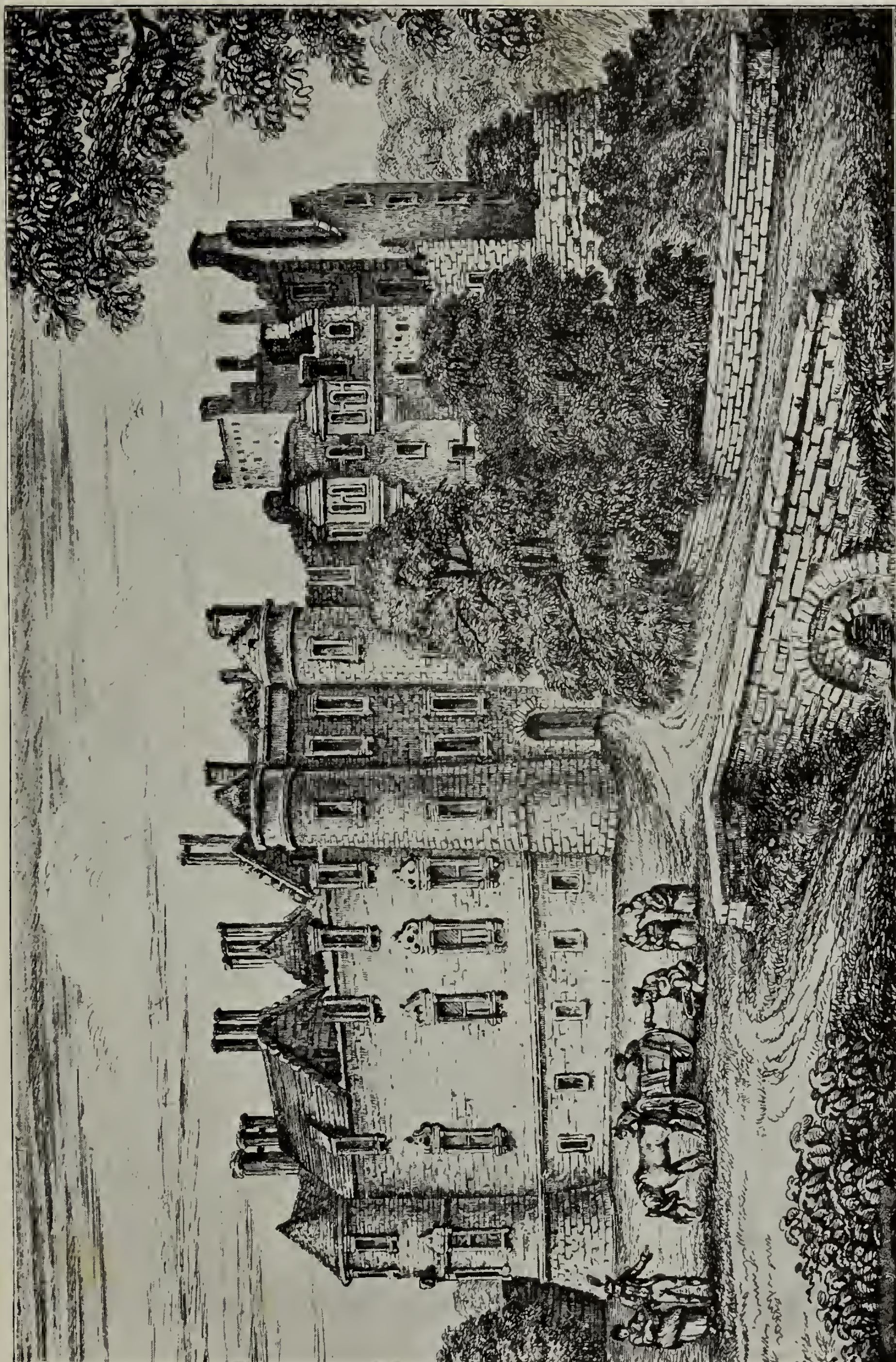
It was here, in December, 1566, that Moray, Maitland, and other leaders met to consider what was to be done with Darnley, many of the meetings being held in Argyle's room in the early morning. A divorce from Darnley was suggested; and when the matter was presented to the Queen in the

great hall, her answer came short and distinct : " I will that ye do nothing by which any spot may be laid on my honour or conscience ; and, therefore, I pray ye rather let the matter be in the estate as it is, abiding until God of His goodness put remeid thereto. That you believe would do me service may possibly turn to my hurt and displeasure." But no divorce of Darnley would have satisfied these men, and this pretended desire for a divorce was, on their part, but a blind to cover the deeper design. They knew they were safe in recommending it to the Queen, who, in spite of all his insults and outrages, loved Darnley still, not only for his own sake, but because he was the father of her boy, and they knew also that, as a Catholic, Mary Stuart would abhor the idea of divorce.

Craigmillar has seen many shadows, but none half so dark as that which then commenced to lower over the head of this lonely Queen. Its great hall holds still the high penthouse-like fireplace, and on the window-seats are carved many dates and initials of long ago. Secret stairs lead to almost forgotten chambers in distant turrets, or down to black dungeons underground. Here was the chapel and there the Queen's chamber, empty and deserted, although the outer walls are in good condition still. From the highest battlements—rendered safe and accessible by recent steps taken to preserve further decay—a glorious view unfolds itself, having Arthur's Seat for a central object, at whose base the towers of Holyrood Palace and the roofs of the distant city cluster. Beyond rises the Castle of Edinburgh, its windows aflame with the light of the setting sun, while the spires and towers of the city add to the picturesque effectiveness of the scene. To the east and north sparkle the waters of the Firth of Forth, with Fife and the Highland hills beyond ; and southwards woods and grasslands, hills and fertile valleys, over which sheep are browsing, stretch away towards the Borderland. Round the base of the castle clusters a remnant of the ancient forest, and " Queen Mary's tree," still standing green and flourishing by the roadside, is a popular landmark.

Seaton House from the South-West.

From an old print.



Kirk of Field and Seaton Palace.

The Queen passed from Craigmillar to Holyrood, and from Holyrood to Glasgow, where Darnley lay ill with the smallpox ; and on this visit she has been accused of writing the so-called "Glasgow letter," which her accusers have not ceased to wave over her head as proof sure and incontestable of her guilt as regards Bothwell. Of the royal abode in Glasgow no vestige remains, and the city proper of to-day is of little interest to the student of Mary's history, howsoever important in many other respects. Glasgow was but a village in Mary's time, and she removed the sick King from it as soon as possible. It has been clearly proved that when Mary left Edinburgh for Glasgow she had no intention of lodging Darnley in Kirk of Field. But he was brought there from Glasgow in January, and the Queen visited him for the last time late on Sunday, the 9th of February, 1567, and left him to attend at Holyrood the marriage of Sebastian, a French servant, to one of her waiting maids. She arrived at the palace about 11 p.m., and soon retired with her ladies, for here on this, the last night of her happiness, she was attended by some of the best, purest, and shrewdest women in Scotland—women who never ceased to testify to their Queen's purity.

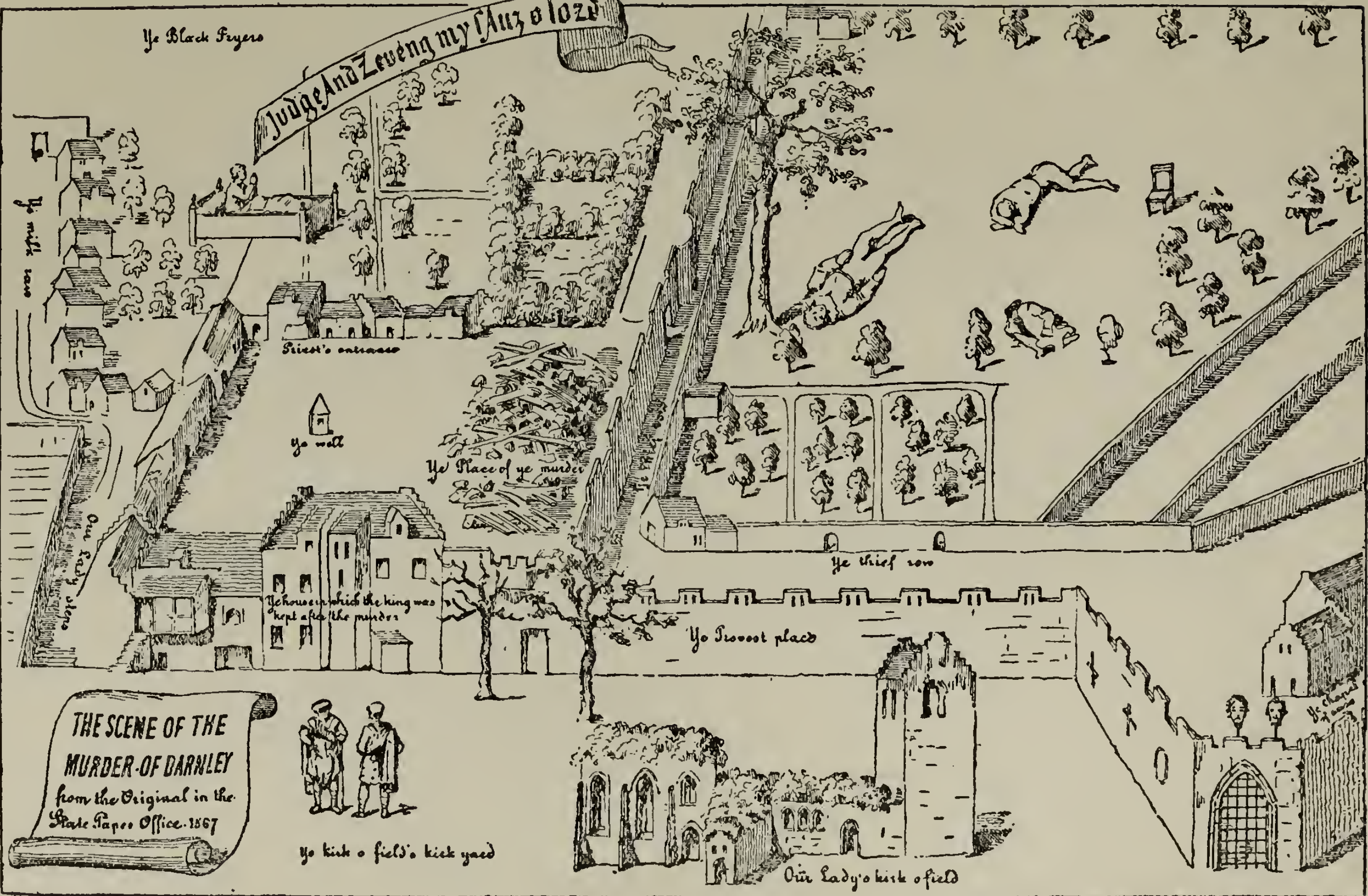
The lights went slowly out in Holyrood. The gates of the palace were locked and barred ; the good people of Edinburgh were deep in slumber, and silence most profound rested on the royal city. This silence "lasted until two of the clock," when the very heavens were torn asunder as the house at Kirk of Field was blasted from its foundations. The King and his servant, William Taylor, were found strangled in the fields ; but it manifestly could not have been the intention of the conspirators that such should happen. They certainly intended to destroy the King with the house, else why destroy the house ? The probable solution is, that Darnley, hearing the doors being opened, seized his pelisse and slippers, articles which his murderers certainly would not have troubled about, and fled for his life, and that he was

strangled soon after leaving the building. There was not a blemish on his body or that of his servants, plainly showing that they had not been killed by the explosion. The accompanying illustration is undoubtedly a fairly correct delineation of the scene : it is from a pen and ink sketch taken at the time, and now in the State Paper Office.

After a week's seclusion in her "dule" chamber in the Castle of Edinburgh, the Queen's health became such that she yielded to the solicitation of her council, and passed to Seaton House, a refuge that had always been open to her in time of trouble. The Palace of Seaton, about nine miles from Edinburgh, and in a lovely part of East Lothian, is of unknown antiquity, and is supposed to have been built in 1124, by one of the family of De Say. Its foundation is also placed by tradition in the reign of Malcolm III., who succeeded Macbeth in 1057. Destroyed by the English about 1558, it was during the Queen's absence in France transformed by Lord Seaton into one of the most elegant residences in Scotland. Its apartments were large and stately, and there were two galleries full of valuable paintings. The house consisted of three long fronts of stone with a court in the centre, the whole being beautifully decorated. The church, originally a stately and extensive structure, is now but a shell, containing the tombs of the Wemyss family. Queen Mary was many times splendidly entertained in this palace, whose owner remained always faithful to her cause ; but this visit after the Kirk of Field explosion was her last. Lord Seaton was one of those who waited for her on her escape from Loch Leven Castle, and he was equally faithful to her son. It is said that James, when on his journey to London in 1603, was stopped by the funeral of this same nobleman, and the King, halting, sat down on a stone, waiting with uncovered head until all that was mortal of this friend of his unfortunate mother had been borne away.

King James visited the palace on his return in 1617, and in 1663 Charles I. and his court were gorgeously entertained within these walls.

The last Lord Seaton joined the Stuart cause in the eighteenth century,



THE SCENE OF THE MURDER OF DARNLEY from the Original in the State Papers Office. 1567

and being taken prisoner, was carried to London and condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered; but he escaped to Rome, where he died. The palace was dismantled in 1792, and for many years its ruins presented a desolate aspect, but even these have disappeared, and an uninteresting modern house occupies the site.

During this last sojourn in friendly Seaton the Queen yielded to the demands of the Earl of Lennox, and summoned Bothwell to trial. Of that farce nothing need be said, for the tribunal and the jury before which he was summoned were really composed of his friends and accomplices, and Lord Lennox did not appear to press his charge before such a court. Whether the idea of Bothwell's marriage with the Queen had occurred to the confederate lords before Darnley's murder is doubtful, but that it was suggested soon thereafter there is little doubt. They knew that such a marriage would ensure her ruin, which they had not accomplished by the murder of Darnley. Then came the supper given by Bothwell, and the signing of the "band," binding the signers to further in every way the marriage of Bothwell and the Queen. Moray was not present, being then out of Scotland, but it is claimed that his name was on the paper! At the conference at York there was produced a warrant, purporting to be signed by the Queen, requiring the lords to sign this "band"; but the fraud was too gross—the warrant was withdrawn, and even Buchanan admits that at the supper no such paper was produced—showing that forgery was at work even then.

The hardest heart must feel intense pity for the young Queen at this period. What woman of to-day could stand such a series of shocks? The murder of Riccio was closely followed by the birth of her son; and, considering the horror of that murder, it is regarded as a marvel that she lived through the confinement. Then came the trouble with Darnley, followed by his horrible illness, from which he had scarcely recovered when he was so foully murdered at Kirk of Field. Her spirit was broken, her mind stunned, and to have recovered under the most cheerful surroundings would have

been well-nigh impossible. But to recover, surrounded as she was by traitors and assassins, and in the midst of plots and counter-plots, was impossible. Still she did not consent to that marriage, though urged to it by all around her ; and so things stood when she departed to pay her last visit to her son at Stirling. On her return, as she was approaching Edinburgh, she was met by Bothwell and a large armed band and carried off by force to Dunbar. Robert Melville wrote to Cecil, that " Bothwell had carried the Queen violently to Dunbar, where she is judged to be detained against her will." Surrounded by seven or eight hundred men, all friends, the abductor found no difficulty in conveying Mary to Dunbar Castle. The Queen had shortly before this event passed her twenty-third birthday.

Dunbar.

Sad and solemn in appearance, even on a bright sunny day, the ruined masses of the old Castle of Dunbar rise from the rocks near the town of that name. It is hardly possible to trace the outlines of the palace. The visitor rambles over the site, climbing from point to point, up ruined stairways, through broken doorways, catching now and then glimpses of the slumbering North Sea, quiet and peaceful one day, yet at other times rushing into the caverns below with a sound of thunder.

The Bass Rock, around which vast flocks of gulls and other seafowl are circling, rises from the sea to the north-westward, with the coast of Fifeshire looming up behind it ; while southward long ranges of cliffs form the coast-line, showing in the farther distance Fast Castle, made famous in Scott's " Bride of Lammermoor."

Dunbar (" the fort upon a point ") is mentioned as early as A.D. 678, and many traditions are associated with it. Here Thomas the Rhymer foretold " the sorest wind ever felt in Scotland," fulfilled next day in the death of Alexander III. at Kinghorn. Here Edward II. took refuge after his defeat at Bannockburn, and thence took boat for England ; and later in

the same century it was besieged by the Earl of Salisbury and successfully defended by the Countess of March, "Black Agnes."

To Dunbar Mary fled with Darnley after the assassination of Riccio, and round these old and ruined towers raged many of the most terrible scenes of her sad life. Here, after her abduction by Bothwell, with no sword raised in her defence, the lonely woman was taken bodily possession of by that villain, who himself confessed that he used a potion to accomplish his purpose. Even Melville declares that she could not but marry him after this outrage. Here, by the way of Borthwick Castle and Black Castle, she was again brought by Bothwell after that sad ceremony in the Chapel of Holyrood. How she must have beaten her hands against the bars of this prison! How long and sadly her eyes must have scanned ocean and mountain in vain hope of deliverance! How bitter were her tears as she gazed southward towards sunny France! Does the world's history show a more pitiful picture than that of this lone woman, loving and confiding, outraged by all those who should have been first to protect her? The plot plainly unravels itself, always with the one great object in view, the deposition and disgrace of the Crown before the time should arrive at which that power could and would revoke the tremendous grants of which these nobles stood possessed. Her twenty-fifth birthday would have brought this power to Mary Stuart, but that day saw her fast prisoner in Loch Leven Castle.

Gazing upon the ruins of this once great stronghold, no one can perhaps regret that the cannon of Cromwell have done their work so well—it is better that such an abode of evil should be roofless and in ruins. Nothing save the climbing ivy and the sweet wildflower can soften and subdue its grimness, enabling us to forget its once terrible history, and causing our eyes to dwell only on the fair scene surrounding us. The sunshine falls like a benediction over ruin, rock, and ocean; while the incoming tide in the caverns beneath fills the air as with the music of a mighty organ, which grows fainter and fainter as we pass down the streets of the quiet town.

Returning to the current of Mary's history, we next find her shrouded in black, white-faced and ghostly, and scarcely able to stand, as she was married on a morning in May "at ten hours afore noon, not with the mass, but with preaching, in the Palace of Holyrood House, and within the auld chapel, to James, Duke of Orkney," better known as Earl of Bothwell.

The sun no doubt shone just as brilliantly on the day of that crime as it did on that day not so long before when the same Queen, now bowed down with sorrow, stood a happy girl, surrounded by the glory of France before Notre-Dame, to be married to Frances, the Dauphin. But there was no merriment in Edinburgh over this marriage, no pomp or pageantry, nor any wine at the market-cross. Holyrood was as sad as the grave, and the Queen on that day "desired nothing save death." The day after the marriage she was heard to cry out for a knife to kill herself, or "else I shall drown myself." What she thought of that marriage is plainly set forth in her petition to the Pope for its dissolution.

The next stage in the history was the proclamation issued on the 28th of May, 1567, calling on the male population to convene at Melrose in June, to proceed against the insurgents on the border—to which few or none paid attention,—and which determined the Lords to strike the first blow by marching on the capital at once. This movement caused Bothwell to flee to Borthwick Castle, taking the Queen with him, where he left her for a time.

Borthwick Castle.

The way to Borthwick Castle, sixteen miles south from Edinburgh, lies over a smiling country. Riding south across the Old Town of Edinburgh, we leave the Castle and St. Giles Church to the right. On the left, down a long vista of the Canongate, we catch a glimpse of the house of John Knox almost blocking the way, while beyond it the turrets of Holyrood pierce the sky. The newer portions of the Old Town are not very interesting.

Long rows of two-storied houses, of grey stone, line each side of the street, while here and there a detached villa but adds to the monotony of the scene. Finally the open country is reached, with roads broad and smooth, lined on each side by stone walls, pierced here and there by grey and moss-

BORTHWICK CASTLE.

grown gateways through whose openings avenues are seen stretching away to stately mansions. The road passes through quaint clean villages embowered in trees and flowers, and possessing each its hoary old stone church. To the left towers beautiful Craigmillar Castle, to which Mary was desirous of taking

Darnley, but to which the conspirators preferred the isolated house where the tragedy took place. They could not have undermined Craigmillar as they did Kirk of Field ; so to the latter place he went, and Mary never again entered those old grey walls on yonder hill.

A turn in the road reveals a long reach of descending country, with a distant village and church, beyond which rises a large square tower, the Castle of Borthwick—a fortress of the dark ages. A gruesome place it proves to be—simply a square tower, with walls fifteen feet thick, rising unbroken a hundred feet and more. There is no place with which to compare it, save perhaps that old stronghold of Louis XI., at Loches. Here, as there, are dungeons under dungeons, cells and oubliettes, and walls covered with the names of many prisoners.

The Castle is situated on an isolated knoll, termed anciently the "Moat of Lochwart" (one of those eminences from which in ancient days justice was dispensed), and is acknowledged to be one of the finest castles of its class. On the western side of the tower, from the top to the bottom, is a deep recess, into the side of which open the windows of the rooms. The walls are of hewn stone, contracting from a thickness of fifteen feet at their base to six at the top. The ancient entrance was about thirty feet from the ground, and only to be approached by a drawbridge over a moat fourteen feet wide. Surrounding the tower stands a strong rampart, fortified by minor towers. The structure was considered impregnable in the days of Mary, and remained so until Cromwell and his cannon promptly brought it to terms. To the fact that the place was surrendered to Cromwell almost without resistance do we owe the present almost perfect condition of its walls.

Tragedy did not always reign supreme at Borthwick; life there had its humorous side as well. It was the occasional scene of the revels of the Abbot of Unreason, and it was during a period of his misrule that the excommunication of Lord Borthwick arrived from Rome, and was read from the steps of the high altar in Borthwick Church. The ceremony was no

sooner concluded than the Abbot of Unreason entered the church, attended by his Court, and with scant ceremony seized the papal officer. Dragging him to the mill dam, they compelled him to leap into the water, but as this did not entirely immerse him he was gently laid upon his back and so "ducked in the most satisfactory and perfect manner." That he might not take cold his tormenters conducted him back to the church and compelled him to eat the Pope's letter which had been well soaked in wine! He was then dismissed with the assurance that he would be treated in like fashion should he again appear at Borthwick. A messenger of the Queen's party who was sent with letters received treatment somewhat more abrupt, being promptly "spanked" and warned on his life not to return.

The grand hall of the castle is one of the finest and most perfect of its epoch, and being floored and ceiled in stone it has withstood destruction. What scenes its blackened walls and empty fire-place bring back to the mind of the visitor of to-day! Would the relighting of the fire cast a shadow as of the Queen athwart the groined roof? Would she be seen deep in sorrowful reflection, or feasting with Bothwell, or would the shadow take the form of the Abbot of Unreason, while the castle re-echoed to his wild laughter? Who can say?

From Borthwick Castle Mary essayed to escape—it is said in male attire —but she lost her way in the unfamiliar district, and was eventually found by Bothwell, and by him made to ride to Dunbar. This flight was soon to be followed by the fateful day of Carberry, when Mary surrendered, and Bothwell took himself off to his final and degrading end.

Carberry Hill.

On Carberry Hill, the Queen passed over to the assembled conspirators on receiving "their word of honour" that they would treat her as became their sovereign.

As they did not dare to arrest Bothwell, he passed away to Dunbar, and then followed that terrible scene of the degradation, if such a thing could be, of Mary of Scotland. She had scarcely turned her face inland when a banner bearing a picture of the body of Darnley with his mother calling for vengeance on the Queen, was displayed before her. Subjected to the ribaldry of the soldiers, she was dragged through mud and dust, past the palace of Holyrood to the house of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh in the High Street, where, in a filthy state and entirely unattended, she was compelled to pass the night. The people rising in her defence forced the Lords to remove her to Holyrood, from which she was soon afterwards hurried secretly to Loch Leven. Had the people believed her guilty she could have been taken there openly and in the light of day ; but the reverse was the truth, and hence the secrecy of the conveyance to her first prison. So little were the populace in sympathy with the Lords that the latter acknowledged that had the Queen returned to Dunbar, had she held out but a day longer, they must have dispersed—" No man coming unto us."

Now she left her capital for ever—a city where she had tried to mete out justice for all men ; where she had been railed at by Knox for worshipping God according to her conscience ; where she had been abused by the Catholics because she declared religious toleration to all ; where she had been outraged and insulted in every possible manner by those whom she had benefited and who believed her toleration to be cowardice, in no way understanding a spirit far in advance of its era. She had been subjected to the continual persecution of the English Court, and her life had been made a veritable purgatory, yet through it all there is, aside from the so-called and discredited " Glasgow letter," no record of word or action unbecoming a high-minded, generous, virtuous woman. With it all, her heart was not broken nor her spirit subdued ; nor could the world, so strong against her, daunt her soul or cause her to lower her head until she laid it with a sigh of relief, " with a sort of gladness," on the block at Fotheringhay.

Loch Leven Castle.

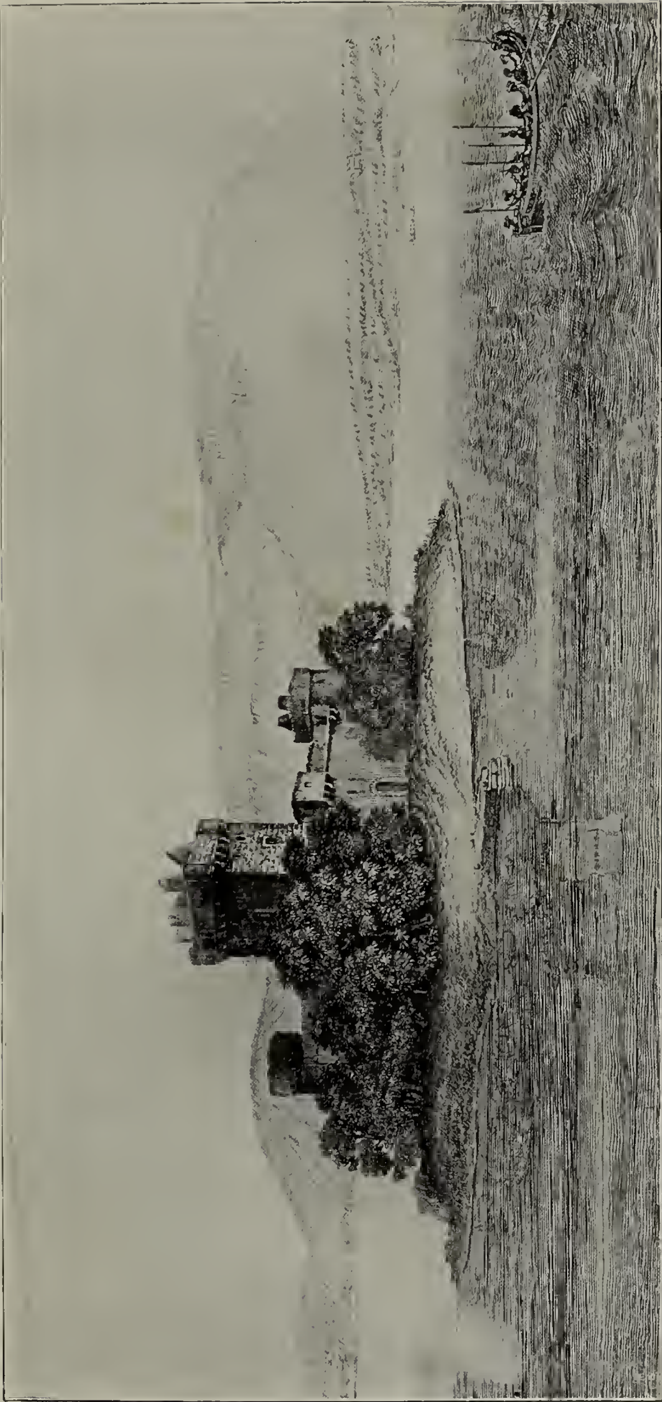
The Queen was taken directly to Loch Leven by way of Queensferry, but for convenience the visitor may best reach it from Falkland, asleep in the midst of her meadows, thus following the footsteps of Mary's first progress to that sequestered island castle. This road winds for fifteen miles around the base of the Lomond Hills, through smiling valleys and quiet hamlets, and comes suddenly upon a view of Loch Leven with the neighbouring town of Kinross and the island fortress. It scarce appears an island on the first view, but on approaching it a wide deep channel with a ruffled current is found to separate the castle from the mainland. Man has no sooner destroyed these strongholds of oppression than nature makes them beautiful, and this old castle rises from the midst of trees, while deep grasses cover the entire island and caress the foundations of the ruins. Upon the ruined towers the ivy, for ever busy with its work of destruction, has fastened its hold, and adds to the picturesque beauty of the place. "The stateliest building man can raise is the ivy's food at last," as Dickens sings, and Loch Leven Castle is no exception. The winds and waters sigh around this desolate ruin, while the long grass bows, and the gaunt trees toss their arms as though in penitence for the many acts of treachery and bloodshed done here in days of old.

Loch Leven Castle did not figure very prominently in history until Mary came over from Falkland. Here John Knox waited upon her, and here they met and parted as friendly as it was possible for natures so diametrically opposed to do. Here that prime conspirator, that spirit of evil, Morton, imprisoned his former patron, host and friend, the Earl of Northumberland, and from here sold him to Elizabeth and the block at Berwick.

Mary was now confined in the small round tower, not in the larger building, which on former visits had been fitted up as a suitable residence for

Lochleven Castle.

From an old print in the British Museum



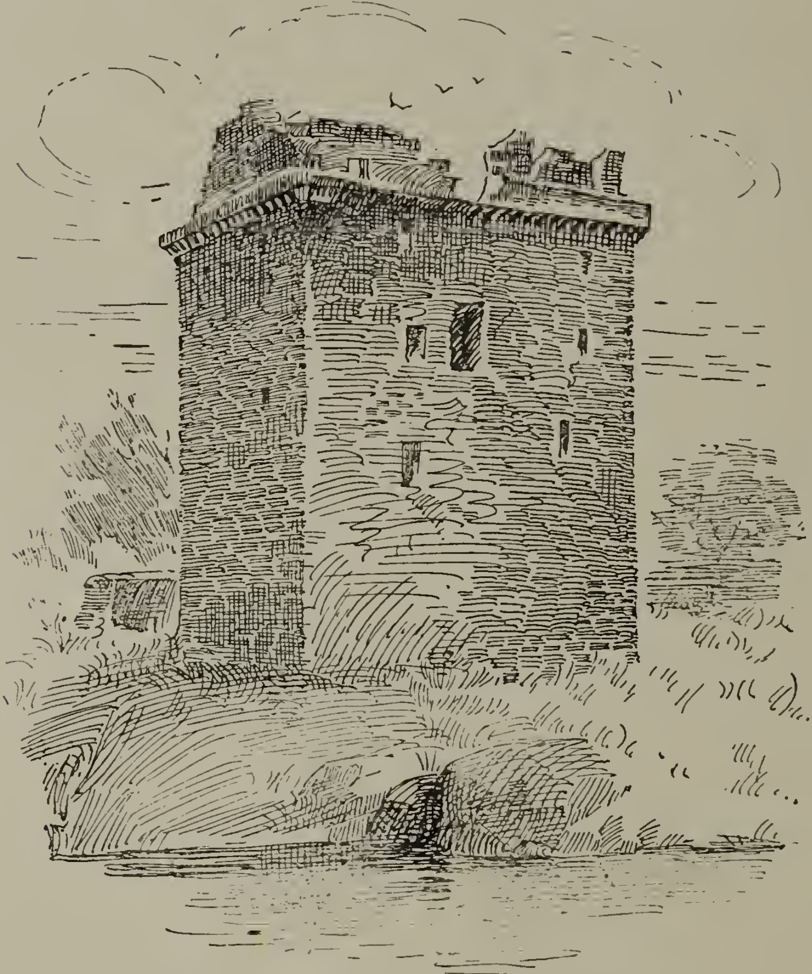
a Queen. In this prison she was approached by Sir Robert Melville and Lord Lindsay, sent by the Lords to urge her abdication, and here Melville presented that message from Elizabeth, "sisterly advice," that Mary "should not irritate those who had her in their power." Here—it is a small place for so much history to have been enacted—the rude Lord Lindsay seized with his mailed hand the delicate arm of the Queen and forced the pen into her fingers.

It was from the broken casement that Mary watched the signals of her friends in Kinross. Former efforts for her release had failed, and it was then all darkness and gloom with her until young William Douglas rushed into her room with the keys of the castle. He had hidden them in his napkin, and so brought them forth from the table where the Lady of Douglas (the paramour of James V. and the mother of Moray) sat at meat. It did not take long to put the solid doors and walls of Loch Leven between the Queen and her jailers, and one of her ladies who was left behind jumped from this same window and swam for the boat. The castle was locked on the outside, the keys were given to the "kelpies' keeping" by William Douglas, who had also stopped up the rowlocks of the other boats so that there should be no pursuit. The Queen did much of the rowing with her own hands, and when the land was reached joyous was the meeting with Lord Seaton, and fast and furious the ride to Niddrie Castle, a lonely tower near Edinburgh, on the Linlithgow Road.

Niddrie.

When the keys had been given to the "spirits of the lake," when the Queen and the faithful Douglas, as they joined Lord Seaton, had laughed a last gay defiance at the shrewish Lady of Douglas and her crew safely locked within the Castle of Loch Leven, the party sped away to Queensferry, on the Forth, and crossing it, came to this old tower of Niddrie, where true friends awaited them. Here Mary stayed one night, and at a window high up in

the tower showed herself to the people in the early dawn. They were so clamorous for a sight that they gave her no time to dress, but forced her to appear with disordered hair and scarce awakened eyes at the window, and the



NIDDRIE CASTLE.

picture she must have presented then and there must ever rise up in the mind when the incident is recalled; a pallid face with regular features, a clear and high forehead, with arched brows sheltering great brown eyes,

and over all a mass of red-brown hair. To the multitude below what a welcome sight! Yet amidst all that host there was not one of sound sense to perceive that the wise course was to spirit her away to the near Highlands, keeping her in hiding until their forces were gathered and their plans perfected. Already jealousy and distrust of each other existed, and these in the end ruined the hopes and the life of their Queen. But nothing of this was foreshadowed in the wild and joyous welcome which rang around that old tower on that morning. Nothing save congratulations were heard, and happiness was on every face.

The old castle is now but a shell, closed to protect it from marauders, and tenanted only by flocks of pigeons that wheel and circle away affrighted as the visitor clambers to a ruined casement for a glimpse inside. It is an empty shell, open to the sunshine and rain, and not even protected by the usual clambering ivy. Few now enter Niddrie, for although it stands picturesquely close upon the railway, the nearest station is distant, and access is difficult. The burn runs quietly around the castle, which is perched on a grassy knoll, and guarded only by some stately trees, under which cattle are peacefully sleeping.

Castle Milk.

After a short sojourn at Hamilton Palace the Queen passed to Castle Milk, where she stayed the night before the Battle of Langside was fought. This mansion stands about three miles to the east of the battlefield. It is one of those charming homes which only the old world can produce, and is surrounded by a vast domain, which has been cultivated by skilful hands for centuries, reaching in consequence that state of perfect beauty in which art appears artless. There are wide stretches of velvet lawn, sturdy oaks and graceful elms, a magnificent avenue, solemn and silent and stately, with flocks of sheep dotting the meadows, and herds of deer wandering under the trees. From the farther side of a placid lake, on whose bosom stately swans glide to

and fro, flights of old, grey, moss-grown steps lead up to the ancient mansion, where there is much to see and enjoy, but little that is connected with the subject of this volume, save the room where Queen Mary slept away her last peaceful hours in her own kingdom, a chamber in the second floor over the front portal, fully occupying the area of the square tower. The windows are deeply set in walls of great thickness, and light the room from three sides,

CASTLE MILK.

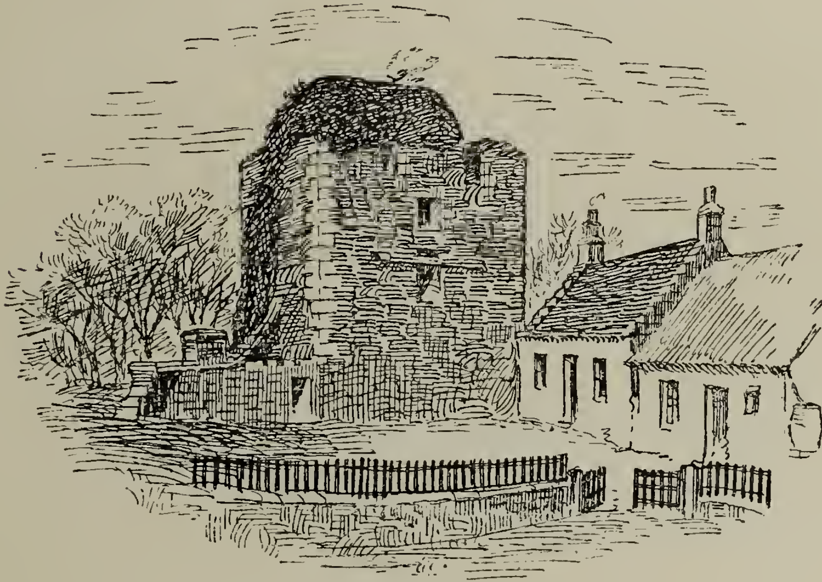
while they afford the occupants one of those enchanting, peaceful prospects that so charm strangers in Great Britain. The fire-place still holds its ancient andirons, before which the Queen doubtless sat long and pondered deeply on that last night of hope.

From Castle Milk the Queen passed onward with her army but two short miles, to where the Battle of Langside was fought. Cathcart Castle, from whose windows she witnessed the fight, is now a ruined tower much like Crookston, where she had been so happy with Darnley, and whose towers she could distinctly see from the tower of Cathcart.

Little can be discovered of the history of Cathcart, apart from what occurred on that one morning, and little even of that day, save the bare mention that from the tower and the small hill adjoining, the Queen looked on at the setting of the sun of her hopes on the fateful battlefield of Langside.

Langside.

The pilgrim to Langside to-day must be of an imagination passing that of most of his fellow mortals, if, as he stands on that historic spot, he can in



CATHCART TOWER.

any degree clothe it with the scenes of that momentous battle. The fight occurred on a ridge two miles to the southward of the Clyde. The City of Glasgow, which was at that time a small town, has to-day stretched its arms southward until, like the tentacles of the octopus, its long rows of houses and villas have surrounded and covered the spot where the battle was fought.

The city fathers have had the good sense and patriotism to secure the ridge as a public park, and it is laid out in formal walks and flower-beds. Standing south of this park is a monument surmounted by the lion of Scotland, and bearing the inscription "Langside, 13th of May, 1568." It marks the spot where the hopes of Mary Queen of Scots were crushed for ever, and this in a battle which lasted but thirty minutes. All Europe, all subsequent history, was affected by that short half hour. The troops of the Queen were endeavouring to reach Dumbarton, then regarded as impregnable, when they were met by the army under Moray. Had the tide turned the other way, had the Queen reached the rock, she would probably have regained her crown, for the Highlands were rising fast and strong in her name. Then she might have lived on in Scotland and passed finally to England as first Queen of the united kingdoms. If so, would the Catholic party have regained its old ascendency? Would Phillip of Spain have controlled England? Would the Inquisition have been established in the land and the fate of the Low Countries have been that of Great Britain? Whether so kindly a sovereign as Mary Queen of Scots would have been able to withstand the influence and power of Rome and Spain is now, fortunately for the world, simply an academic problem for students of probability.

Dundrennan Abbey.

"Here within this holy fane, oh Ladye rest thee."

With but a handful of devoted followers, Mary Stuart fled southward, broken-hearted. To reach Dumbarton was impossible, as the intervening country was hostile to her cause, and the army of the Regent held all the lands to the northward. Her only chance of safety was in the south. Mounted on such sorry steeds as had been saved to them, the little party sped away from Cathcart Castle. About sixty miles were passed the first day, greatly to the exhaustion of the Queen, who slept that night in a

peasant's cottage. It is said that when James VI. came to the throne he did not forget the kindness his mother had received in this lowly habitation, and that the owners thereof lived in comfort for generations on the bounty which he gave them. The credit of that act is also and with more probability, given to Lord Herries, who was with the Queen.

Passing on to Terregles House near Dumfries the fugitive rested for a night. Of that ancient mansion nothing remains ; a square modern dwelling marking the spot where once it stood. The old house was of a rambling character with many turrets, like Glamis Castle, though not so extensive. A picture of it hangs in the hall of the modern mansion, and high up in one of the pepper-box turrets they point out a window as that of the Queen's bed-room.

The Cistercian Abbey of Dundrennan stands eight miles from Kirkcudbright. It was founded by Fergus, Lord of Galloway, in 1142, and is now a ruin, whose grey walls are not clothed in a mantle of ivy, but are shrouded in pale mosses, which impart a silvery appearance to the ruins. Deep down in a valley, "far from the madding crowd," not on the banks of the Solway, but a mile and a half up a little burn, stands the sanctuary. To this holy retreat came the unfortunate Queen, and here she rested for the last time in freedom, with the power to come or go as she desired.

Within these secluded cloisters she held her last council, and by her haste and her refusal to be guided northward or defended here, she sealed her fate. From here she wrote to the English Queen and sent a ring, claiming the friendship and protection Elizabeth promised her when she had bestowed it.

This action of the Scottish Queen certainly indicated one of two things ; either she had not recovered from the stunned condition of mind, resulting from the murder of Darnley and the events which followed it, or she was not a woman of great power of judgment. She certainly should have understood, by that time, the utter insincerity of the English sovereign, and have been

fully aware that Elizabeth alone was responsible for all the troubles of Scotland; for without the assistance of the money and influence of England, the conspirators of Scotland would never have succeeded, so overwhelmingly were the Scottish people on the side of their Queen.

Those of her friends who had followed her to Dundrennan reasoned earnestly against her decision to pass to England. What a subject for an historical painting does that last council of Mary Stuart afford! The young and beautiful Queen, travel-stained and weary; the Bishop of Ross, the placid old Abbot and his monks, surrounded by the many serving men of the convent, in the picturesque dress of the sixteenth century, were gathered in the old Refectory, with its narrow windows, through which the sunlight streamed in long shafts, making the shadows within all the deeper by contrast with its rays. Weeping bitter tears, Mary entered the little boat dancing on the waters of Solway Firth. Even then had she listened to the prayers of her followers, who rushed into the water to draw her back, very different might have been her history. Fate willed it otherwise, and from the mouth of this little stream, Scotland's unhappy Queen sailed swiftly out on the Solway Firth, whose waters, ebbing like the tide of love, bore her onward and away for ever.

DUNDRENNAN ABBEY.

WORKINGTON HALL.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrival in England.—Imprisonment.

Workington Hall—Carlisle Castle—Bolton Castle—Tutbury Castle.

It is said that the Queen changed her mind after the tide had carried her from Dundrennan, and would have returned to Scotland, or gone to France, but the boatman was unable to do aught save guide the craft, a common fishing boat, which in some four hours stranded at the little port of Workington.

We can stand on the same spot to day, surrounded by the same class of people, fisher folk, that welcomed the exile. The waters of the Irish Sea gleam and dance in the sunshine, while off to the north-east the mountains of Scotland show clear and distinct above the horizon. Behind lies the fair English town, with its manor house, while the rolling woodlands extend into the blue distance. The scene is virtually the same as when Mary's eyes looked upon it three hundred years ago.

Up these streets, travel-stained and weary, with her little train of faithful followers, some of whom never deserted her while she lived, she passed to the portals of the stately manor house of Workington Hall, standing on a

hill above the river and behind the town. It was three hundred years old then, and it is to-day in the possession of the same family of Curwen that built it, the same blood that sheltered the fugitive Queen. Within its stately walls she dwelt for the last time a free woman, an honoured guest, and there is preserved the little drinking cup she left as a memento, the most precious treasure of the household. Here for one night she rested, awaiting the answer to her letter, which, with the ring that Elizabeth had given her with a promise of hospitality, she had sent to London. She received in reply, not a hospitable reception, but a commitment to Carlisle Castle ; and, from the fair manor of Workington, Mary rode forth on that journey towards imprisonment, which, after many changes of the place of confinement, was to end eighteen years later on the scaffold at gloomy Fotheringhay.

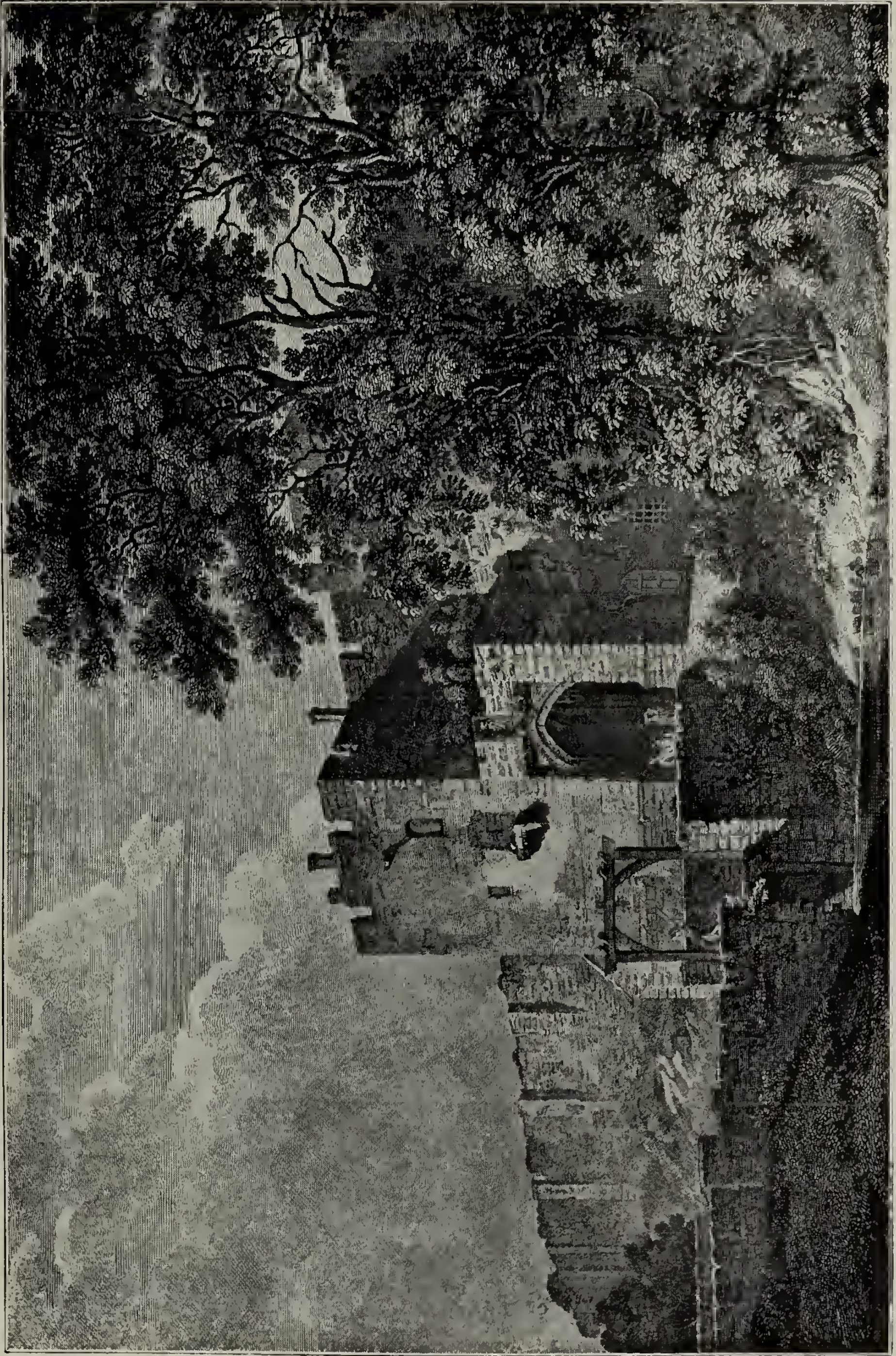
The royal party spent a short time at Cockermouth, where (although she did not know it) the Queen became a prisoner of England. Of Cockermouth Hall nothing remains but two or three rooms, one of which, it is said, was used by Mary as a bedroom during her brief stay. Here she received a present of "three ells of rich crimson velvet from the merchant, Henry Fletcher," who had observed her distressed condition. Here the neighbouring nobility assembled to do her homage ; here she held her last court, and from here, in brilliant pageant, attended by those who had come to greet her in the name of Elizabeth, and by her faithful Scots, she set out towards Carlisle Castle, where the first shadow of coming doom was to settle over the fugitive. Trusting to the promise of Elizabeth, she started gaily forward through this beautiful country, where her memory is yet green.

Carlisle Castle.

Fifteen centuries have rolled over the Castle of Carlisle, which still rises grim and dark from the centre of the ancient city of that name. The stone of which it is constructed seems to absorb all the

Carlisle Castle in the Sixteenth Century.

From an old print.



light that the most unclouded day can pour upon it. It is not majestic or imposing, as are so many English castles, but low and squat, and gloomy in appearance. Of the portions occupied by the Queen, only a few walls remain. The prisoner entered the frowning portals of the great tower, and passed upward through narrow passages, where the daylight could scarcely penetrate, through doorways so low that she was obliged to stoop to pass, and into chambers small and damp and gloomy. What were her thoughts as she heard the closing of the heavy portals, and the creaking of the locks as the keys were turned in them? Lord Scrope, who was Warden of the Marches and Commander of Carlisle, was perfectly respectful, but the Queen must have seen that his attitude was that of a jailor.

Within these walls she first met Norfolk—that weak man who did not hesitate, in order to save himself, to sacrifice the woman to whom he was plighted, and was thus pledged to protect. The ill fortune of her house never deserted Mary Stuart. No sooner was she out of one web of sorrow, than it wove another for her footsteps; and a new trouble began when she met Norfolk in this old and dismal Roman tower. Up and down and around its towers, pace the soldiers of that Sovereign whose right to the throne of the empire comes through the captive of Carlisle, but of that captive nought remains here save the memory of her name. From here Mary looked her last on the mountains of Scotland, and wept bitter tears over the tidings of bloodshed and murder, carried on by Moray in her son's name. Here, by the English Queen, was contrived that system of espionage which never ended while Mary Stuart lived; and here, through this treachery to her guest, began to grow that shadow which darkened the days of Elizabeth, and which will cloud her memory for ever.

Mary's first demand to be heard in extenuation of her honour was made from Carlisle, and met with the same fate that had befallen every other request which she addressed to the Queen of England. "I think it rather hard and strange (she wrote), seeing that I come so frankly into your country,

without making any conditions, confiding in your friendship, promised by you in frequent letters, that having remained as a prisoner in your castle, a fortnight at the coming of your councillors, I have not obtained permission of you to come and lament my case to you, since my confidence in you was such that I only asked to come to make you understand the reality of my grievances. Consider, I implore you, how important my long detention is to me, and be not the cause of my ruin, which, God be thanked, would not otherwise be inevitable. Manifest to me by deeds the sincerity of your natural affection for your good sister and cousin and sworn friend. Remember that I have kept my promise; I sent you my heart in the ring, and have brought you the true one in my person, to bind the knot that links us together more firmly."

Mary was without sufficient clothing when she reached Carlisle, and a few days thereafter received from Elizabeth a lot of cast off garments, an insult that was passed over in silence by the Scottish Queen. Even her jailor blushed with shame and mortification over the occurrence. The Spanish ambassador enumerates to his sovereign the articles sent,—"Two shabby shifts, two pair of old shoes, and some remnants of black velvet!"

At first Mary absolutely refused to leave Carlisle, and it was not until the thirteenth of July that she was finally induced to consent to her removal to Bolton Castle. It is known that she stopped in Lowther Castle overnight, and it is supposed that she also tarried a short time at Naworth. Kneeling on the portals of Lowther Castle, because of her kindly reception within its walls, Mary lifted up her hands and invoked a blessing upon it and its inhabitants throughout all generations to come, and the popular mind believes that that blessing abides to this day.

Bolton Castle.

"The grey arch crumbles and totters and tumbles;
The bat has built in the banquet hall;
In the donjon-keep sly mosses creep;
The ivy has scaled the southern wall.
No man-at-arms sounds quick alarms,
Atop of the cracked martello tower.
The drawbridge-chain is broken in twain—
The bridge will neither rise nor lower.
Not any manner of broidered banner
Flaunts at a blazoned herald's call.
Lilies float in the stagnant moat;
And fair they are and tall."

The license granted by Richard II. to Richard, Lord Scrope, for the building of Bolton Castle, dated 4th July in the third year of the reign of that monarch, is still preserved. The castle, it is said, was eighteen years in building, and the timbers used in its erection were drawn by oxen from the forest of Engleby. Though the glory has long since passed for ever from Bolton, though its roof now shelters only some of the yeomanry, and its walls are one grand banquet for the clambering ivy, its ruins are still stately and noble in appearance. In the heart of a sequestered valley, not far from Richmond, in Yorkshire, stands this castle of the olden time. On the side of a gentle slope, backed by a noble forest, rise the great towers, and it is difficult to believe on a first glance that all is indeed a ruin. The train rattles in from Hawes Junction, and as it rounds a curve, the visitor comes suddenly in sight of the majestic structure. Facing south, it catches the full glory of the sunlight, and as many of its windows still retain their glass, the reflected rays of the sun give a life-like appearance to the old pile. Involuntarily we may look for the flag that should float from its towers and denote the presence of the Lords of Scrope ; but flag and owners vanished long ago. The village green of Bolton is surrounded by low stone houses, over which tall fuschias and hollyhocks wave in the breezes. The village itself, inhabited by comparatively poor people, must look very much as it did when the

captive Queen of Scotland rode up its street in 1568, for the houses seem old enough to have been old at that time.

The Castle was originally a quadrangle, with a massive square tower at each corner; but one of the great towers is gone. First undermined by the Parliamentary troops, it finally collapsed in a November storm in 1761, and so Bolton became a ruin. Scrope described it as a more secure prison for the Queen than Carlisle, as it had but one entrance; and through this great archway the visitor passes, perhaps in company with some mild-eyed cattle that seem very much at home in this one time prison of a Queen. From the interior court the walls of the Castle rise one hundred feet in perfect condition, save where the fourth tower has fallen. There are the arched windows of the chapel, and under it, several tiers of dungeons. Entering the great central tower, and mounting the stone stairway, the visitor will pause now and then to gaze into a ruined banquet hall or a deserted chamber.

In the room of the custodian who shows the Castle a bright fire crackles on the hearth, a great clock ticks its warning in a distant corner, while several high-backed black chairs are by the sunny windows. The floors shine with recent scouring, and on the walls glisten the polished tins. The key of the rooms and a guide being forthcoming, the visitor is conducted to the top story of the castle, seventy-five feet above the ground, and enters a suite of three low rooms still in perfect condition. Owing to the great thickness of the walls, and the smallness of the windows, they are dark and gloomy. There were many finer and larger apartments in the Castle, but those chosen were safer, and in these small rooms Mary lived for six months, until the snow lay heavy on the land, and the cold became intense, when she was dragged to the still more gloomy Tutbury. It was in Bolton Castle that she was brought to consent to that conference at York at which Moray produced what were said to be copies of the Casket Letters, and where the Bishop of Ross, on the part of the Queen of Scotland, demanded a copy thereof for her inspection, and also accused Moray, Maitland, and Morton of Darnley's

murder. Here the Duke of Norfolk, encouraged by Moray and his conspirators (who knew that it meant the destruction of Norfolk and hoped that it might also be the undoing of Mary), persevered in his project for wedding the Queen, and was thus in part the cause of her removal to Tutbury. The mistress of Bolton, Lady Scrope, being sister to the Duke of Norfolk, did all in her power to further the suit of her weak unfortunate brother.

Miss Strickland thinks that even in France the Queen could not have seen such a wealth of flowers as greeted her eyes around Bolton; but Miss Strickland surely could not have visited the Queen's Royal Duchy of Touraine in the month of roses! Bolton, with its briar roses and woodbines, its harebells and crimson foxglove, its stretches of green sward dotted with pansies, its grand woodlands and grasslands, is indeed beautiful to look upon; and how much more so it must have been as Mary approached it in July, three centuries ago, when the castle was in all its glory, when these stately towers flaunted the gay banners of the Scropes, and these halls glistened with the picturesque costumes of chivalry! Even the Queen, a prisoner, must have been enchanted with the prospect as she entered the glades of Wensleydale.

It was not the custom to keep these great buildings furnished, and it is stated that Bolton was so unprovided on Mary's arrival that Sir George Bowes sent hangings and bedding from his own house. It was four years before Elizabeth could be induced to repay him in any way, but Mary never forgot his kindness, and mentioned it in a letter eleven years later. Bolton witnessed many instances wherein the hapless Queen gave evidence of her trust and belief in Elizabeth's good intentions, on the strength of which she countermanded all the arrangements then in progress in France and Spain for her deliverance. Huntly and Argyle were even then in the field in her cause; all Scotland was turning towards her, and the Earl of Moray had been denounced as a murderer, but Mary's orders paralyzed the activity of her friends. She was not a close prisoner in Bolton Castle, much of her time

being spent in the open country around it, and it is plain that had she not trusted so fully in Elizabeth, she could have found many opportunities to escape during the early months of her captivity. But it was not until her stay at Bolton was drawing to a close that she realised that she was in fact a prisoner, and then she endeavoured to escape. The window is pointed out from which she is said to have descended, also the path by which she departed, and the spot—Queen's Gap—where Lord Scrope re-captured her.

In Bolton Mary listened with apparent favour to the doctrines of the Reformed faith, so that Scrope said he had strong hopes of her conversion. This perhaps might have been accomplished had she found anything like faith or truth in the promises of its great "Defender" Elizabeth; but can the Scottish Queen be blamed for feelings of strong distrust towards a religion whose avowed leader showed by her actions that she regarded that faith with contempt?

While Mary was in Bolton, that great memorial address to Elizabeth, in which her liberation was prayed for, and their faith in her affirmed, was sent forth by a large majority of the nobles of Scotland. Here, too, she learned of the sale of her jewels, of which Elizabeth had secured the larger share, at a great reduction, amongst them the famous pearls. Mary was gleeful over the approaching conference at York, which she thought to be arranged in her favour. She announced that after the conspirators had been convicted, she was going to forgive them all, as her dear sister Elizabeth desired. She thought all would be done openly and in honour, because she wished it so. But she was told that the conspirators positively declined to bring forth any accusations against her, unless assured that Elizabeth would aid and maintain them in their proceedings. While at Bolton Mary heard also that Moray had been admitted to the presence of Elizabeth, upon which she immediately demanded the same privilege, "to come before them all, or else to cease all negotiations." Soon followed the news that the Casket Letters had been

submitted to the Council at Westminster, while none of her commissioners were present.

The summons then came to Mary to move on, and in the depth of winter she bade farewell to stately Bolton. On her way she spent a night at Ripon, and on the second night was within Pontefract Castle. It was eight days in all before she reached Tutbury Castle, her third English prison. On her way she passed through the old city of Chesterfield, with its curiously twisted spire, a twist traditionally given one windy night by the devil, who wrapped his tail round it!

Tutbury Castle.

At the royal fortress of Tutbury, Mary was delivered over, "a prisoner," by Sir Francis Knollis to the Earl of Shrewsbury and his redoubtable Countess, "Bess of Hardwick." He was a weak man, who sought ease and comfort for his old age by filling the post of fourth husband to a rich old shrew. When we take that fact into consideration, together with his position as jailor of the famous captive, we can easily imagine how great was his "peace."

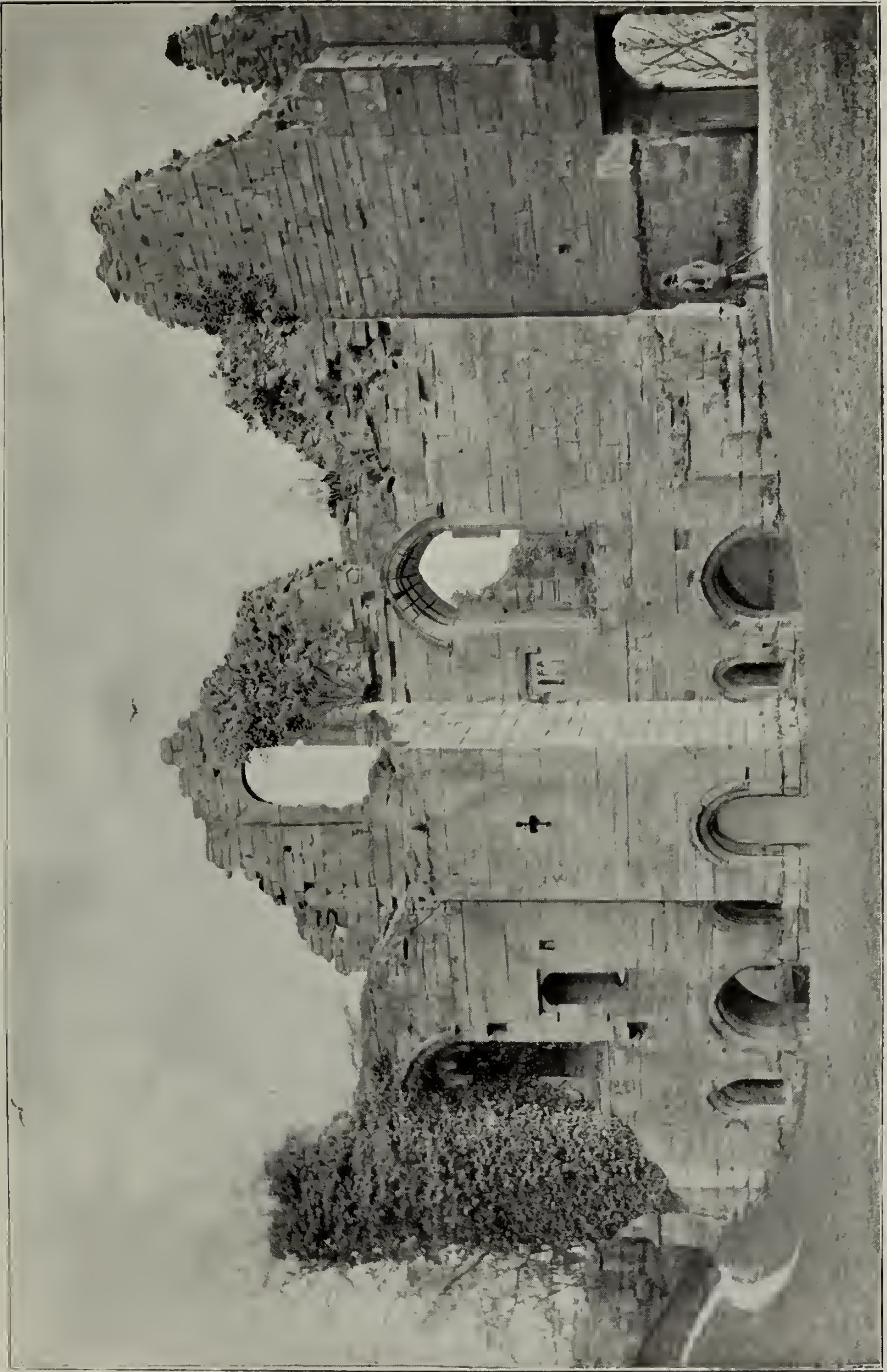
The rocks of Tutbury rise majestically above the river Dove, upon which, in the days of Julius Cæsar, the towers of a fortress stood bold and defiant. As the centuries passed, there have been connected with the place such names as Offa surnamed the Great, William the Norman, and John of Gaunt. Under John the castle attained great magnificence, and was, it is said, so overrun with minstrels that it was found necessary to appoint a king over them. We read that in olden times, on the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a magnificent festival was held at the castle, when the minstrels assembled at the gate of the ancient prior, and there by the tenure under which John of Gaunt had granted a new charter to the monastery when he took possession of Tutbury, the Prior was obliged to provide this merry-making

fraternity with a bull, which, before being delivered to them, had his horns, ears, and tail cut off, his body being carefully lathered with soapsuds and his nose liberally stuffed with pepper. The animal was then baited by dogs in the market place, and afterwards the minstrels attempted to catch hold of the enraged animal, and if any of them could deprive him of even a portion of his well greased hair, he was declared to be their property, provided such was done within Staffordshire, and before sunset. This barbarous practice received the name of the "Tutbury bull-running."

The most perfect gateway of the castle now bears the name of John of Gaunt, but the place has long since ceased to be the resort of kings, and the uninteresting town has not even a decent inn in which to afford shelter. It is, indeed, so little accustomed to visitors, and so far out of the beaten track, that it has not even the usual photographs for sale to cheer the eye! Dirty and grimy it spreads around and below the castle, while, in the space between, the ancient church and a few stones of the monastery are visible. In the distance stretches the forest of Needwood, once the haunt of Robin Hood. There are few ruins in Great Britain that are not from some point of view beautiful, but Tutbury is a notable exception. It would almost seem that those prisons where the Scottish Queen suffered most have themselves suffered heavily in the flight of years. The captive Queen, in a letter, described this castle as a place to keep pigs in. What Tutbury was then Tutbury is now. As visitors enter its ruined portals, they must cling to the walls and crawl along from stone to stone, to escape the mire and dung. It is literally a hog wallow.

The Queen was three times a prisoner in this place, the last time for eleven months, during which period she wrote the well-known heart-broken letter to Elizabeth. When she entered the castle for the first time, save for such things belonging to Lord Scrope as came with her, the place was destitute of furniture and remained so until some cast-off stuff was sent from the Tower of London. Here was submitted to her that work by Lesley,

Tutbury Castle.



"A Defence of the Queen's Honour," which Elizabeth so promptly suppressed after giving Buchanan's "Detection" great publicity. During this first imprisonment at Tutbury, Mary had not yet given up the idea that she was on her way to an interview with Elizabeth at her court.

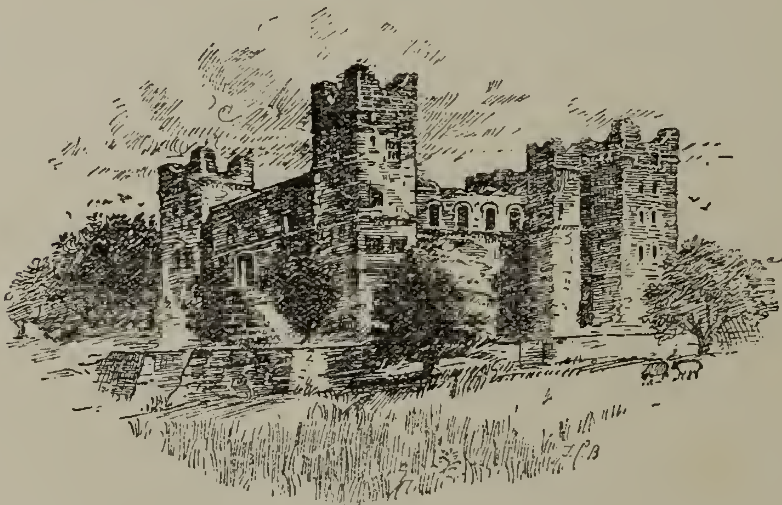
It is probable that, during her first short sojourn of two months in Tutbury, Mary's apartments were in the stone tower which is still pointed out as her prison; for some men are reported to have been discovered "searching under her window," which they could not have done had she been lodged in the wretched frame structure she so graphically describes later, and which must have stood near the centre of the enclosure. The large round tower, which now shows so conspicuously from the top of the little hill within the walls, is of modern construction.

Some of the four Marys, notably Mary Livingston, were still with the Queen, for here, as always, she was surrounded by noble, virtuous women; and it is noticeable that not one of these was ever summoned by the English court to testify; doubtless because their testimony would not have suited the plans and wishes of England's Queen. Had these ladies been able to give the slightest evidence against Queen Mary, not only Elizabeth and Cecil, but Moray and other conspirators in Scotland, would have compelled them to come forward in the earliest stages of the tragedy.

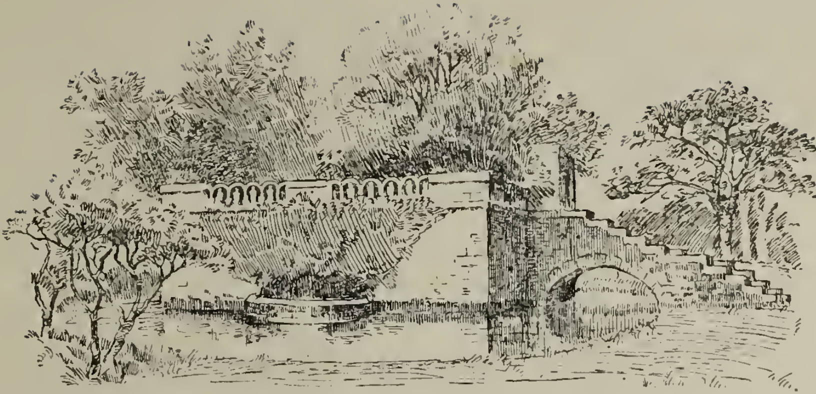
At Tutbury Castle, Mary commenced to work on that great quantity of embroidery which is shown to-day as the work of her fingers. If she did all that is attributed to her, even with the assistance of her ladies, she and they must have been most industrious during the entire eighteen years of her captivity. It was certainly a boon that she could so occupy mind and hands, and was probably an evidence of a certain strength and calmness of mind; for we have the picture presented of the Queen sitting down calmly to assortment of colours and the counting of stitches, even when life and throne were at stake. That Mary Stuart was a good woman, a noble woman, generous and unsuspicious, is generally admitted, but did this industrious needlework

show that she was great, as the world then understood the word? Would Elizabeth, or Maria Theresa, have been able thus to settle down to eighteen years of such labour? Mary Stuart should, indeed, have reigned in a later century, for greatness in the sixteenth century meant a full realisation of your own power and position, as well as of those of your enemies; it meant firmness and power to crush all that came in the way; it meant the almost entire obliteration of the words truth and mercy from your vocabulary; and it meant, finally, a perfect trust in none save in your own self, and an unscrupulous sacrifice of all others to that self. Mary's record of patient needlework is perhaps the best proof how little she came up to the standard of her day.

Tutbury, at best, was a damp place; and the Queen, after her severe mid-winter journey—she arrived here in February—was confined to bed with rheumatic pains in the head and neck, with a high fever. At the end of two months, she was removed to Wingfield Manor, Elizabeth having determined that the "Queen of Scots should never rest."



BOLTON CASTLE.



QUEEN MARY'S BOWER, CHATSWORTH.

CHAPTER IX.

VICISSITUDES IN ENGLAND.

Wingfield Manor—Coventry—Chatsworth and Queen Mary's Bower—Hardwick Hall.

Wingfield Manor.

"Where is she of the Fleur-de-lis,
And the true knight who wore her gages?
Where are the glances that bred wild fancies
In curly heads of my lady's pages?
Where are those who, in steel or hose,
Held revel here, and made them gay?
Where is the laughter that shook the rafter—
Where is the rafter, by the way?"

If Tutbury was noxious Wingfield is charming, and it is impossible to believe that even a prisoner could be entirely wretched in such a beautiful spot. It stands high on a wooded knoll about fourteen miles south from the town of Chesterfield, commanding a most picturesque outlook over the beautiful valley of Ashover. Stately trees grow in wild luxuriance around, so much so that at first the traveller has some difficulty in discerning the ruins. Here is one of those quaint little towns which are nearly always to be found in the vicinity of great castles in England, towns originally occupied by the retainers of the lords of the manor, and places whose quiet life

still flows onward, while the greater life at the castle has long ago passed away.

The comely woman whom we find at the little inn not only knows the way to the manor, but some portions of its history has found a resting-place in her mind ; for she smiles pleasantly, remarking ; " A fine day, sir; and you be on your way to the castle ? It was one of Queen Mary's prisons." Her face lights up as she mentions the Queen's name, and in answer to the question what she thinks about this woman of whom the whole world had thought and said so much, her reply is—" Ah, sir, she was a bonnie lady, and so good to the poor, even when she was poor herself." Here then, is another voice of "the people," and it can truthfully be said that in all this pilgrimage, with perhaps the single exception of the woman in John Knox's house at Edinburgh, no one has been found who had other than good words for the memory of the hapless Mary. For, as the good woman at the inn pronounces her verdict, the coachman turns around and, touching his hat, says " right she is, sir. We all love the memory of Queen Mary." As we drive onward through the quiet town, over the ancient bridge, and into the shades of the forest which surrounds the manor, we may reflect on the brightness of a memory which has thus lived for more than three centuries, and see in this a brighter gem than any other in Mary's crown.

Wingfield stands forgotten by the world of to-day. The road is carpeted with grass which shows no trace of the passage of wheels. The gates of the park creak in surprise, and from the thatched cottages numerous round-eyed children stare in silent wonder as the visitor approaches the old manor-house. It is evidently a ruin, yet not deserted, for to the left smoke arises from an ancient chimney. The entrance is closed with old doors of oak, and this antique bell-handle, so rusty and worn, may be the very same that Shrewsbury grasped when he brought his captive over from Tutbury ! Should no one answer the clang the visitor simply pushes open the door, and enters the great outer court, which is of immense extent and very imposing. Here,

Wingfield Manor—The Queen's Tower.

fronting us, rises the tower where the Queen lodged, which does not appear to agree with Miss Stricklands words, that "the portion pointed out as having been the quarter of the Queen is dark and dismal," for there seems nothing dark and dismal about this part of Wingfield. Having crossed the great courtyard, we pass through a doorway into a second court, where we see a dignified old gentleman in black, who, although he does not seem to notice visitors as they enter, may encounter them quite, as it were, by accident, in the great banquetting hall. While their thoughts are far back in the vanished centuries, amid the scenes which made Wingfield historical, he enters quietly, and greets the visitors with a pleasant smile, an antique smile quite in keeping with our surroundings—just like a companion to the ray of late October sunlight which falls through a long unbarred casement! We might almost expect to be addressed in the stately language of the "Golden Days," and to be asked whether we bring news from Scotland, or are lately from France. When this courtly custodian does speak, it is all of the castle and its past, and to something like this purport:—

"Wingfield is old, very old; and was very old before Queen Mary came here. It is mentioned in Domesday survey, and some think the name came from 'Winefield,' but that is all wrong. I think the name came from 'Win,' or 'Whin,' an ancient name for gorse or furze. At the Conquest the place came into the possession of William Peveril, a son of the Conqueror. You may see his castle still towering above Castleton. You will notice that this is a noble hall, more than seventy feet long and about thirty-six feet in width. See the tracery and mullions in its windows, and observe the dais where the noble owners sat at the raised table. Cover these rude stones with tapestry, fill the hall with a stately throng, furnish the table on the dais with plate and a brave feast, place the Queen at its head, with her people around her, and at the other end that shrewish Bess and her husband, the weak Earl, keeping constant watch and ward; light the whole scene by a roaring fire on the hearth behind you, and you have Wingfield of three centuries ago."

The speaker claims our attention further to usher us to the chapel and its still perfect crypt, into chamber after chamber, hall after hall, up ruined stairs, and on to the highest tower, from which a lovely view over the woodlands is obtained. This is the great tower already noticed as having been the prison of the Queen. The suite of apartments connected with it were occupied by her attendants, while beyond were the rooms occupied by the Earl and his household. From this tower Mary gazed, day after day, in hopes of succour, and in the great hall below Anthony Babington first beheld her.

While at Wingfield Queen Mary's guards numbered one hundred and fifty, of which the night watch always consisted of fifteen or sixteen, and the domestic establishment of the Queen is said to have consisted of "5 gentilmen, 14 servitours, 3 cooks, 4 boys, 3 gentilmen's men, 6 gentilwomen, 2 wyves, 10 wenches and children." The diet of the Queen, on "both fishe and fleshe days," was "about 16 dishes dressed after their own manner, sometimes more or less, as provision serveth." The Queen had four good coach horses, and her gentlemen six, and about forty horses were kept altogether. The same document states that the Queen had no "napery, hangings, bed linen," etc., of her own, and that she had to be provided by Lord Shrewsbury—that which had been sent by Elizabeth's order being declared to be "nothing of it serviceable, but worn and spent." In Wingfield the royal prisoner was so ill that Elizabeth was forced to send her own physician to her bedside, and followed him up by a hypocritical letter of congratulation on Mary's recovery.

Here Mary was reduced to such straits that she had not the means to pay her physicians. Moray had confiscated her Scottish revenues, and Catherine de Medici those of Touraine ; so the Bishop of Ross borrowed from the Duke of Norfolk. The record of the failure of the hopes of the confederacy of the nobles of England in her behalf, of their desire that she should marry Norfolk, of her appeal to the Pope to "release her from the abhorrent wedlock that she had been compelled against her will to contract

with Bothwell," of her contract of marriage with Norfolk, of her efforts to escape from Wingfield, of their frustration through the weakness and cowardice of Norfolk, of the arrest of that noble and his execution, of the northern rebellion and its failure, belong to history, and have been told and retold.

The Shrewsburys held the manor of Wingfield until 1616, when it passed to the Earl of Pembroke, who sided with the Roundheads. Occupied first by one side, then by the other, its sieges were long and terrible, ending only when the cannon of Cromwell battered down its walls. What was left was by Act of Parliament reduced to ruins. The place is now owned by the family of Halton, who have done much to preserve it. The visitor leaves it by a postern-gate leading straight into the forest:—

> "All is dead there; poppies are red there,
> Vines in my lady's chamber grow,
> If 'twas her chamber where they clamber
> Up from the poisonous weeds below.
>
> All is dead there, joy has fled there;
> Let us hence, 'tis the end of all—
> The grey arch crumbles, and totters and tumbles,
> And silence sits in the banquet hall."

Coventry.

The insurrection in the north, and the reported engagement of Norfolk to Mary, led Elizabeth to order the captive back to Tutbury. In the meantime Mary's coffers had been ransacked for evidence which might convict Norfolk, and her very bed chamber had been invaded by men in arms. Shrewsbury and his Countess had been superseded as jailors by Huntingdon, in whose keeping Mary feared for her very life, as his claims to the crown were also great. In the matters of Norfolk and the northern rebellion, Mary Stuart could well pray to be delivered from her friends. The weakness and utter cowardice of that nobleman, and the rashness of the Queen's friends, were potent factors for her destruction; while firmness of purpose on the

part of the Duke, and a cool hand to conduct the rebellion, might have saved the captive and her cause. Again the opportunity of escape was offered, and again, at Norfolk's desire, she allowed it to slip by.

Continued outbreaks in the north, under Northumberland and Westmorland, caused the Queen to be again removed from Tutbury, and taken to the town of Coventry; and on the way there, one night was spent at Ashley. Placed by the English Queen in the hands of Huntingdon, she had no easy time of it. "The good Queen Bess" was perhaps only too willing that Huntingdon should make away with the Queen of Scots. He would thereby have subjected himself to the charge of murder, and Elizabeth could thus have rid herself of two formidable claimants to her throne. But Huntingdon, although he hated Mary, was too shrewd to play into the hands of the wily Tudor. Hurrying his captive onward, he halted the second night at Arthurstone, and the succeeding night saw the Queen in Coventry, where she was lodged in the Bull's Inn, Smithfield Street, which occupied the site of the existing barracks.

Shrewsbury and his Countess were still in attendance, and as Huntingdon was cordially hated by both, they for once made cause with the prisoner against their common foe. The Queen, after one night in the inn, was removed to the "mansion within the gateway, opposite St. Michael's Church, and adjoining St. Mary's Hall."

The entrance to the town of Coventry has little interest, the place having been completely modernised. New villas, with spruce-looking gardens, are spread around; prim-looking brass plates of doctors glisten from much polishing, gracious curates hold street consultations with maidens of certain or uncertain age, and all the prosaic life of the nineteenth century flows placidly onward. Surely this is not the city of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom; not a place retaining many traces of an historic time!

But the unexpected meets us when we turn into the main square and see stretching before us the streets of the old city, bordered by many quaint and

curious houses. Older Coventry has to a great extent escaped the destructive hand of modern restoration, and therefore still possesses much of the picturesqueness of the sixteenth century.

St. Mary's Hall retains almost entirely its ancient appearance, and resembles somewhat the halls in Edinburgh Castle and Hampton Court. It would not be a surprise to discover the virgin Queen, in full ruff and farthingale, seated here on the great carved chair, or to find the hall decorated with the names, arms, and banners of her nobles—dust and ashes all of them three centuries ago. Here Elizabeth tarried a day on her way to those famous fêtes at Kenilworth, and to this building she ordered the Scottish Queen to be brought.

The custodian, from his bunch of keys, produces one marked "Queen Mary's Room," and leading the way up a winding stone stair, and through the minstrel gallery of the great hall, ushers the visitor into a smaller room beyond. Here we are in another prison of the unfortunate Mary, and one apparently untouched by time or man. Too small and too secluded to attract attention, and possessing nothing that the marauder could carry away, this prison of the Scottish Queen remains practically as she beheld it. The smaller room, long and narrow, shows in its ceiling heavy black rafters, with small windows high up amongst them, through whieh nothing but sky can be seen, and from which no message could be sent. Here, and in the larger room outside, Mary passed many hours.

Other apartments in the hall are called by her name, but these two small rooms, and not the more spacious quarters, with their windows opening on the street, bear the impress of the place in which Elizabeth confined her rival claimant to the throne. "Love laughs at locksmiths," and it is said that, despite the close watch and the inaccessible windows, Mary kept up a correspondence here with Norfolk in the Tower of London.

The entire building is of the period, and all appears to be connected with the memory of the Scottish Queen. Even in the kitchen, we still find the

ancient arrangements for cooking. The great court is a bit of quaintness rarely to be met with in these days, and a visitor may linger long in its sunny silence. The walls of the great staircase and hallway are lined with ancient tapestry; in the casements are small diamond-shaped leaded panes of glass, and the wood-work is black with age. But the old city has lost much of its importance, and, save for some rare celebration of the legend of Lady Godiva, it seldom now awakens to life. Coventry thinks no more of king or commonwealth, but in heart, soul, and body is given over to the manufacture of cycles; and it may be doubted if one within the limits of the town to-day has a single thought for the days of Queen Mary, save the interested visitor or the old custodian of the hall associated with her name. And yet during the Queen's stay here, in obedience to Elizabeth's direct instruction to the Mayor to "see her safely kept and guarded until our pleasure shall be otherwise to determine," the citizens of Coventry are stated by the local historians to have "kept watch and ward day and night at every gate, that none might pass without examination."

Mary had been but two months at Coventry, when she was hustled back to Tutbury. Her life had now become a mere game of battledore and shuttlecock. It was during this third sojourn in Tutbury that she became aware that fate was moving against her persecutors, for in the month of January news came of the death of Moray at a time when the English court was deep in a plot to hand her over to him, with the understanding that she was to be "executed within three hours thereafter." His treachery to friend and foe had met at last its just deserts. A bastard born, his life was ever in keeping with his birth; and as the final dastardly plot against his sister's life had been completed on the morning of his assassination, he went into the presence of his Maker really guilty in conscience of another murder. Had Mary been in Scotland at this time there is every reason to think she might have regained her throne.

Chatsworth.

> " And ever the Derwent lilies her tears
> In their silver urns were catching,
> As she looked to the cold and faithless north
> Till her eyes waxed dim with watching."

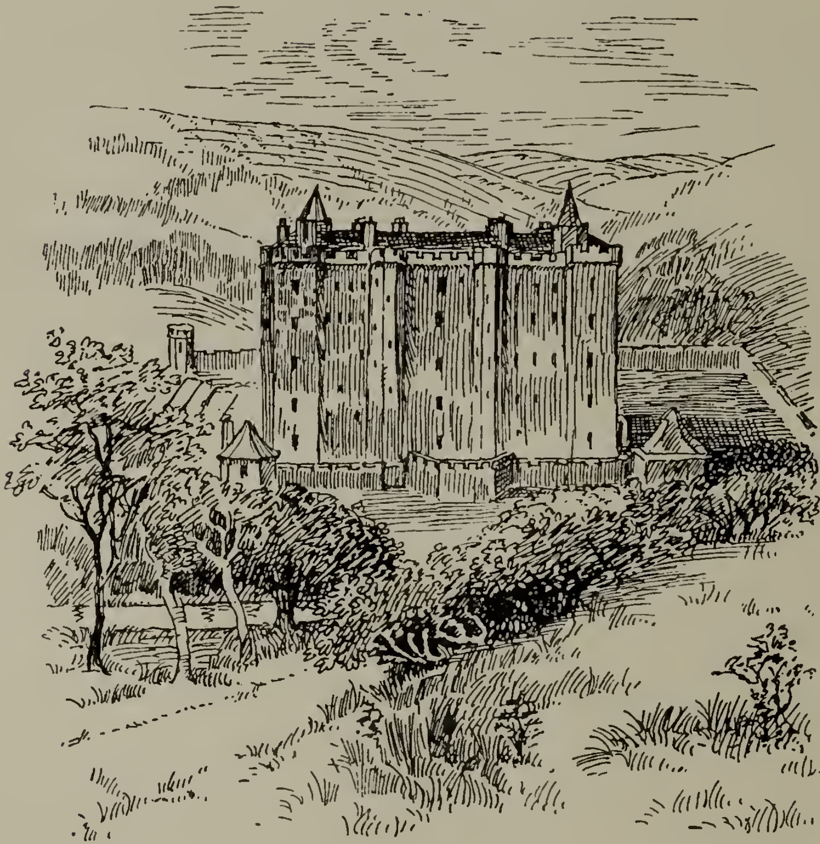
The Chatsworth of to-day is far different from the castle which formerly stood on its site, and in which the Queen of Scots was kept a prisoner for five months ; and as the modern building is, with its magnificent park, well known, and is not concerned with this story, it requires no notice here.

The manor of Chatsworth, anciently written Chetesuorde, was held in Domesday times by William Peveril. Chetel, a Saxon owner, no doubt gave the name to the place—" Chettelsworth " or the Court of Chettel. It was purchased in the sixteenth century by Sir William Cavendish (the second husband of " Bess of Hardwick "), who did not live to see the old hall completed. His widow inhabited it for some years, and there she raised that family of three sons and three daughters who figured so extensively as instruments of petty torture during the years in which the Queen of Scotland was held in her clutches. A disposition such as this Countess of Shrewsbury is known to have possessed must have acted as a strong bodily and mental tonic, as she outlived four husbands, and reigned for seventeen years in absolute power, during which time none of the doughty warriors of her day dared to offer to share her rule.

The old hall, which stood where the present mansion rears its walls, was a vast quadrangle five stories high, with square towers at the corners, and two towers on each of its four sides. There must have been more than four hundred windows in this building, so that, in one sense, the Countess's ways were not those of darkness. Of the interior construction of the house nothing is known, although it is alleged that the smoking room, the oldest portion of the present mansion, was part of the older building. This is a

fine apartment, wainscotted in oak, and supported by columns, but it is not shown to visitors.

The Queen of Scotland was at Chatsworth on several occasions, as it was used as a stopping place on her journeys to the neighbouring springs of



CHATSWORTH OLD HALL.

Buxton. The only spot which can now be associated with the captive is the square embattled enclosure, half garden, wholly prison, which stands in the park, encompassed by the sluggish waters of a pond or moat. Its grey walls, ivy decked and moss encrusted, surround some desolate yew trees,

whose drooping branches seem borne down by the burden of sorrow which they witnessed when the captive, like a caged animal, paced beneath their shadows. The rest of the enclosure is covered with tangled sweetbriar and white rose. Nature has made it beautiful, but nature cannot destroy its sad memories, which cluster so thickly about the stone steps and the archway leading to the breast-high battlemented walls whence the visitor gazes into the waters of the moat. There are no traces of the flowers planted there by the Queen, and the grass grows thick and green over the paths, mayhap worn bare by her ceaseless pacing to and fro.

Imagination pictures the unfortunate captive here, tortured almost to madness by Cecil and Walsingham, who were sent thither by the English Queen to force concession after concession, on the pretence of an intended liberation and restoration to the throne. However much the Prime Minister and the thin wolf-like Walsingham might gloat over the sorrows and tears of this one lone woman, whose death had become a necessity to them, they could not daunt her; and when they proposed that she should order the surrender of her royal fortresses of Edinburgh and Dumbarton, promptly and nobly came her answer, "I will die first." And terrible must have been her anguish when she read the letter—so kindly forwarded by Elizabeth!—containing the news that Lennox was instructing her boy to apply every known vile epithet to her name. The Queen's sojourn in Chatsworth was comparatively a comfortable one, so far as bodily ease was concerned. Shrewsbury was loyal to his own Queen, but he was not brutal to his captive, and he seemed to have been able at all times to tie down his termagant Countess.

The Country of the Peak is one ot the wildest and most beautiful in England, and the captive Queen, strongly guarded, was wont to explore it on horseback for several miles from her prison, and she may have visited Haddon Hall, that quaint, beautiful, and still perfect relic of long ago. She was at this time the object of several romantic conspiracies on the part of

those who desired her liberation, and had there been one cool head and strong hand amongst the hundreds around her, she might have escaped to the Isle of Man and thence to Scotland. But again she consulted Norfolk, and again that nobleman, to save himself, counselled her to do nothing, and another chance thus slipped away. At this period the Queen's party was strong, both in England and Scotland, and the people around Chatsworth were so friendly that she could probably have passed unmolested to the sea, some sixty miles away. But the traitor Rolliston betrayed all, and she was then removed to Sheffield Castle.

Whether it be the case or not that the memory of a woman clings longer round a spot than that of a man, it is notable that the only memories which hang around Chatsworth are those of three women—widely different in character and history—the Queen of Scotland, the Countess of Shrewsbury, and Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. To the passing world there is nothing of historic interest in modern Chatsworth. It is a gorgeous museum, but, aside from some needlework of the captive Queen, it contains practically nothing older than the last century.

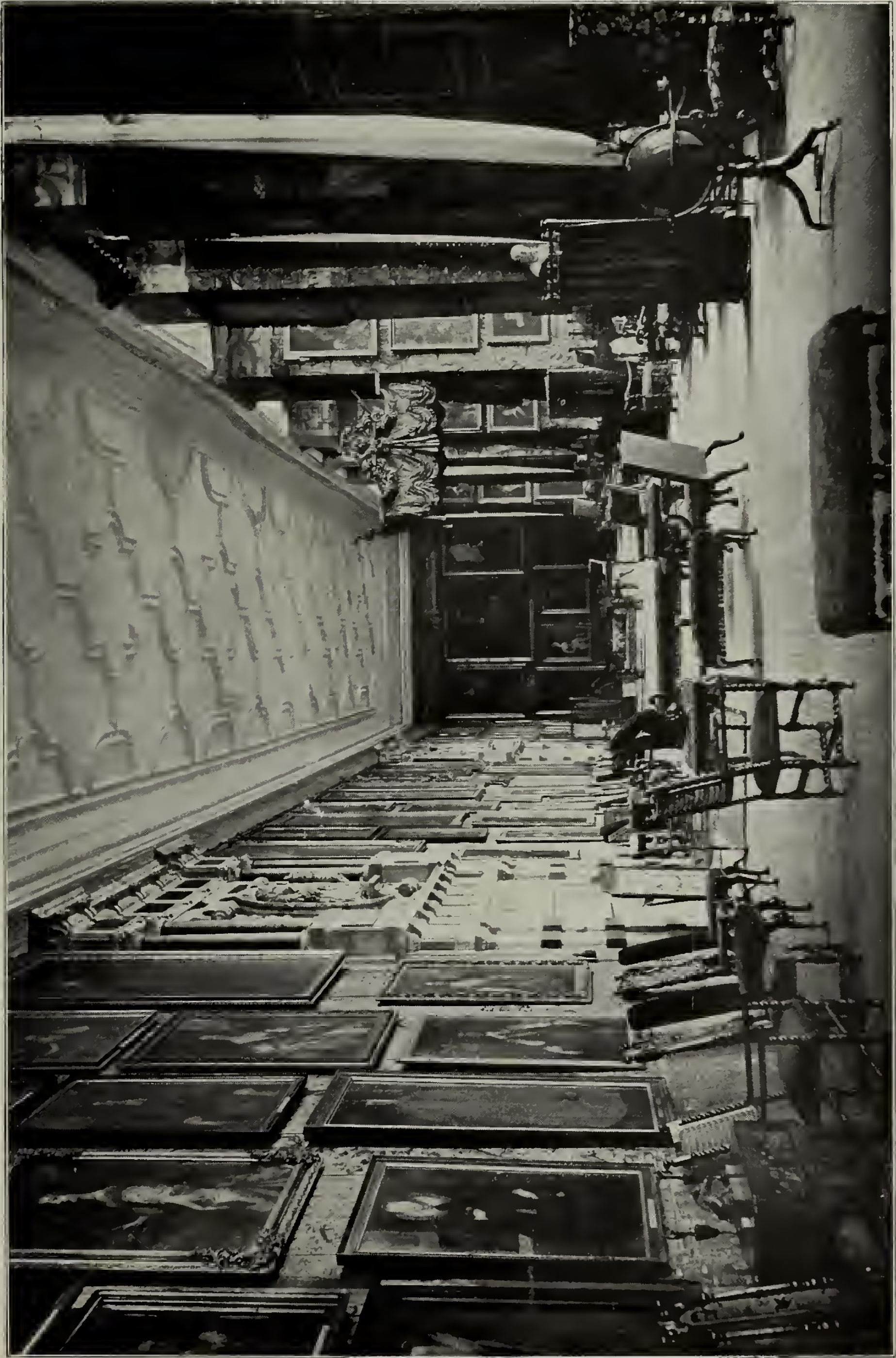
Hardwick Hall.

It is an open question whether the Scottish captive Queen ever visited old Hardwick, but the present hall is so full of mementoes of her captivity, that notice of it can scarce be omitted.

The towers of this famous manor house rise clear and sharp against the sky from the magnificent park, amidst stately elms and sturdy oaks, under which herds of deer are seen. The building stands high on a hill, and overlooks one of the most beautiful districts of England.

Hardwick, as now seen, is a manor house of the modern time, built after the necessity for loop-hole and machicolation, portcullis and drawbridge, had passed away. Hence in the rebound from that style of architecture which

Hardwick Hall—Picture Gallery.



had been prevalent for centuries, and was now rendered useless by the invention of gunpowder, Hardwick had been built by the redoubtable Bess with windows so enormous that they extend from one floor to another, and cause the manor to look somewhat like a palace of glass. On the four sides of each tower—and there are four great towers—the initials "E. S." are to be seen from a great distance, and they appear also over the door of the main courtyard, and again in the brilliant beds of flowers on either side. The grey walls are covered with trailing plants. Here the purple clematis casts its royal wreaths around this coronet in stone; yonder a passion flowers drops its garlands and dainty blossoms over an old sun-dial, which it so enshrouds that the efforts of the dial to tell the time are fruitless. Stately peacocks occupy the garden, and when one spreads his splendid tail in greeting, he is more magnificent than Queen Elizabeth in her most gorgeous days. His sedate lady walks around us with dainty tread and watchful eye, as though she would inquire the meaning of our intrusion. She is not unlike the celebrated Bess of Hardwick.

Beyond the court of the newer hall, which has as yet but three centuries to its credit, rise the ruins of old Hardwick, where, it is said, Mary of Scotland passed some time, though there is no documentary evidence of the fact. It is a stately ruin, of the manor house type, and fairly encurtained with ivy. At present admittance is given at Hardwick to a great hall whose walls are hung with historic Gobelins tapestry, before which suits of armour and the antlers of many a deer are displayed; and at the far end stands a life-like statue of Scotland's Queen, in full court dress. The mansion displays a vast collection of stately rooms, stairways, and tapestried chambers, and a library that makes the visitor desire to settle there, until on glancing upwards he may catch from a picture the sinister gleam of two cold greenish grey eyes, in a sharp pallid face, backed by an Elizabethan ruff, and topped by a mass of red hair. This is a malignant face, whose owner, Bess of Shrewsbury, was dubbed by the earl, "My wicked and malicious wife." Near

by hang the portraits of her four husbands, and below those of some of her detestable sons.

A pleasant contrast to the fiendish face of Bess (who might pass for the Witch in Scott's "Tapestried Chamber"), is that of Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, as she smiles from an opposite wall, seeming almost to offer you a kiss, as she did to the butcher of old!

In one room is shown a bed, whose "spread" and hangings are said to have been worked by Mary and her ladies. The spread is a marvellous piece of embroidery, silk on linen, while the hangings are of velvet, of deep blue, with a pattern of pink roses and white lilies. It has already been remarked how many years of suffering the Queen whiled away, as she stitched at this kind of work, so yellow with age now. Probably she would have gone crazy had it not been for such employment; and it is recorded by her enemies that when they approached and informed her of some plot on her part against the English Queen, she was always found peacefully at work over her embroidery frame. In fact, Mary Stuart displayed a remarkably quiet and restful mind for one who, if we are to believe the tale of James Anthony Froude, was a mass of wickedness, and "a most consummate actress, even in her death." Two large pieces of Mary's work are on the walls, and there is also a portrait of her father, James V., which she carried everywhere with her during the long years of her captivity, and which hung in her chamber at Fotheringhay when she passed from it to her doom.

In the long gallery hangs a life-size portrait of Queen Mary, showing her in black velvet, with a high white ruff, her hair standing far out from her head on each side, while a lace cap and long veil rest upon it, the former coming to a point over the forehead. She grasps a prayer book in one hand, and the crucifix in the other, and appears to gaze scornfully, though calmly, at something before her. The opposite portrait shows a man in crimson doublet and hose, with cap and feather of the same colour, who regards with cruel, crafty expression his royal victim. This is Robert Cecil, Lord Burghley,

who, together with Walsingham, sent Mary of Scotland to the scaffold. In this portrait we almost seem to hear him repeat those words of the Earl of Kent—"Your life, Madam, means the death of our religion, as your death is its life."

The morning sunlight streaming in at the great windows, throws the Queen and Cecil into high relief, just as the light of the present day has illuminated their characters. Other faces on the walls seem to closely watch these two, or that other quaintly magnificent figure near the throne, Elizabeth the Queen, in the heyday of her brilliant fuss and feathers. She wears a dress of white satin, on which crocodiles and like delicate creatures are disporting themselves; and one reptile on the front of the gown has his jaws open, as though to devour his royal mistress. A ruff of enormous size serves as a background for a small pointed face, in which a pair of red eyes gleam vengefully and suspiciously. Upon her red hair rests the crown, which brought but little more joy to its royal wearer than did that of Scotland to the unhappy Mary. This picture, like all portraits of this vain Queen, is painted without shadows on the face. She would have it so—"There are no shadows on my face, so why should there be any on my portrait?" In this excellent portrait she shows the strong determination of her character, as she also exhibits traces of those elements of weakness and vanity by which that character was clouded.

Hardwick, like other old halls of high degree, is haunted. As the shadows grow deeper and deeper on Halloween, and the hands of the castle clock point near to midnight, a strange uneasiness is said to be noticed amongst the usually stately and always select company which occupies these walls. The first to move is Bess of Shrewsbury, who hastens to her grand-daughter, the fair but unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart, in the corner, and would guard her from the son of the poor Scottish Queen whom she herself had helped to torture. But it is useless, Madam Bess. "The sins of the fathers" are "visited upon the children," and poor Arabella, innocent like

the other victim, must suffer for your crimes, as well as for the royal blood in her own veins. Could the hard eyes of Bess pierce the veil of the future, as they almost seem to be doing now, her head would surely be bowed in deepest sorrow over Arabella's years of misery, and her sad death in the Tower of London. The lesser folks of the long ago are meantime already out of their frames and hobnobbing on the floor; the beautiful Georgiana is again purchasing votes with kisses; Cecil and Walsingham plot together; Nell Gwynne leans far out of that window to flirt with Charles II.; Marlborough has escorted Queen Anne into a corner, and is, no doubt, talking scandal, while the Children of Charles I. chase the moonbeams around the hall. When midnight tolls, there is a sudden rising and attention on the part of the august company, as from her place on the wall, and straight to the throne beyond, steps Elizabeth, Queen of England. All have risen except that stately blackrobed woman with a sadly beautiful face, who proudly retains her seat. The descendant of Charlemagne, the Queen Regnant of Scotland, and Queen Consort of France, pays no heed to the daughter of Anne Boleyn; but is deeply engaged in talk with Darnley, while her hand rests in benediction on the head of little James.

According to this Halloween phantasy, every nook and corner of the old hall is filled with the stately company, which glides here and there, gravely saluting one another, but silent always. They grow dim and shadowy as a streak of grey dawn creeps in at the casement, causing a hurrying and scurrying on the part of the humbler folks, and a stately gliding on the part of the Queens, as each and all mount to their frames once more; and there, on the walls of old Hardwick, they will remain, watching silently the passage of the gliding years.

Hardwick amazes by its wealth of tapestry. The long picture gallery is entirely covered with it, and the tapestry is in turn almost hidden by portraits. The corridors and grand staircases, and all the chambers, both great and small, show a wealth of the precious fabric. Old Hardwick

is in such an unsafe condition that no one is now allowed to enter it. It seems to have been destroyed by fire, and is now but an empty shell, the four walls alone remaining.

ST. MARY'S HALL, COVENTRY.

BUXTON.

CHAPTER X.

SOJOURN AT SHEFFIELD.

Sheffield Castle and Manor House—Buxton Springs—Return to Tutbury Castle.

SHEFFIELD.

It is difficult to believe that a place worthy to be considered beautiful could have existed upon the spot now shadowed by the pall of smoke that hangs over Sheffield. The ancient cities of England are most picturesque, but many of the modern are certainly amongst the most uninteresting spots upon earth—street after street, mile after mile of houses exactly alike; all perfectly plain, all of dingy yellow, streaked with black. Especially is this true of the manufacturing towns, and when to this is added a pall of dense smoke, there is found a combination most depressing in its effects upon the visitor. —Such is Sheffield.

Of Sheffield Castle and Manor House practically nothing remains, for the former has long since disappeared, and it is difficult to discover the latter. Over the roof of a tumble-down house we catch sight of a broken archway, still showing some rich carvings, and passing through it and up an alley

Sheffield Manor—showing the Queen's Tower.

From an old print.

into a dirty pasture, we come upon what is left of Sheffield Manor House—a square stone building three stories in height, twenty-five feet square, and covered with ivy. By a narrow turret staircase are reached Queen Mary's guard room and chamber. The latter, not more than twelve by fourteen feet in size, has been restored, and it is really one of the saddest spots in the world. In it more than anywhere else we enter into and realize the heart-breaking sadness of the life of Scotland's Queen in her English prisons. Here is the little fireplace, and before it her chair. Here she wept many bitter tears, here she began to appreciate the hollowness and weariness of it all; here she knew at last that she was destined to a life-long imprisonment, and here she realized fully the falseness and hypocrisy of England's Queen.

The Manor House was, in times of peace, and on account of additions and improvements, considered a more desirable residence for the Queen than the castle, from which it is about two miles distant, and in it Mary was confined when first she came to Sheffield. It was built of stone and timber, with an inner and an outer court, two gardens and three yards, one of which contained four acres. Here it was that Cardinal Wolsey spent eighteen days as a prisoner, though treated more as a guest, and from here he passed to his death at Leicester.

At that period the Manor House stood in the centre of one of those majestic parks with which England abounds, and the outlook from the towers must, in those days, have been beautiful. Fine avenues of trees led to the house from several directions, while an ocean of green foliage rolled its leafy waves from the walls away over hill and dale, until it met the bending arch of a clear blue sky. How different is the outlook to-day! From the window, famous as that from which the Queen attempted to escape, are seen around and beneath the wretched hovels of the English poor. Across the mouldering stone-work of an ancient arch several lines of half-washed clothing flap to and fro; while chickens, pigs, and children are seen pell-mell in

the court beneath, which is ankle-deep in filth. In that same courtyard the unfortunate Queen was allowed to take her exercise! What was once aglow with the pageantry and glitter of that picturesque age, and with a clear, sunny sky, is shrouded now in a dense pall of smoke. The casement is still filled with its ancient glass, through which the captive peered often and vainly for the succour that never came.

Mary did not stay long in Sheffield Manor House, for at the first rumours of the attempt of Sir Henry Percy to deliver her, the ponderous gates of Sheffield Castle closed on her, only to open now and then in the course of a dozen years, for an occasional visit to the baths of Buxton. Nearly all the greater events of her imprisonment occurred during her detention in Sheffield Castle. It is easy to enumerate them now, but slowly the days, months, and years must have passed to the young Queen, who, when she entered there was but twenty-six years of age. No wonder her hair turned grey, no wonder her figure became bowed with sorrow and sickness before its time; no wonder her heart was broken. Good news was never allowed to reach her—bad tidings were sent direct "by order of the Queen's Majesty."

Dumbarton fell while she was yet at the Manor House, and that terrible bit of news drove the captive to an attempt to escape. George and Willie Douglas—both Protestants—who had never ceased their endeavours for her rescue, were again with her. Then came the discovery that Elizabeth, having failed in her attempt to have the captive poisoned, had ordered Randolph to ratify the treaty by which Mary was to be given over to Lennox in exchange for Northumberland, with the understanding that she was to be executed within two hours of her arrival in Scotland. As in the case of Moray, this scheme was frustrated only by the death of Lennox. The execution of Norfolk was soon followed by the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and this had a terrible effect upon the fortunes of all Catholics, and, of necessity, upon those of the Queen. Her people were driven from her, and when she parted from them she gave the command that "ye live in friend-

ship and holy charity with one another, and now being separated from me that you mutually assist each other from the means and graces that God has given you, and, above all, pray to God for me."

Then complete solitude settled down upon Mary, which, as she was informed by Elizabeth, should only end with her life. When the Queen asked for a priest of her own faith, Elizabeth sent instead a copy of Buchanan's famous "Detection." All this time Bess of Hardwick never left her, and we can well imagine the tortures she inflicted upon her victim. Again Elizabeth conspired to deliver her over to death through Mar, and again she was checkmated by death's sudden descent upon that Regent. Then came the news of the death of Maitland, with the strong suspicion that Morton had poisoned him. Certainly Mary had the satisfaction of knowing that one by one her greatest enemies were meeting with death by violence. Already Moray, Lennox, Mar, and Bothwell were gone, and others joined them before the axe fell on the Queen. Kirkcaldy of Grange was executed, but not until both he and Maitland had turned to the cause of the Queen, if indeed Maitland had ever left it. Morton died on the block some time later, for Darnley's murder. But when all this had been finally accomplished, Mary Stuart had ceased to hope for a return to her throne, and she herself was almost forgotten by the world.

At the time now reached, it was petty persecution rather than her greater sorrows that made Mary's life wretched. Men seem to be given strength to bear great sorrow, but the small cares of existence break their spirit. It may be doubted if even the fall of her last fortress, Edinburgh Castle—information of which reached her about this period—was as hard to bear as the news that Walsingham had robbed her boxes from Paris, in order to bestow some of their contents upon his fair friends, or that Shrewsbury was ordered to "tempt her patience." That she had given up hope of freedom is proved by her expressed hope that she "may be allowed to visit Buxton waters another year."

Across the gloom of these fourteen years came the comparatively happy moment of the wedding of Darnley's brother, Charles Lennox, with Elizabeth, daughter of Bess of Hardwick. The wild indignation of the Majesty of England over the match must have been something amusing to behold, for the great Elizabeth actually danced with rage, and immediately locked up both mothers-in-law. It might have been a pleasure to assist at the turning of the key on Bess of Hardwick, but the poor old Countess of Lennox had spent so much of her life in going to jail, that one cannot but feel sorry for her even now. Of course, the imprisoned Queen was held as an accessory, and was accordingly subjected to additional torture. If Mary had been a bloodthirsty character, it would have been some consolation to her to have lifted the veil of years, showing how complete was to be her revenge upon the Countess of Hardwick, through the fate of Lady Arabella Stuart, daughter of this couple, whose wedding the Queen had attended at Sheffield. The wedding, it may be noticed, was followed by a complete reconciliation between the Countess of Lennox (Darnley's mother) and Mary Stuart.

Shortly after this wedding, came the news of Bothwell's death, and of his reported confession exonerating the Queen. This confession is said to have existed in the middle of the last century, but all trace of it has been lost. The following words are stated to be from it. "The bastard Murray began, Morton drew, and I wove the web of this murder." The news of Bothwell's death and confession was followed by the announcement that Regent Morton had cast into prison the messengers who had brought the tidings to Scotland. News of Lady Lennox's death followed, also tidings of the death of Cardinal Lorraine at Avignon, and of the execution of Regent Morton, notwithstanding the fact that Elizabeth had worked hard to save him.

Records of the Queen's imprisonment at Sheffield hold but two more events of interest. The first was the suppression of letters written by young

King James to his mother, the cruellest as well as the most contemptible blow that Elizabeth could level at her captive. The curtain descends on a scene which may now create a laugh, though Mary took it seriously enough. Bess of Hardwick had sought for further sources of persecution, and had evolved from her brain an intrigue between her old husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the poor, grey-haired, broken-down Queen. She enlisted as allies in the matter her sons by a former marriage. But this plot was too outrageous even for Queen Elizabeth. Lord Shrewsbury and Queen Mary both insisted upon a public retractation, which Elizabeth forced from the delightful trio, Bess and her two sons, as they knelt before her at Whitehall, while the old Earl's exclamation, "My wicked and malicious wife," sounded through the corridors of the Palace. That was almost the only instance of justice from the Queen of England to her prisoner, and this was granted only because Shrewsbury would have it so.

Late in 1584, Mary left Sheffield, and the splendour of the castle passed away with the Scottish captive. It stood long sieges during the struggle with Parliament, and in 1646, was ordered by that body to be made untenable, as was done with many other strongholds in England at this time. Even after this destruction the Earl of Surrey would have made it habitable, but it was too late, so complete was the ruin. And so passed away Sheffield Castle, which had been of great size and strength and of much magnificence from the time of Henry II. The establishment maintained there during the Tudor reigns had rivalled those of the sovereign. But it was now reduced to a most hopeless state of ruin, and a few vaults on Castle Hill are all that remain to mark its site. The park of the manor was during last century cut up into farms, and it has now vanished entirely. The lofty octagonal towers of the manor house are both gone, the last having been destroyed in a tempest in 1793, and of the entire structure nothing remains but some fragments, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

Mackie, who published the second edition of his book on Mary about fifty

years ago, spoke then of the magnificent panorama that spread around the old tower; but to-day, through the manufacturing and commercial growth of the city, a heavy pall of smoke envelopes the prospect, and even if it clears away now and then, it is seen that the glades of a majestic forest have given place to a limitless expanse of sooty houses and factories, topped by numberless tall chimneys, which are for ever adding greater density to the gloom that hangs over Sheffield.

Buxton.

Buxton, in Derbyshire, stands about eleven hundred feet above the sea, and in a wild and picturesque region. The waters of the well of Saint Anne are tepid, and contain very little mineral matter. They are almost tasteless, but are considered of great value in case of gout, rheumatism and nervous disorders. It was on account of rheumatism that the captive Queen was permitted to come here three times, and her quarters, "Old Hall," are still in existence, forming part of the hotel of that name. The house, which has been modernised inside, is unchanged as to its exterior and appears to be the only antiquity in the town, which is, however, surrounded by a lovely neighbourhood.

Of the nearer places worthy of a visit is "Poole's Hole," a cavern which is deemed one of the seven wonders of the Peak of Derbyshire, and which is by tradition intimately associated with Queen Mary. At a distance of several hundred feet from the entrance is found a nearly circular cave, with at one side a mass of stalactite, bearing the name of "Mary Queen of Scots' Pillar." The tradition is that the Queen visited the cave, and advanced as far as this point; and as further exploration is not easy, the visitor naturally finds this lovely stalactite mass an agreeable end to his journey. The cavern is lit up artificially to show its marvels, and no pilgrim following in Mary's footsteps should omit to visit this curious underground memorial of the Scottish Queen's visit to Buxton.

Return to Tutbury Castle.

After the Queen's last visit to Buxton, she passed from Sheffield to Wingfield, where she remained but a few months; and in the cold of December the order came for her instant removal once more to the loathsome prison of Tutbury. There is no reason to believe that during her absence of fourteen years Tutbury had been improved in any way, and as the Queen was bowed and cramped with rheumatism, and unable to put one of her feet to the ground, she had no longer her former strength to endure the horrors of the place. As she left Wingfield, she sent these touching words to Elizabeth. "May God give you as many happy years as I for the last twenty have had sorrowful ones. Wingfield, this eighth day of December, the forty-second anniversary of my birth, and the eighteenth of my imprisonment." But there were those around her who caused a smile to flit now and then across the face of this woman of sorrows. There had been ten children born to her attendants during these years—English, French, Scottish, and Italian—and one can imagine that they made the lives of Bess of Hardwick and the Earl of Shrewsbury rather mournful at times. With little respect for the soldiers or servants of England's Queen, and regarding prisons as their legitimate abiding places, these children made themselves very much at home, and were daunted by nothing. That they expressed their opinion, and also made it felt, at the change from the comparative comfort of Wingfield, with its spacious courts and majestic parks, its halls and corridors, to the squalor of Tutbury, with its cow stables and its dung heaps under the windows of the Queen's chamber, may be held certain, and no doubt it was well for Elizabeth that she did not hear what was said of her, while Bess of Hardwick must have heard some plain truths about herself and her actions.

At first Mary refused to leave Wingfield until her secretary had returned from London, where Elizabeth had detained him for many weeks. Even then Elizabeth doubted her ability to force a move, and so sent the usual

number of flattering messages and promises, which again raised the spirits of the captive, who promised to go whenever desired. On the arrival at Tutbury it was found, as had been expected, that the furniture and fittings that had been used during her former sojourn had been removed, and that no attempt had been made to replace them. The castle was colder, damper, and, if possible, more horrible than before. It was a dismal place, with no means of heating, save some small foot warmers, and was really a death-dealing spot for a rheumatic sufferer. Even the English Queen was ashamed of the state of affairs, and made much ado about it; but she did nothing to improve it, as may be seen from the captive's letters, in which all that winter she continued her demand for sheets, pillow cases, etc.

On her return to Tutbury she passed into the custody of Sir Ralph Sadler, the man to whom her mother had shown her that morning in Linlithgow more than forty years before, in order to confute the English assertion that the "babe was poor and misshapen." Perhaps it was the remembrance of the royal mother, happy with her babe in the old grey Palace by Linlithgow Loch; perhaps it was somewhat of sorrow and regret for the eighteen years of misery brought upon that baby by his own Queen's treachery; perhaps it was great disgust for the brutal orders sent him by Elizabeth; but his treatment of the prisoner was as kindly as he dared to make it, and the last days of his rule in Tutbury were crossed by bands of sunshine for the captive, bits of happiness long unknown to her.

The banks of the Dove saw many hawking parties in which the Queen and her ladies took part, reminding her of the old days at Falkland and on the shores of Loch Leven, when, as a Queen, not a captive, she had enjoyed this, her favourite sport. But it did not last long. Stern orders came from Elizabeth through Walsingham, which caused Sadler to throw up his post in disgust. Mary was again shut behind the bars of Tutbury, and again Elizabeth gave vent to fiendish malice and vindictiveness as she informed her captive that King James VI. declined to associate himself with his mother in

the government of Scotland, but would deal directly "with the Queen of England." We can scarcely conceive the torture to a mother's heart on being told that her son had abandoned her and accepted a pension from her worst enemy. That Mary never believed it to be his voluntary act every mother through all the centuries that separates us from those days will understand.

Throughout all the years of her imprisonment, with her many changes of abode and governors, the captive had always till now been treated with the respect due to one of royal birth, one who at any moment might become Queen of Great Britain. All her custodians had been gentlemen born and bred, but with the advent of Sir Amyas Paulet all was changed. No peer of the realm would longer undertake to carry out the persecutions of Elizabeth, much less assume the part necessary to accomplish Mary Stuart's destruction. Therefore this man of low degree, this creature of Leicester, this bigoted Puritan, was selected to become her jailer, treating the Queen as though she were a common criminal. At this time the captive wrote a description of her prison, which is far better and truer than any other that can be offered, and from which the following portions may be given :—

"To convey to you an idea of my present situation, I am on all sides enclosed by fortified walls on the summit of a hill, which lies exposed to every wind of heaven. Within these bounds, not unlike the wood of Vincennes, is a very old edifice, originally a hunting lodge, built of lath and plaster, cracked in all parts, the plaster adhering nowhere to the wood-work, and broken in numberless places. This edifice, detached about twenty feet from the walls, is sunk so low that the rampart of earth which is behind the wall is level with the highest part of the building, so that here the sun can never penetrate, neither does any pure air ever visit this habitation, on which descend drizzling damps and fogs to such excess, that not an article of furniture can be placed beneath the roof, but in four days it becomes covered with green mould. I leave you to judge in what manner such humidity must act on the human

body, and to say everything in a word, the apartments are in general more like dungeons prepared for the vilest criminals than a habitation suited to a person of my quality, or even of a station far inferior to mine, inasmuch as I do not believe there is a lord or gentleman in this kingdom, or even a yeoman, who would patiently endure the penance of living in so wretched an habitation. With regard to accommodation, I have for my own person two little miserable chambers, so intensely cold during the night that, but for ramparts and entrenchments of tapestry and curtains, it would be impossible to prolong my existence, and of those who have sat up with me during my illness, not one has escaped malady. Sir Amyas can testify that three of my women have been rendered ill by this severe temperature; and even my physician declines taking charge of my health during the ensuing winter, unless I shall be permitted to change my habitation. . . . With respect to conveniences I have neither any gallery nor cabinet, if I except two pigeon-holes, through which the only light admitted is from an aperture nine feet in circumference. For taking air and exercise, either on foot or in my chair, I have but about a quarter of an acre behind the stables, round which Sommer last year planted a quickset hedge, a spot more proper for swine than to be cultivated as a garden; there is no shepherd's hut but has more grace and proportion. . . . I have conceived for this spot an antipathy which, in one as ill as I am, might alone claim some humane consideration. As it was here that I first began to be treated with rigour and indignity, I have conceived from that time this mansion to be singularly unlucky to me, and in this sinister impression I have been not a little confirmed by the tragical catastrophe of the poor priest of whom I wrote to you, who, having been tortured for his religion, was at length found hanging in front of my window."

The Catholic priest alluded to in this touching catalogue of suffering and inclement usage had been persecuted on account of his religion; and so outrageously dealt with by those in the castle, that, to escape further hard-

ships, he hanged himself. In relation to this occurrence, Mary addressed an eloquent letter to Elizabeth on the duty of permitting toleration in religious matters.

Further on, in the same letter, Mary addressed these words to Elizabeth:— "But for the express assurances which the said Queen, my good sister, gave me, of honourable treatment, and which caused me to wait for it with patience till now, I would never have set foot in this place; sooner should they have dragged me to it by force, as I now protest that nothing but the force of constraint makes me stay here; and that in case my life should be endangered by illness from this time, I impute it to the deficiency of my dwelling and to those who are determined to keep me there, with the intention, it would seem, to make me wholly despair for the future of the goodwill of the said Queen, my good sister, in matters of importance, since in such reasonable ordinary wants I am so ill used, and promises made to me are not kept." How truly Mary here gauged the desires of her "good sister," was to be seen at no very distant period of time.

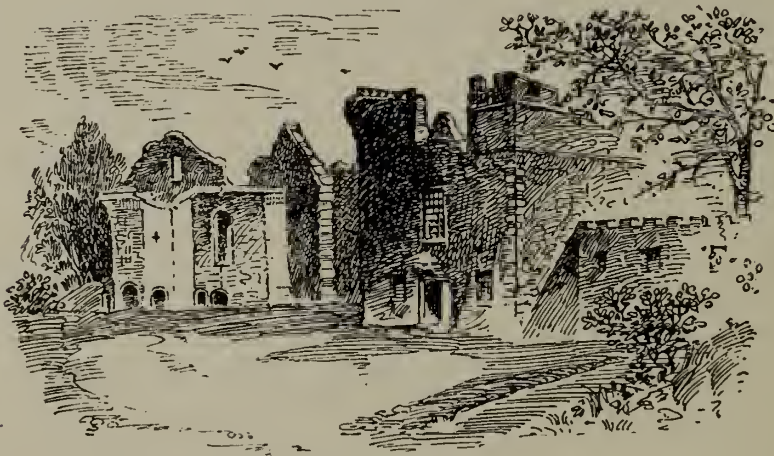
The illustration concluding this chapter shows Tutbury and on the right what remains of the "rampart of earth" to which Mary refers. It is evident that this "house of wood," had not been used during her imprisonment here under Shrewsbury. It must have been erected for some other use, and was selected now, after the advent of Paulet, as offering, through its terrible condition, an almost sure solution of the vexing problem of this prisoner of State. But the constitution of the Queen withstood even this, and the day of her execution found her with such health as might have carried her to a good old age.

The wedding of Barbara Mowbray and Gilbert Curle in the gloomy Castle of Tutbury proves that Love cares little for its surroundings. The Queen took sincere delight in all connected with the event, giving what she could from her limited stores. Her spirits were cheered by the desire of Lady Athol and her daughter to come from Scotland and share her imprisonment, but this

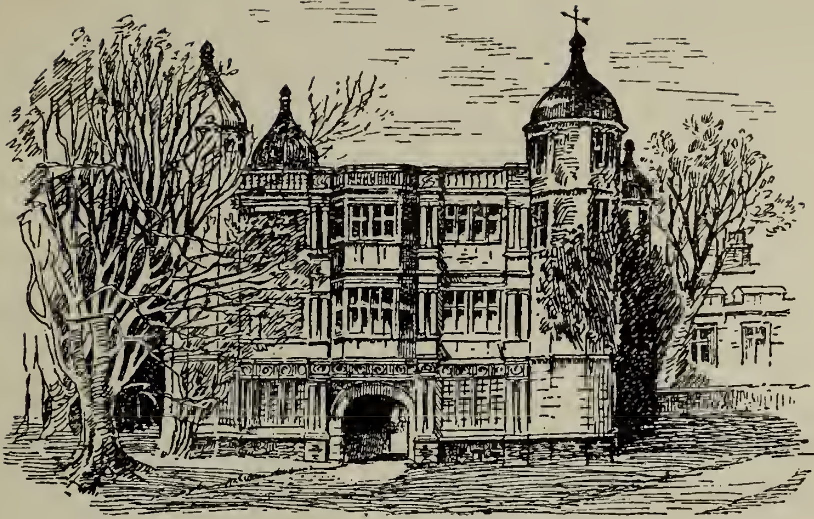
was not allowed ; and before Elizabeth was forced, through the remonstrances of the Court of France, to remove Mary to a more healthy spot, she sent through the brutal Paulet the false intelligence that the army of England had captured Stirling, and with it her son.

"These tidings," Mary bitterly observed, in a letter to Châteauneuf, "have, in truth, produced the effect for which they were so promptly communicated, that of adding affliction to affliction, anguish of mind to bodily suffering, without the slightest compassion for the extremity of sickness to which the hardships of my prison have reduced me."

But enough of these days of sorrow. Let us follow Mary Stuart to Chartley, where for a brief season, and not out of kindness it is true, but in order to better work out her destruction, she was to be allowed a seeming liberty, a brief space of rest and peace.



TUTBURY CASTLE.



TIXALL HALL.

CHAPTER XI.

FINAL REMOVAL—TRIAL — EXECUTION.

Chartley Hall, and the "Conspiracy"—Tixall Hall—Fotheringhay Castle—The Trial—The Fina Tragedy.

Chartley Hall.

For seventeen years the hate of Elizabeth and the policy of Burghley had warred incessantly against Mary Stuart, but without success. They could accuse her of no more serious crime than the desire for liberty, and even they dared not bring her to the block for that. They were at their wits' end, when to their succour came Walsingham, the "illustrious spy"—chief, as it were, of the secret police—who wove the fatal web. He strongly resembled Philip of Spain, having the same gaunt, stooping figure, cadaverous face, greenish yellow eyes, and straggling hair, the same cant of religion, the same terrible and implacable will, watching always, sleeping never, and considering

no means too despicable to attain his end. Blood flowed over England in such torrents under his villainous craft that the country bid fair to rival the horrors of the Inquisition. The stake and quartering-block rang with the shrieks of his victims, but his greatest stroke was directed against that discrowned Queen, that one lone woman.

Walsingham was a Protestant. His early manhood was passed abroad, and not until Mary of England had closed her sad life did he return to his own land, when he immediately placed himself within range of Cecil's vision. The collection of his dispatches, published in 1655, gives evidence of the most enlarged understanding, and of the greatest cunning. He completely deceived Charles IX. and the House of Austria, fomented the insurrections of the Huguenots in France and the wars of the Low Countries, the while that he was trusted by both reigning houses. It is said that he employed in foreign courts fifty-three agents and eighteen spies, and that he had the wonderful art of weaving plots in which busy people were so entangled that they could never escape. He obtained evidence of the fitting-out of the Armada by a copy of a letter (written by Philip to the Pope) procured him by a priestly spy, who bribed a gentleman of the Pope's bedchamber to steal the key of His Holiness' cabinet, and while the Pope slept to transcribe the letter and return the key. Such was the man who finally effected the death of the Scottish Queen. His famous letter to Paulet, commanding that keeper, in the name of the Queen of England, to assassinate his charge, is still preserved in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. Although he was ever faithful to the cause of Elizabeth, he received few marks of her favour. He died but three years after the slaughter of his victim at Fotheringhay, and was buried by night in St. Paul's churchyard. He had been on the trail of Mary Stuart for years, but her blameless life offered him no shadow of an excuse until the advent of the Babbington conspiracy.

The method of destruction so plainly set forth years before by the Scottish conspirators, and which, for a time, had worked so well, readily

commended itself to the judgment of Walsingham. It was not necessary that there should be any real case against the Queen. If there were such a necessity, a cause of complaint could easily be manufactured. But in order to execute the plan, Mary Stuart must be lulled by a seeming peace such as she enjoyed before the explosion at Kirk-of-Field, and this could not be accomplished so long as she was confined within the horrible walls of Tutbury. Walsingham, casting about for a better spot, selected Chartley Hall, a mansion situated on a small island, surrounded by a deep moat, but in a smiling and beautifully peaceful meadow land. Chartley stands midway between Uttoxeter and Stafford, at a distance of about seven miles from both. An ancient and ruinous castle of the name stands on a low hill, thickly embowered in cedars, and there are but the fortifications and a wall or two now remaining. With the exception of its picturesque appearance, it possesses but little interest for the wanderer. But below it is the old hall, which for some months was the prison of the Queen of Scots. It is asserted by some that her prison was destroyed by fire, but most authorities think otherwise, agreeing that the most fatal months of Mary's life were passed in the existing house.

At the Domesday Survey, Chartley was in the hands of the Conqueror. William Rufus gave it to Hugh, Earl of Chester, and Randolph, Earl of Chester, built the castle in 1220, the strength of which was severely tested during the wars of that century. At the death of Randolph, the hall passed to William, Earl of Derby, and, through the treason of his grandson, it was forfeited to the crown in the reign of Henry II. The Earl again possessed himself of the castle by force, and though he was unable to retain it, he was finally pardoned, and it was restored to him, though he was deprived of the Earldom of Derby.

Chartley reverted by marriage to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who lived in the reign of Henry VI., and it remained in that family until the death of the Parliamentary general of that name and title, in 1646. It was

probably the place of retirement of Elizabeth's favourite of that family after his first imprisonment, and if so, he planned here those schemes which resulted in his execution in 1601. Elizabeth visited him here in 1575.

On entering the park through two modern-looking iron gates, the first impression, on approaching the gabled front of the mansion, is that of wonder that a place so modern in appearance, and so easy of ingress and egress should have been selected by Walsingham as a prison for a captive upon whose safety his life depended. But when the visitor passes over the old stone bridge, it is discovered that the hall is on an island, around which flow the waters of a deep lake. It is, in fact, a veritable "moated grange," and in those days it would be almost impregnable. The house itself is very old and very gray, a proper scene for such a wild story as that of "The Fall of the House of Usher." Wan faces should gaze outward from the deserted-looking windows, and it should not surprise the visitor to see the building vanish beneath the surface of the lake. Red squirrels cease their chatter, and, after a frightened glance, scurry away from the boughs of an old cedar, whilst brilliant pheasants rise with a whirr from the holly hedge on the right. The bell sends forth a hollow clanging summons through empty space. Its handle is worm-eaten, rusty, and rickety with long service. The door gives entrance to a large square hall with black oak rafters, and around the walls and over the high mantel are the stuffed heads of wild cattle with black horns, such as are now found only at Chillingham or in Cadzow Forest.

Chartley Hall has for many years been used as a hunting lodge. Many of its rooms are papered with quaint designs representing that sport, and one room has some highly coloured pictures of "Derby Day." It is a pleasant mansion, and in this sunny drawing-room the captive Queen must have been almost content, surrounded by the faithful few who never deserted her. Here she worked some of those beautiful pieces of embroidery now at Hardwick. The windows of the apartment look out on a pleasant, moss-

grown terrace, and beyond, across the moat, sunny pastures and woodlands greet the eye.

In the room above stands her bed, an old and heavily-carved piece, bearing the date 1450, showing that more than a century had rolled over its canopy ere it sheltered her. The custodian admits that there may probably be ghosts on the old terrace, as the prisons are just beneath it, and there may still be seen handcuffs and chains in a long vaulted apartment.

After the advent of Paulet as her jailer at Tutbury, Mary Stuart was so strictly guarded that she was literally dead to the world. All her friends in Scotland and almost all her enemies there had passed away. There were few who remembered the Queen of seventeen years ago, and could she have returned to Scotland she would have found that the tide of life had closed forever over her place in the affairs of state. She had ceased to be a power for whom France or Spain was willing to expend arms or money. There was, therefore, no show of invasion from the Continent or from Scotland, although the Popish plots still continued. Elizabeth was in the prime of life, and gave every indication of outliving the imprisoned Queen. Had Cecil and Walsingham permitted it, the forgotten Queen of Scots might have finished her life dead to the world. But she was not to be allowed to live that life out with the chance, however remote, of her coming to the throne of England, where she would undoubtedly have remembered those who had tortured the best years of her existence. Therefore, on her arrival at Chartley Hall she was allowed to indulge in the hope of a Catholic rising, and of help from France and Spain. The Babbington conspiracy—which Walsingham knew of from its conception, and could have crushed in an hour's time—was fostered in every way, in order that the prisoner might be caught in its meshes and so delivered to her death.

Here in this smiling manor house, by giving the Queen rest and quiet, and lulling her ever watchful suspicion into sleep, by gradually allowing greater means of communication with the outer world, and especially by

allowing her friends—ever, perhaps, her worst enemies—to have access to her, while he at all times kept close watch, Walsingham, through his spies, learned of every letter, look, or gesture, and rapidly accomplished her destruction.

In Chartley Hall she dwelt from Christmas Day, 1585, until September, 1586, during which time she lived unsuspicious of the dreadful plot which was weaving about her. Up and down the hall she passed and re-passed, with the grim guard Paulet ever watching her secretly, while he recorded her every movement and action for transmission to his chief. Where was the Queen's astuteness? how could she have deceived herself about her apparent freedom? for never in all her long captivity had such things occurred! The brutal Paulet, it is true, insulted her at every turn, yet he allowed things to go on which the courtly Shrewsbury would not have permitted for an instant. But Mary never was suspicious. And in truth Elizabeth, even though Sovereign of England, was not having a much more peaceful life than that of her captive. Rumours of Popish plots against her life being of such common occurrence, could she have been blamed had she announced that the death of the Queen of Scots was necessary to the preservation of the Protestant religion—to the safety of the realm and the life of its Queen—and had executed the captive forthwith? But a legal trial was Mary's right, and this Elizabeth did not give her.

Ere long Paulet had in his possession a letter from Mary, a letter that, in itself, could have done her no harm, but which Walsingham knew how to use as a weapon against her. It cannot but strike a student of those times that a knowledge of the Glasgow letter, with its interpolations and additions must have furnished Walsingham with instruction on what lines to move, and he now accordingly produced a document for the inspection of his mistress and her Court. They did not look even as closely into it as they had done into the Glasgow letter; they did not declare it "a pack of lies," as their Queen had done in the former case, and Elizabeth did not drive them from

her presence as she had done the Regent Moray. For times were changed. Elizabeth was ready to seize upon any pretext to be rid of this self-imposed prisoner; but she must have some pretext, and Walsingham timeously produced the Babbington letter.

That the captive used every means in her power to effect her escape there can be no doubt. That was her right. She had come freely, trusting to the promise of England's Queen, and she had had seventeen years of torture; but that she ever consented to any plot for the assassination of Elizabeth this letter disproves, and of such a crime all the nobles assembled at her trial failed to convict her. That the whole document, or the greater portion thereof, was forged, is an inevitable conclusion, and yet on this letter alone, and on the supposed confessions of her secretaries, she was executed one year later.

Her days glided along without incident at Chartley Hall, until on one morning, late in the summer, she was invited by Paulet to ride forth "for her health's sake" into the byways and lanes of the surrounding country. Scarcely had she started when she was surrounded by an armed band, and while her ears were saluted by insults of every description, she was dragged to Tixall Hall, where she learned of the downfall of Babbington.

Tixall Hall.

This new prison is five miles from Chartley, and of the portion that then existed a very stately tower alone remains; yet that is a castle in itself, and may well have been her prison during the two weeks of her sojourn. It is only an empty shell now, having been gutted by fire; but the different floors, with their fireplaces and casements, are still plainly to be traced, and would form accommodations princely in comparison with Tutbury or Loch Leven Castle. Ivy and woodbine have now cast a living veil over the scars of time and storms, and made the old tower beautiful.

After a fortnight at Tixall Hall, where she was unattended, Queen Mary

returned to Chartley Hall, to find her effects torn, rifled, and scattered. Her papers and books, and her few jewels, had been seized by the spies of Walsingham, who had discovered absolutely nothing incriminatory. The Queen also found, on returning to Chartley, that Curle's wife had given birth to a daughter. Being refused a priest of her faith, she baptized the child herself, giving it her own name.

With the exception of Sheffield Manor, at no other spot in England connected with the Queen, can one so enter into and realise her history as at Chartley. The Hall is homelike and perfect, and we could enter here and carry on our life of to-day as comfortably as in any other comely homestead in the old or the new land. Here is the great hall which she paced as a captive three centuries ago. In yon sunny room, overlooking the moat, she baptized the baby. Those stairs are the same that her feet trod on her way to that room above, where stands the bed upon which she tossed so long and so wearily during that last summer of her life. Chartley Hall, with its lights and shadows, its waving boughs and dancing waters, came like a benediction into the life of the Queen, a pause before the commencement of the tempest which soon roared around her defenceless head, and which finally overwhelmed and destroyed her.

Fotheringhay Castle.

"In darkest night forever veil the scene,
When thy cold walls received the captive Queen;
For this hath time eras'd thee from his page,
And filial justice, with vindictive rage,
Burst on thy princely towers with 'whelming tide,
Nor left one vestige to relate thy pride.

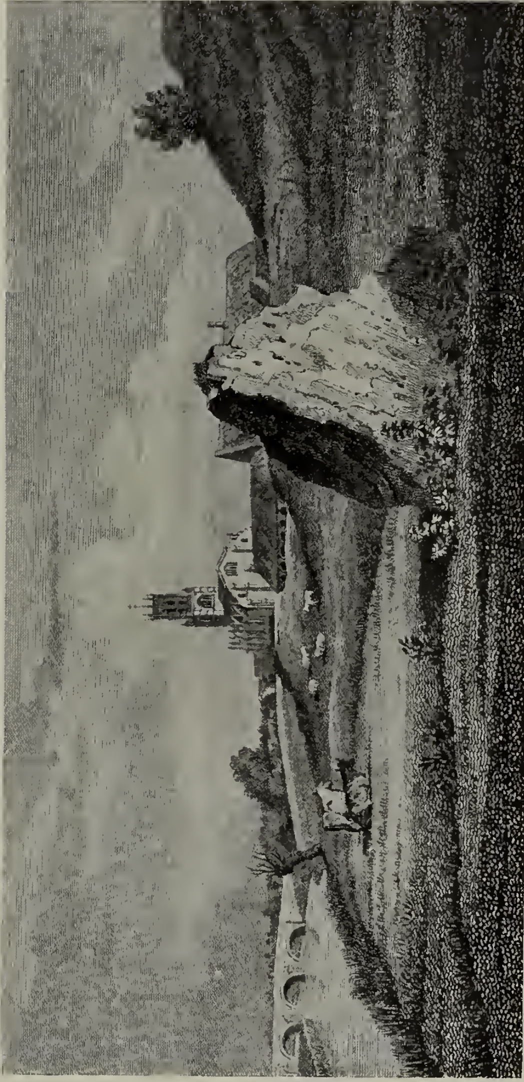
"Few are the flow'rs that wave upon that mound;
No herb salubrious yields the blighted ground;
Beside the thorn the barren thistle springs
The raven here his pilfer'd carrion brings
To glut in secret; or, impressed with fear,
Croaks his hoarse song to desolation's ear."

—*Antona's Banks*, 1797.

A shady lane by a smiling river, a high mound on which the cattle graze,

Site of Fotheringay Castle.

From an old print.



an empty moat over which the hawthorn trees form a natural tunnel, and one bit of formless masonry—that is all that remains of Fotheringhay. The sky and sun are the same, and the distant hills are those which greeted the Queen's eyes during that last sad winter. The fair English landscape was as beautiful then as now—long stretches of meadow and threads of gleaming waters, peaceful villages, presided over by grey old church spires, groups of happy children dancing amidst the daisies. But where once stood the frowning fortress with its rattling portcullis, and its rumbling drawbridge, there are now only the hawthorn bushes that in the springtime cast their snowy blossoms as in benediction over this place of her sacrifice, and in autumn are ever dropping their blood-red berries as though in memory of her sad tragedy.

Fotheringhay Castle was originally built by Simon de St. Liz, the second Earl of Northampton, at the close of the eleventh century. It is first noticed by historians in the reign of King John in 1213, being then the property of David, Earl of Huntingdon. The first owner of the estate lost his life on the scaffold during the reign of the Conqueror. Blood was thus the baptism of Fotheringhay. The Conqueror's great niece, to whom he gave the castle, married for her second husband, David, King of Scotland. The great Hall and dungeon tower existed in the reign of Edward the Second. It was a place seemingly accursed at all times, and its owners were continually dying without issue, whereby it reverted time and again to the crown. Edward Earl of Rutland, who fell at Agincourt, left it to his nephew, Richard, and it thus became a residence of the house of York, and the birthplace of the terrible Richard III. It was given to Catherine of Aragon by Henry VIII. She seemed much attached to the castle, and "did great cost of refreshing it," while it is also said that, when consigned here by her no longer loving husband, she declared that she would not go unless dragged by wild horses. It was made a prison of state during the reign of Mary Tudor, and then came the tragedy of the Queen of Scots.

After the fruitless examination of her papers and property, Mary was brought here from Chartley Hall, arriving on the 25th of September, 1586. She is supposed to have stopped, on her way, at the secluded mansion of Hill Hall, Abbot's Bromley, near Rugby, as there is a Latin inscription to that effect on one of its windows. Miss Yonge states that the Queen also spent one night at Leicester, though her authority for the statement is not stated. It is certain that the journey was made in a coach, as rheumatism had then rendered Mary unable to travel on horseback. As the coach approached the opening of a long avenue, Sir William Fitzwilliam came to the window, saying : "This is Periho Lane, whence your grace may have the first sight of the poor house which is to have the honour of receiving you." "Periho—I perish, an ominous name," ejaculated the Queen, as the carriage rolled onward over the double draw bridges, through the gloomy towers, and into the courtyard, where Paulet stood to receive her as she entered her last English prison.

The Babbington conspiracy had failed, its instigators had been hanged, drawn, and quartered, and here to Fotheringhay came, by Elizabeth's mandate, many of the peers of England to try the captive Queen of Scotland for complicity in the plot. Of the farce of that trial it is unnecessary to speak, for the manner in which it was conducted was Cecil's greatest blunder. The Queen had really been condemned before the Commissioners left London, and by refusing to confront her with her accusers, Cecil deprived the proceedings of all force of law. Had the Queen of Scotland been placed on trial in Westminster Hall before the assembled lords of the realm ; had she been accused of summoning assistance from abroad to the destruction of that realm, and its religion ; had she then been convicted and executed, the world might have objected to the verdict and condemned the execution, but Mary Stuart would not have been exalted to martyrdom. Neither would the fair fame of England's Queen have been blackened with the stain of murder—a murder of which she stands guilty many times over,

considering the triple agreements to that effect with the three Regents of Scotland, and her demand of Paulet that he should free her of all responsibility by assassinating his prisoner ; a demand which he was wise enough to utterly refuse to comply with. "God forbid that I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity as to shed blood without law or warrant."

History still rings with the utter failure of all efforts to convict or connect Mary of Scotland with any attempts on Elizabeth's life. Its pages are adorned with the marvellous pictures of that one lone woman, erect and defiant before all the peers of England. No, not all, there were some who, though not friends to the captive, absolutely refused to have a hand or word in that foreordained slaughter.

Here in Fotheringhay Mary Stuart was great, at last. Through all the years of the three centuries comes to us her ringing demand to be placed face to face with her accusers, or to have any scrap of her writing produced in evidence against her. Walsingham had studied the incident of the Casket conspiracy too carefully to commit such a blunder as the first, and her secretaries would, to a man, have exonerated their mistress, as they did do when they dared. Curle died protesting the Queen's innocence. Nau lived only to assert it before the world, and, in 1605, appealed for the truth of his declaration to the remembrance of all the lords and gentlemen then alive. Nau had written to Elizabeth also that Mary was innocent. Curle at his death affirmed the same thing.

Fotheringhay echoed to those words of the Queen : "I am accused of writing half-a-dozen words which I declare were not written by me, but were introduced, as I believe, by the person whose decipher you have produced, but who has not been examined. I distinctly declare that a fraud has been practised. If you permit me to examine my secretaries, if you will bring me face to face with them in your presence, I am convinced that they will tell you that the fraud consists in the introduction of words which were

neither dictated by me, nor recorded by them." This is admirably re-echoed by Sir John Skelton's words :—" Why was Babbington prematurely executed, when his evidence might have resolved much that was in doubt? Why were the secretaries not confronted with her? Why were the original writings withheld, and the postscript of this famous Babbington letter, in which she asked him to 'give the names of the six gentlemen in the conspiracy,' never produced by her accusers? Because it was too plain a forgery for even such a court. Its authenticity is not believed in by any student of the subject. The case had been made to rest on Philip's decipher, so there was only this man's word against her own, and she declared on her honour that he lied."

Mary did not deny that she had invited foreign aid to effect her freedom, as she had every right to do, and it is perhaps to be considered marvellous that she had not long since conspired against the life of Elizabeth. For she was probably well aware, in addition to the other persecutions of that Queen, of Elizabeth's agreements with the Scottish Regents—agreements frustrated in each case, as it were, by the hand of God. She was now convicted of a desire for Elizabeth's death, on the word of a known servant and forger in the employ of Walsingham, a renegade priest who afterwards died in jail, and who was in his old age an inmate of the great debtors' prison, the Marshalsea. Sir John Skelton, in his "Mary Stuart," describes in a masterly manner the work of these men :—" It must be admitted that the evidence upon which Mary was convicted is far from convincing. If a man who was her mortal enemy, and who betrayed a ghoulish delight in the base services on which he was engaged, is to be trusted, he found a few sentences in a letter in cipher (which was said to have been composed from instructions given by Mary), approving of the assassination of Elizabeth. It was of vital importance to this man and his employers that these sentences should appear in the letter, and they are to be found, it is alleged, either in the body of the letter or in a postscript, which is said to have been attached to

Mary Queen of Scots dressed for her execution.

From a portrait in Windsor Castle.

it. The authenticity of the postscript is not now maintained, and the least enigmatical passage in the body of the letter is apparently to the effect that nothing should be attempted against Elizabeth until Mary had escaped. But that the whole case rested upon the unconfirmed word of a man who was a vindictive enemy of the prisoner, and (assuming that his decipher was honestly made) upon an equivocal passage in a single letter, cannot be denied."

As Mary Stuart was a Sovereign Princess, they had, by the laws of England, no right to try her. The judges or nobles of England were "not her equals," and the law demanded that such should be the case. Had she, upon those grounds, refused to appear before them, they might have been helpless. That she consented to listen, even under protest, was her great mistake, but she had ever before her eyes the dread of assassination, with the charge of suicide, and, to a Roman Catholic, better the block than that.

It seems clear that the very existence of Burghley and Walsingham depended upon the destruction of this Queen, so that personal motives entered into the question much more than national or religious ones. During the sixteenth century, both in England and Scotland, men were arrested without the order of a magistrate. The mere warrant of a Secretary of State or Privy Councillor was sufficient to throw men into prison during the pleasure of those in power, and while there they might be subjected to the rack, so that there was little choice at that time between the Inquisition on the Continent, and the so-called enlightened courts of England. If brought to trial, no prisoner received the aid of counsel, nor were witnesses allowed on his behalf. He was not even allowed to see the witnesses against him, much less to question them, but written depositions taken out of court and in the absence of the prisoner, were read to the jury, or rather such portions of them were read as the prosecutors considered advantageous to its side. The judge held his office at the pleasure of the crown, and the jury, mere tools of the Sheriff, were punished if their verdict did not agree

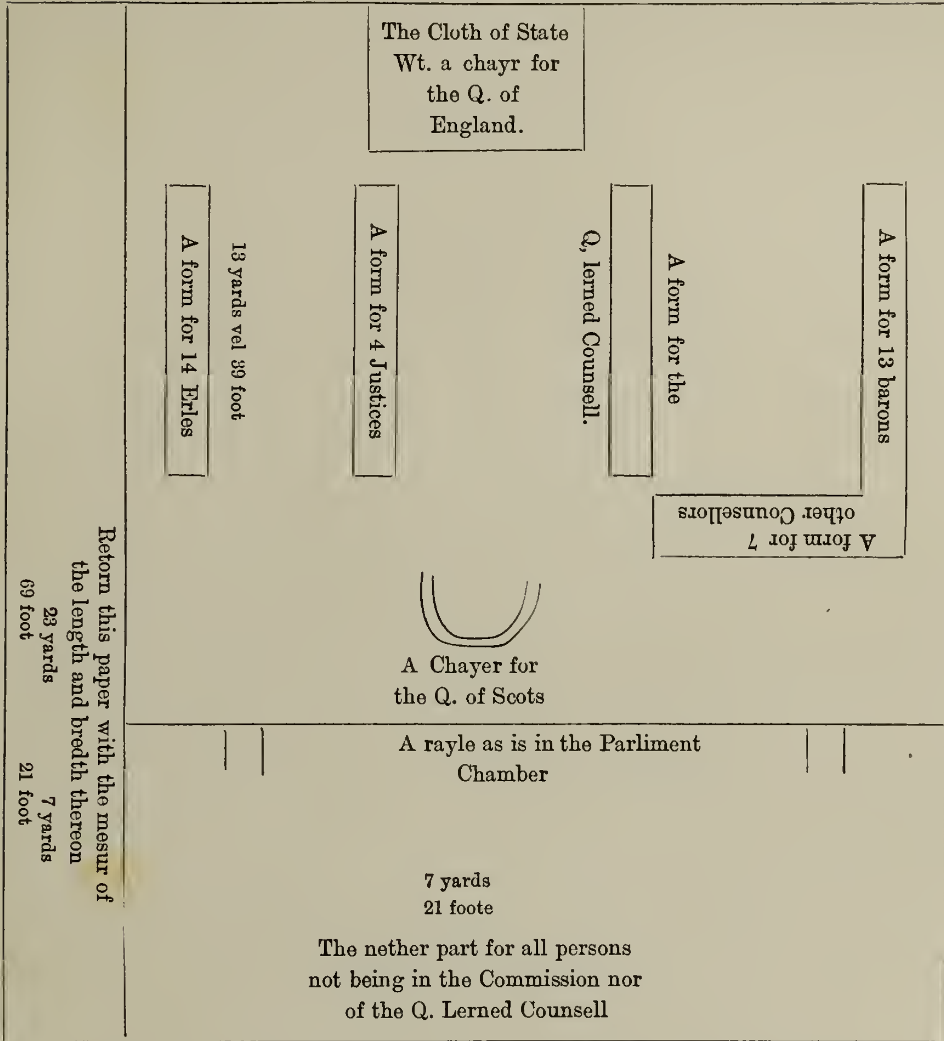
with his wishes. Such were the laws of England, and if Mary was held subject to them—which, as Queen of Scots, she could not justly be—what possible hope was there for one whom Sovereign and Councillors dreaded and were determined to be quit of? That Mary knew that her fate was sealed, was indicated in those sorrowful words which she uttered as she faced the court: "Ah, my lords, so many and not one for me." But battle with all cf them she could and did, until those words of the Duke of Kent: "Madam, your death is the life of our religion, as your life would be its death," ended the struggle. "Ah, my lord, then I am to be sacrificed to my religion," she exclaimed, and from that moment Mary Stuart went forward to the end "with a kind of gladness."

For this mock trial Lord Burghley himself made the necessary arrangements. The original of the paper, which is in the British Museum (Cotton MSS.), is in Burghley's own hand. This plan is reproduced on the opposite page in ordinary typography, somewhat modernised in spelling.

The Queen received the news of her condemnation with quiet dignity, and the days between her judgment and her death were days of unusual peace and contentment. Even Paulet, to his chagrin, was forced to acknowledge that they had failed in one of their great aims. "I see no change in her from her former quietness. In the whole course of her speech she is, in outward appearance, free from grief of mind."

Although the beauty of her youth had passed with the nineteen years of her captivity, the world has never beheld a more majestic figure than that of Mary Stuart as she descended calmly to her death. She was but twenty-six when she claimed the hospitality of Elizabeth, she was forty-five as she passed to the death decreed for her by her cousin, but, although the tortures of the slowly revolving years had crippled her body, nothing could daunt her spirit, and as her black-robed, white-veiled figure passed into the great hall of Fotheringhay, all who beheld her were impressed with the majesty of her presence. She fulfilled the prophecy of the Duke of Guise that "she would

The upper end of the Gret Chambre at Fordynghay Cast.



The following words are written below, in a different handwriting, as if in reply to Lord Burghley's enquiries:

"This will be most convenientlye in the greatt Chamber the lengthe whereof is in all xxiij. yerds with the windowe: whereof there may be fr. the neither part beneth the barre viij. yerds and the rest for the upper parte. The breadeth of the Chamber is vij. yerds.

"There is another chambre for the Lords to dyne in, the lengthe is xiiij. yerds; the breadeth vij. yerds; and the deppeth iij. yerdes dim.

know how to die." In her last hours her thoughts went back to the happy periods of her life, forgetting all the wretchedness that followed, forgiving all who had injured her ; praying for her son who, she was led to believe, had forgotten her, and blessing Scotland always. Those who have stood before the portrait of her severed head which hangs on the walls of Abbotsford, will not soon forget that picture, telling, as no pen can do, the long story of her life and sufferings, yet showing so plainly that, in the majesty of death, she had reached that peace which the world could not give, had solved the grand sad subject of immortality. The beholder can well understand that she went to her rest " with a kind of gladness."

If reports are correct, Fotheringhay was not razed to the ground by order of James VI., as is traditionally asserted, who showed no filial regard for her till long after her death. There is, in fact, no record of that monarch having visited the spot of his mother's martyrdom, though he did visit and hold high revel in Tutbury Castle, the place of her torture. From the death of Mary until the end of Elizabeth's reign, Fotheringhay remained untenanted, but when James the First came to the English throne it passed to the Earl of Devonshire, and thereafter to the Earl of Newport. It was surveyed in the last year of James' reign, and is thus described :—" The castle is very strong, built of stone, and moated about with a double moat. The River Nene, on the south side, serves for the outer moat, and the mill brook on the east side between the little park and the castle yard, called the old orchard or garden, serves for the outer moat on that side ; between which mill brook and the castle there has been a great pond, landed up, on the east side of the castle. The gate and forepart of the house fronts the north, and, as soon as we are past the drawbridge, at the gate there is a pair of stairs leading up to some fair lodging, and up higher to the wardrobe, and so on to the fetterlock on the top of the mount, on the northwest corner of the castle, which is built round of eight or sixteen square, with chambers lower and upper ones round about, but somewhat decayed, and so are the leads on the top ; in the very midst of the

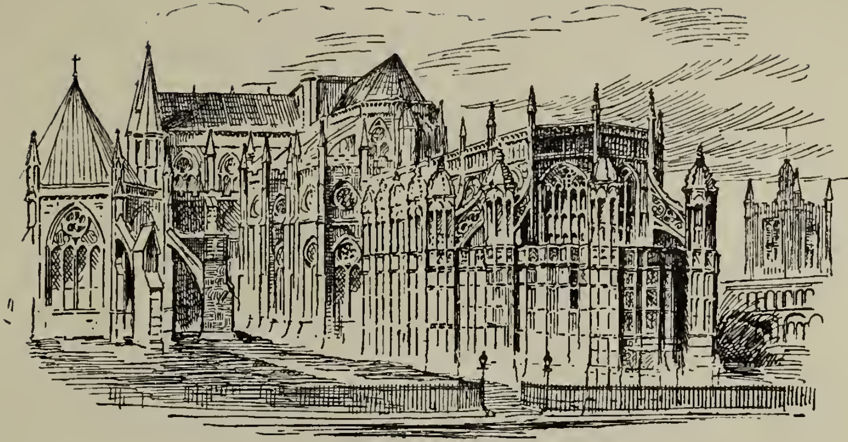
round yard in the same there has been a well, now landed up. When you come down again, and go towards the hall, which is wonderful spacious, there is a goodly and fair court, within the midst of the castle. On the left hand is the chapel, goodly lodgings, the great dining-room, and a large room at this present well garnished with pictures. Near the hall is the buttery and kitchen, and, at the other end of the kitchen, a yard convenient for wood and such purposes, with large brew-houses and bake-houses, and houses convenient for offices. From the gate going out of that yard there is another yard half encompassing the castle, going round about to the first gate, and there is a great barn in the west side of the said yard. A gatehouse, another ruinous house in the east corner of the same."

Subsequent to the above-named survey it was consigned to ruin, a fate which so soon overtook nearly every prison of the Queen. The great hall—the location of which, running east and west, can still be traced by the trenches dug when the foundations were grubbed up — was purchased by Sir Robert Cotton, who transferred it to Connington, in Huntingdonshire, where its arches and columns are to be seen in Connington Castle. The staircase and its great window are in Talbot Inn, at Oundle, some five miles away. The history of the Inn states that those are the very stairs down which the Queen came to her death, and this quaint old hostelry is, in fact, built almost entirely from the stones of Fotheringhay, whose gloomy walls vanished slowly, piece by piece, timber by timber, stone by stone—not in grand conflagration, or in the tumults of war, but like a place haunted and accursed, slowly and miserably. Some of its outbuildings still exist; among them the tavern where the lords and the executioner lodged on the night preceding the execution. Outside flows the placid river, through its meadows of buttercups, and into its depths were tossed the last vestiges of Fotheringhay Castle.

But before all this happened, Fotheringhay was to witness one more scene connected with its illustrious captive. In the darkness of night its draw-

bridges were to lower, its portcullis was to rise, to allow the passing of a funeral train, the last historic function that was to occur within its walls. The light of many torches but dimly illuminated the grim old stronghold, causing it to loom darker and more forbidding than ever before, as all that was mortal of Mary Stuart passed outward from her last earthly prison-house. Followed by those who had remained faithful to the end, and by the many poor, into whose lives she had entered as a benediction, she was borne away to Peterborough. Then silence and desolation settled upon Fotheringhay Castle.

CHARTLEY HALL.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY—HENRY VII. CHAPEL.

CHAPTER XII.

BURIAL AND REBURIAL.

Peterborough Cathedral—The State Funeral—Removal to Westminster Abbey.

Peterborough Cathedral.

There is nothing in the Old World more charming to the wanderer from across the seas than the quaint cathedral towns of England. The quiet seclusion about them as they cluster around their great houses of prayer, fascinates and draws one again and again within their precincts, to the rest and peace which is always to be found in their stately sanctuaries. There the waves of the sorrows of life lapse away into infinite calm.

The Cathedral of Peterborough is unlike all other ecclesiastical edifices of England. Its western façade is unique, and its three stately pedimented arches, towering aloft, produce a most impressive effect upon the visitor who comes suddenly before them from the crooked streets of the old Town. The

change from the exterior to the interior of the cathedral is startling. The façade is pure Gothic, but the interior is Norman in various styles, early, middle, late, and transition, and the vista of the majestic though simple arches and columns, is wondrously beautiful. Parsifal might have found the Knights of the Holy Grail in such a sanctuary as this.

Gunton tells quaintly the story of the old church, of its two Queens, and of its desecration :—

"The Cathedral Church of Peterborough was very famous formerly for three remarkable things: a stately Front, a curious Altar-Piece, and a beautiful Cloister. The first of the three doth still remain, a very goodly Structure, supported with three such tall Arches as England can scarce show the like. The two last are since destroyed by Sacrilegious hands, and have nothing now remaining, but only the bare memory of them. In this place, I think I may say, began that strange kind of deformed Reformation, which afterwards passed over most places of the Land, by robbing, rifling, and defacing Churches. This being one of the first which suffered in that kind, of which you may take the following account, from an eye-witness, and which, I suppose, is still fresh in the memory of many surviving Persons.

"In the year 1643, about the midst of April, there came several Forces to Peterburgh, raised by the Parliament in the Associated Counties, in order to besiege Croyland, a small Town some seven miles distant, which had a little before declared for the King, and then was held a Garrison for him.

"The first that came was a Foot-Regiment under one Colonel Hubbart's command; upon whose arrival, some persons of the Town, fearing what happen'd afterward, desire the Chief Commander to take care the Soldiers did no injury to the Church: This he promised to do, and gave order to have the Church doors all lockt up. Some two days after comes a regiment of Horse under Colonel Cromwel, a name as fatal to Ministers, as it had been to Monasteries before. The next day after their arrival, early in the morning, these break open the Church doors, pull down the Organs, of which there two Pair. The greater Pair that stood upon a high loft, over the entrance into the Quire, was thence thrown down upon the ground, and there stamped and trampled on, and broke in pieces, with such a strange furious and frantick zeal, as can't be well conceived but by those that saw it.

"Then the soldiers enter the Quire, and there their first business was, to tear in pieces all the Common-prayer Books that could be found. The great Bible indeed, that lay upon a Brass Eagle for reading the Lessons, had the good hap to escape with the loss of only the Apocrypha. Next they break down all the Seats, Stalls, and Wainscot that was behind them, being adorn'd with several Historical passages out of the Old and New Testament, a Latin Distich being in each Seat to declare the Story. Whilst they are thus employed they chance to find a Great Parchment Book behind the Ceiling with some 20 pieces of Gold, laid there by a person a little before, as in a place of safety, in those unsafe and dangerous

Peterborough Cathedral.

times. This encourages the Souldiers in their work, and makes them the more eager in breaking down all the rest of the Wainscot, in hopes of finding such another prize.

"When they had thus defaced and spoiled the Quire, they marched up next to the East of the Church, and there break and cut in pieces, and afterwards burn the Rails that were about the Communion Table. The Table itself was thrown down, the Table-Cloth taken away with two fair books in Velvet Covers, the one a Bible, the other Common-Prayer Book, with Silver Bason gilt, and a pair of Silver Candlesticks beside. But upon request made to Colonel Hubbert, the Books, Bason, and all else, save the Candlesticks, were restored again.

"Now behind the Communion Table, there stood a curious Piece of Stone-work, admired much by Strangers and Travellers; a stately Skreen it was, well wrought, painted and gilt, which rose up as high almost as the Roof of the church in a Row of three lofty spires, with lesser spires, growing out of each of them. This now had no Imagery-work upon it or anything else that might justly give offence, and yet because it bore the name of the High Alter, was pulled down with ropes, lay'd low and level with the ground.

"When there was no more painted or carved work to demolish, then they rob and rifle the Tombs, and violate the Monuments of the dead. And where should they first begin but with those of the two Queens, who had been interr'd, the one on the North side, the other on the South side of the Church, both near the Alter. First, then they demolish Queen Katerin's Tomb, Hen. the Eight his repudiated Wife: They break down the Rails that enclosed the place, and take away the black Velvet Pall which covered the Herse: Overthrow the Herse it self, displace the Gravestone that lay over her body, and have left nothing now remaining of that Tomb, but only a Monument of their own shame and villainy. The like they had certainly done to the Queen of Scots but that her Herse and Pall were removed with her Body to Westminster by King James the First, when he came to the Crown. But what did remain, they served in like manner, that is, her Royal Arms and Escutcheons which hung upon a Pillar near the place where she had been interr'd, were most rudely pulled down, defaced and torn."

The painted windows, which were amongst the most valued in England, were destroyed at that period, Cromwell himself lending active assistance. A portion of the great west window alone escaped. The sunlight as it now falls through the painted glass rests like a blessing on the spot to which they brought the headless Queen, and, passing onward, touches gently the last resting-place of Catherine of Aragon—"A Queen, certainly the daughter of a King." After ninety-eight years of life "Old Scarlet," the sexton, sleeps in his grave by the great western portal. He died in 1594. On the wall above his resting-place is a crude portrait of him as grave-digger, and this quaint

verse, written there under, proves that he has a right to be mentioned here:—

> "You see old Scarlet's picture stand on hie
> But at your feete here doth his body lye
> His gravestone doth his age and death time show
> His office by these tokens you may know
> Second to none for strength and sturdy limm
> A Scarebabe mighty voice with visage grim
> Hee had interred two Queens within this place
> And this town householders in his lives space
> Twice over: But at length his own time came
> What he for others did for him the same
> Was done; No doubt his soul doth live for aye
> In Heaven; Tho here his body clad in clay."

The rest of the Cathedral is free from monuments, consequently its beautiful pillars and arches rise unbroken, stand unmarred in the simplicity so characteristic of the Norman style. The interior is very white, and the scene, when a full moon shines through the many windows upon the majestic architecture, is singularly impressive. Passing upward into the choir we come to the first resting-place of the Scottish Queen. Mary Stuart was not buried under the slab that is usually pointed out, but on the other side of the pillars within the choir. This was discovered when a search for the grave was made on the occasion of her ter-centenary in 1887. The under piers of the church are below the slab usually pointed out, and no grave could be constructed there, but an empty stone sepulchre was found within the choir, and there she had rested for twenty-five years.

Attended by Garter King-at-Arms, and other heralds, and born in a "chariot made of purpose, covered with velvet and gorgeous with the ensigno of Scotland," they brought the dead Queen from Fotheringhay on Sunday, July 20th, coming by night, as was the custom, and by night they also buried her. It is said that the casket weighed nine hundred pounds, and therefore it was thought best to deposit it in the grave before the grand ceremony, for fear of some mishap.

Few were present at the actual funeral, but at the subsequent grand

pageant all the splendour of the Elizabethan age was displayed. So vast was the crowd that the Cathedral would not hold them all. They came by order of Elizabeth to attend with all respect the funeral of this guest of England, whose body, covered with an old carpet, had lain unattended in an upper room at Fotheringhay since February, six months before! There was little enough of human charity then, there cannot be too much vain glory now, for the Tudor sovereign to take credit for!

On the following Tuesday, after a banquet in the Bishop's palace (which as well as the Cathedral, was draped in black), they marched in procession headed by the Countess of Bedford as chief mourner in the Queen's place, to the grave. Amongst all the train which followed her we find none of those who took part in the ruin of the late Queen, and all her servants, except Melvill, refused to join in the service, and departed from the Cathedral. Amongst the mourners were a hundred poor women. The Bishop of Lincoln preached from the Psalm xxxix. 4, 5, 6, 7, "Lord, make me to know mine end, etc." In the prayer, when he gave thanks for such as were translated out of this vale of misery, he used these words, "Let us give thanks for the happy dissolution of the high and mighty Princess Mary, late Queen of Scotland, and Dowager of France, of whose life and death at this time I have not much to say, because I was not acquainted with the one, neither was I present at the other. I will not enter into judgment further, but because it hath been signified unto me that she trusted to be saved by the blood of Christ, we must hope well of her salvation. For, as Father Luther was wont to say, 'many a one that liveth a Papist, dieth a Protestant.'"

"In the discourse of his text, he dealt only with the general doctrine of the vanity of all flesh. The sermon ended, the offering of the chief mourner was received by the Bishop of Peterborough, and the offerings of the rest by the Dean, after which the mourners dispersed. The ceremony of burial was then performed by the Dean, the officers breaking their staves, and casting them into the vault upon the coffin. And so they departed to the Bishop's

house, where a great feast was appointed accordingly. The concourse of people was of many thousands, and after dinner the nobles departed away, every one towards his own home. The Master of the Wardrobe paid to the Church for the breaking of the ground in the Quire, and making the grave, £10, and for the blacks (hangings) of the Quire and Church, £20."

Shortly after these pompous ceremonials, an inscription in Latin was found affixed to the column over the Queen's grave, which in English may be rendered thus :—

"Mary Queen of Scots, daughter of a King, Widow of the King of France, Cousin and next heir to the Queen of England, adorned with Royal virtues, and a Royal mind (the right of Princes being often times in vain implored) by barbarous and tyrannical cruelty, the ornament of our age and truly Royal light, is extinguished. By the same unrighteous judgment, both Mary Queen of Scots, with natural death, and all surviving Kings (now made common persons) are punished with civil death. A strange and unusual kind of monument this is, wherein the living are included with the dead : For, with the sacred ashes of this blessed Mary, know, that the Majesty of all Kings, and Princes, lieth here violated, and prostrate. And because Regal secrecy doth enough and more admonish Kings of their duty, Traveller, I say no more."

This document was soon removed, but the royal ensign of an helmet, and sword, and escutcheon of the late Queen remained until 1643.

James VI. had been upon the throne of Great Britain as James I., for nine years before he found time to do honour to his mother's body. A copy of his order for its translation hangs near her monument in Westminster Abbey, and reads as follows :—

"JAMES R. Trusty, and well beloved, we greet you well : for that we think it appertains to the duty we owe to our dearest Mother that like honour should be done to her body, and like Monument be extant of Her, as to others, Hers, and our Progenitors, have been used to be done, and ourselves have already performed to our dear Sister, the late Queen Elizabeth, we have commanded a memorial of her to be made in our Church of Westminster, the place where the Kings and Queens of this Realm are usually interred : and for that we think inconvenient, that the Monument, and her Body should be in several places, we have ordered that her said body remaining now interred in that our Cathedral Church of Petersburgh shall be removed to Westminster to her said monument : and have committed the care, and charge of the said translation of her body from Petersburgh to Westminster, to the Reverend Father in God, our right trusty, and well-beloved servant the Bishop of Coventry

and Litchfield bearer hereof, to whom, we require you, or to such as he shall assign to deliver the Corps of our said dearest Mother, the same being taken up in as decent and respectful manner as is fitting. And for that there is a Pall now upon the Hearse over her Grave, which will be requisite to be used, to cover her said body in the removing thereof, which may perhaps be deemed as a Fee that should belong to the Church, we have appointed the said Reverend Father to pay you a reasonable redemption for the same; which being done by him, we require that he may have the Pall to be used for the purpose aforesaid.

"Given under our Signet at our Honour of Hampton Court, the eighth and twentieth day of September, in the tenth year of our Reign of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland the sixth and fortieth."

In obedience to this letter, the body of the Queen of Scots was disinterred, and translated to Westminster. It was attended thither by the Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, and upon Thursday, October 8th, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Privy Seal, and the Earl of Worcester and other noblemen, the Bishop of Rochester, and Dean of Westminster, "mette the corps at Clerkenwell, about 6 o'clock in the evening and from thence, with plentie of torch lights brought the bodie of the sayde Queen unto the chappell Royall at Westminster, and there it was interred that night." Granted at last was the prayer of the unfortunate Mary Stuart —attended by all the high dignitaries of Church and State she had "come to London."

Westminster Abbey.

"Our Dearest Mother." How absolutely meaningless were such words in the mouth of James I. Having forgiven the murder of that mother, having accepted her blood money, forced by Elizabeth from the luckless tool, Davidson, what could have influenced James to forget his ordinary life long enough to dictate the order for the translation of his mother's remains? For twenty-five years they had rested amidst the solemn silence of Peterborough, and could their spirit have spoken, they would have rested there for ever. Her prayer "to come to London" was never granted in life,

and it was little better than sacrilegious mockery to move her body there after her death.

In the peace of Westminster sleep the two Queens, who in life never met, yet in death are not far divided. The misty sunlight of a London morning struggling through the dusty windows of the Chapel of Henry VII. seems to shine a little brighter in the chapel where sleeps the Queen of Scotland. The coffin of Mary Stuart lies near the north wall of the vault immediately underneath the monument to her memory. It is of lead and shaped to meet the figure. Whether it contains her head is a question which will probably never be settled. By many that head was believed to have been carried to Antwerp and buried in the church of St. Andrew, at the foot of the pillar on which hangs her portrait. Dean Stanley could have settled the disputed question when he made his researches in the Abbey, but he did not, nor can we wonder that he hesitated to disturb Mary's long repose, or penetrate further into the mournful contents of her coffin.

The contemplation of this last resting-place of the Stuarts forces to the lips of the beholder the query, what was the original sin, never forgiven or forgotten, which called down upon that royal line a doom so terrible, so complete? In a space scarce twelve by seven feet, and but six feet high, are crowded upon and around the casket of their unfortunate ancestress all that was mortal of Arabella Stuart, Henry Prince of Wales, Henry of Oatlands, Mary Princess of Orange, Prince Rupert, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, William Duke of Gloucester, ten children of James II, eighteen of Queen Anne (one alone requiring a full-sized coffin), while numbers of the illegitimate children of Charles II. choke the entrance. In a near-by vault in the same Chapel rest Charles II., William and Mary, and Queen Anne, and so ended the fated race of Stuart.

The monument erected by James to the memory of his mother is more elaborate than the one he raised to the memory of Queen Elizabeth, and it was, and yet is, revered by devoted Scots as the shrine of a saint. "I hear,"

said one, writing thirteen years after her removal here, " that her bones are resplendent with miracles." "That," Dean Stanley remarks, "is the last instance of miracle working with us in England." Hers was the last royal monument erected in the Abbey. Under its canopy rests her marble effigy, but it is impossible to believe that it was modelled after any authentic likeness. The face is far from beautiful, neither does it denote much character. Her son, having no recollection of her, could have been easily imposed upon. On the other hand, the face of Queen Elizabeth on her tomb in the corresponding chapel is undoubtedly an excellent likeness. It resembles all the familiar portraits, and the sculptor undoubtedly had seen that Queen many times ; certainly the thousands to whom her features were familiar would not have allowed a spurious likeness to be placed upon her monument. It is probably the best representation of the English Queen as in her grim old age she faced the one thing—death—before which she ever bowed her head. Over the chapel of St. Islip is the famous wax figure used during her funeral pageant, and which so deceived the multitude that they believed it to be the Queen herself. It is a sad face, as if the great Queen had found all things " Dead Sea fruit." The cheek bones are high, the eyes and hair are decidedly red, the former very sad and weary in expression, the latter bearing the crown and also hundreds of pearls, imitations of those of the Queen of Scots which she had possessed so long. An enormous ruff still proudly encircles the head, but the laces are faded from the colours they showed centuries ago.* Unlike the figure on her tomb, this face of Elizabeth does not show any of the great characteristics of the Tudor, but it intensifies all the lesser ones. The old coquette is here in full feather, and the vanity of the Queen would be terribly wounded if she could look upon this crazy figure. Yet there is no inclination to ridicule it, rather do we feel nearer to her actual presence, with a pitying desire to drop a kindly curtain before the face, to give it the rest it is entitled to after all these centuries. How strange a blending of

* The *head* of this figure is the original one; the body was restored and redressed some years later.

good and evil, of strength and weakness, was displayed in this Sovereign. How strange the mixture of masculine and feminine attributes.

Mary of Scotland, shrinking from severity of every kind, benign in character, ever forgiving, never forgetting a service or betraying a friend, might have reigned successfully in the England of to-day, but she was not able, as we have said before, to grapple with the England of three centuries ago, much less with Scotland. Elizabeth, on the other hand, more man than woman, was faithful to none save herself, never remembering a service, and possessing few of the traits of character which make the name of woman dear and sacred, but she rose to great heights in the conduct of affairs of state. In the littleness, the narrow vindictiveness displayed in her persecution of her cousin, Elizabeth sank to a depth to which Mary Stuart could never have descended. In the higher attributes of gentleness and forgiveness, truth, benevolence, and love—things which the English sovereign knew nothing of, and could not comprehend—the Queen of Scotland shone forth refulgent. All men loved the Stuart, no man ever loved or died of love for the Tudor Queen, and it was strangely enough her lack of love for any man which gave her the triumph over Mary in the end.

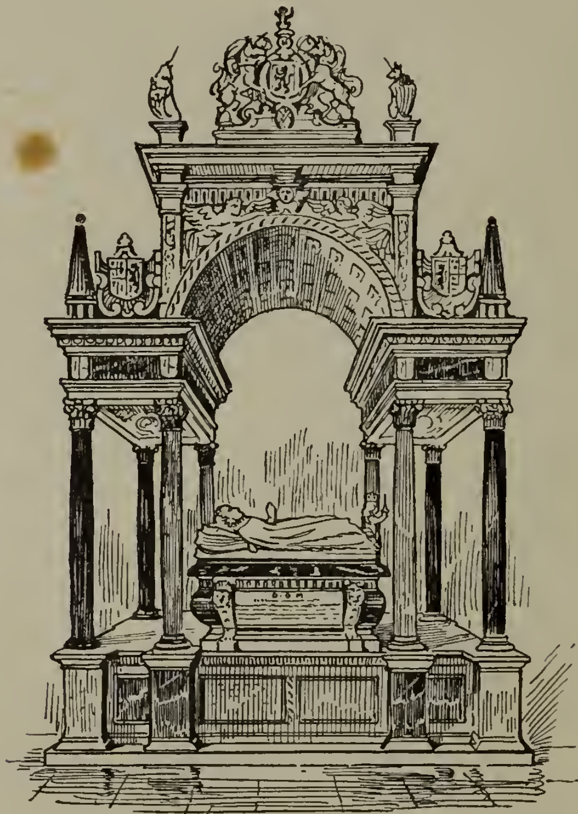
The life of Mary Stuart may be divided into two epochs, the first ending with the tragedy of Kirk-of-Field, a period of trustful and innocent simplicity; the second, ending at Fotheringhay, an epoch of growth and expansion of character, a period of mental and spritual development. Until the assassination of Darnley she had been simply a high-minded, trusting, noble woman, cherishing no evil within her own bosom, and looking for none in those about her—a dream, from which even the murder of Riccio, which she attributed to religious fanaticism, failed to arouse her. But from the stupor which was caused by the murder of Darnley, and the outrages of Bothwell, Mary Stuart issued a Queen, matured and sedate. The light-hearted, laughing girl of France was gone for ever; in her place stood a woman of royal dignity and marvellous prudence—a woman who, from day to day, from

week to week, and from month to month, developed those characteristics of nature which have handed her name down through history, as that of one of the most memorable minds of her age. When Elizabeth signed that death warrant she did what she would have given her crown to prevent—she made the Stuart immortal on this earth.

So we leave in repose the Queen of Scotland—the repose of death, for which in the later years of her captivity she has sighed. But she lives in history as one of the most remarkable figures this world has seen, in her beauty, in her romance, her stormy and eventful career, her faults, her misfortunes, her many years of woe, and her cruel death. A brief space has passed away like a cloud, and we have seen her a captive whom we saw in triumph. . . . We have seen her who was a two-fold Queen in the hands of the common executioner. . . . We have seen that loveliness which was one of the wonders of the world broken down by long captivity, and at length effaced by ignominous death. . . . The life and death of this sovereign are her monument, marble and brass and iron decay or are devoured by rust, each year her Palaces and Prisons will pass more and more into ruin, each year the clambering ivy will cover them more and more from the sight of man until they have vanished and are forgotten, but in no age, however long the world may endure will the memory of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots and Queen-Dowager of France, cease to be cherished with affection and admiration.

Our pilgrimage is ended. As we pause awhile under the stately arches of Westminster, the sunlight, struggling through the painted windows in uncertain shafts, fills the Abbey with fantastic shadows, while it illuminates here and there some royal tomb, or the image of some long dead statesman. The royal dead of England all sleep here, with but few exceptions, down to the Hanoverian line. Here rest also the poets, dramatists and statesmen of the empire. The cathedral is the nation's history, written in stone, but around no spot in the Abbey does romance and poetry cluster so thickly

as where rises the stately tomb of the martyred Queen of Scots. We may not follow her into the courts of heaven, so here we must leave her. As we pass outward and away, above the voice of preacher and of organ and of bells sounds the mighty roar of the outer world—that world of the nineteenth century to which both Stuart and Tudor are but a memory.



QUEEN MARY'S TOMB—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

PRINTED BY H. VIRTUE AND COMPANY, LIMITED, 294, CITY ROAD, E.C.

Date Due

BOSTON COLLEGE
3 9031 01213639 6

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

Books may be kept for two weeks and may be renewed for the same period, unless reserved.

Two cents a day is charged for each book kept overtime.

If you cannot find what you want, ask the Librarian who will be glad to help you.

The borrower is responsible for books drawn on his card and for all fines accruing on the same.